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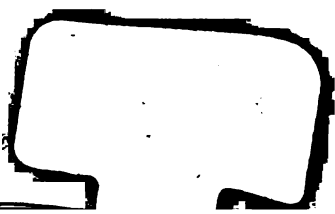
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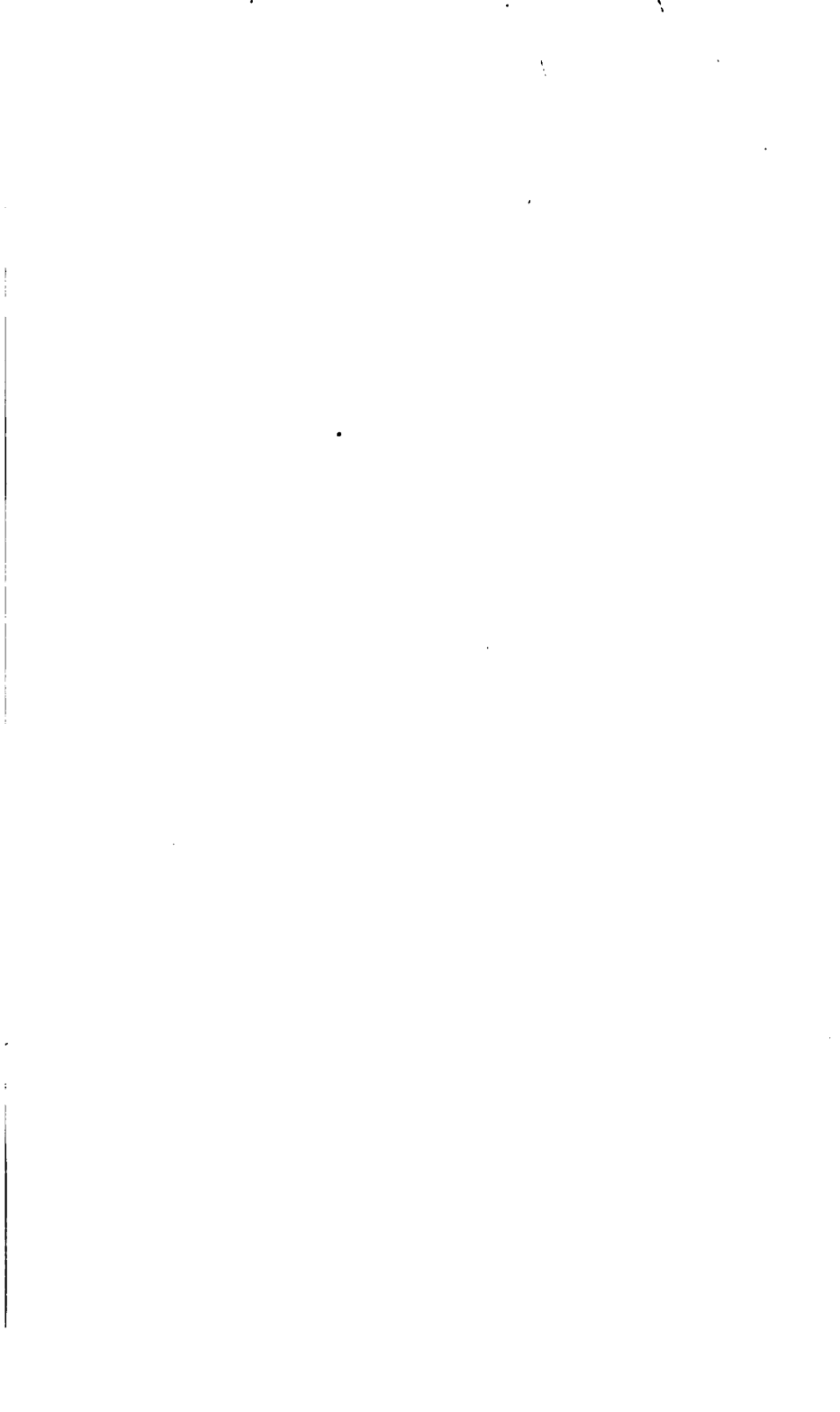


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**BAILY'S MAGAZINE**

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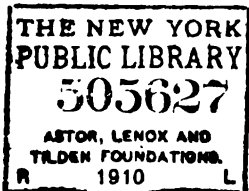
**Sports and Pastimes**



*Thos. Pickernell Jr.*

**VOL. XXI.**

LONDON, AND BAILY & CO.



# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

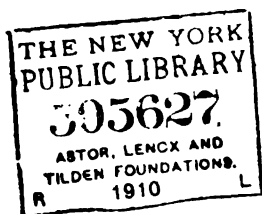
OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIRST.

LONDON:  
A. H. BAILY & CO., CORNHILL.

1872.



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Charles Trelawny



## 2. THE RELEVANCE

### 3. THE RELEVANCE

As a result of the above, the following is a summary of the relevant facts and circumstances which have been brought to the attention of the Commission. It is noted that the Commission has received information from the various sources mentioned above, and that it has been able to verify the accuracy of the information received. The Commission has also conducted its own investigation into the matter, and has found that the information received is reliable. The Commission has therefore concluded that the information received is reliable, and that it is relevant to the matter at hand. The Commission has also found that the information received is relevant to the matter at hand, and that it is reliable. The Commission has therefore concluded that the information received is reliable, and that it is relevant to the matter at hand.

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### CHARLES TRELAWNY, ESQ., OF COLDRENICK.

THE name of this gentleman has been held for a long period in the West of England to be the synonym for that kindness, urbanity, and liberality which should be, and it is to be hoped are generally, concomitant with the prominent position of a Master of Foxhounds. The responsibility and cares that attach to the office, pleasurable for the most part, but partaking of the wayward uncertainty which often converts a pastime into its converse, are unknown to those ephemeral sportsmen of the covert side who, making self the law of their epicurean system, judge that everything should be subservient and conform to their personal convenience. But it may be remarked, *passim*, and without reference to Mr. Trelawny, that, above all, and beyond all, should the master of a subscription pack possess the virtues of the patriarch of Uz to reconcile the torments of his three friends of different opinions, who are constantly prompting the means whereby he may obtain that *ignis fatuus* of popularity which he strives honestly, yet vainly, to attain. And in the little hours, peradventure, of failure and mortification, the other half of Job is not more consoling as a spiritual emollient. From these anxieties, however, the subject of this memoir is providentially exempt, for he maintains his establishment at his own expense, and is single-handed in his pilgrimage on earth.

Mr. Trelawny was educated at Winchester and graduated at Oriel College, Oxford. He is the male representative of the Dayrells, of Littleot—a name that has been borne by many members of his family, and which he has an heraldic right to assume conjointly with that of Trelawny. On coming of age, and having the wherewith to gratify his tastes, he was not long in giving proofs of his predilection for hunting and the turf. Unlike the usual sample of men of his fortunate lot, instead of seeking the shires for his head-quarters, he has made home and Devonshire his primary object, with an occasional visit to more fashionable regions for an 'outing,' and to this circumstance may be attributed the abounding popularity that he has acquired in his own county. The racing career of Mr.

Trelawny, with an occasional exception, has been principally of a local character, and with Fadladeen by Foxbury, Walter by Whalebone, and Fox h. b. by Sancho, he won, in former days, some of the best stakes at the several race meetings of the West. But his connection with the Turf is marked by the following incident:—In the year 1842, his horse Coldrenick by Plenipotentiary, in the Danebury stable, was first favourite for the Derby, and was most dangerous for certain of the fielders who had laid heavily against him. Persons deputed by this gang had an interview with one well known to Mr. Trelawny in London, and offered 3,000*l.* for the favourite, and although they were assured that it would not be accepted, the proposal was necessarily forwarded to head-quarters. On the following day, one of the fraternity met another friend of Mr. Trelawny, who gave a similar assurance, when it was said in reply—‘Will money buy? for we are prepared to go on, say ‘double, 6,000*l.*?’ The answer of ‘the’ Charles Trelawny arrived, thus laconically expressed: ‘The horse Coldrenick is the property ‘of the public, and will not be sold until after the race.’ In this era of Turf obliquities it is gratifying to record an action, of a rare virtue, which demonstrates, without the labour of argument, the high sense of honour that, throughout life, has actuated this gallant Master of Foxhounds. Many can say ay,—ay! but it is the test that proves the validity of affirmation.

Not many years since there was a strange deficiency of blood for stud purposes in the two western counties, Devon and Cornwall. The late Lord Portsmouth was the first who endeavoured to repair the evil with Czar Peter, Colossus, and Quiz; the late Mr. Bulteel, of Fleet, imported Gainsborough by Rubens, and Mr. Trelawny has added largely to the number by Grey Middleham by Walton; Hindostan by Whalebone, out of Sister to Euphrates; Anacreon by Walton; Oswestry by Filho du Puta; Giovanni by Filho; Dulcimer by Mulex; Tim Whiffler by Voltigeur; Koh-i-noor by The Libel; Lascelles by Touchstone; and Hazard by Ulick.

No greater boon can be conferred on a remote district than to bring within its scope horses of pedigree and character that are beyond the monetary powers of country dealers and farmers. The light-weight hunters bred at Coldrenick have earned a deserved reputation: Bessy by Lascelles from Fawn, by Jack in the Green from Elfrida, bred by the late Sir William Trelawny from Barbara, by Bucephalus by Alexander by Eclipse, obtained the first prize at the late Horse and Dog Show at Plymouth. There is also a strain, peculiar to this stable, from a pony called the Roughtor Pony, bred on the Cornish moors, that, by thoroughbred sires, has produced Tom Thumb, Tiney, Croome Hall, Bantie, and others, which have not only distinguished themselves over the moors of Dartmoor, but in other shires, where their breeding and stay have proved their merit.

Upon the decease of his friend Mr. Bulteel in 1843, the Mastership of the foxhounds was transferred to Mr. Trelawny, and he has ever since, for a period of nearly thirty years, hunted the

Ivybridge and Dartmoor district with great liberality and on his own account. Under the management of their present huntsman, Will Boxall, these hounds have attained a high state of efficiency; their steadiness in hunting and their commanding swing, when they have caught the line of scent over the open moor, induced Captain Manners Wood, late of the 8th Hussars, to declare that it was well worth coming any amount of mileage from far distant and eastern latitudes for a blazing run with these hounds over the wastes of Dartmoor—a wild animal in a wild country. It is indeed a grand sight in those barren solitudes, without a vestige of civilization, to see foxhounds streaming away over the brown heather—to hear the deep boom of the bittern commingling with the screams of the curlew, disturbed by the hounds in their onward rush through the tall waterflags of the morass in the vales, and then making away for the Tors—where the piercing shriek of the cliff falcon adds to the weird cry of the leading hounds as they race and strain to pull down their fox ere he reach the deep fastnesses of Dewerstone Rock. Sir Walter Carew, an undoubted authority in the shires, and a steadfast preserver of foxes for his friend Mr. Trelawny, when scanning the range of his manor of Ugborough, from the lofty beacon of that name, remarked to the writer: 'Well, give me youth, nerve, and a thoroughbred, and I wish for nothing better than the region of the old moor.' Not long since, the members of the hunt, with the leading men of the county, presented Mr. Trelawny with his portrait on his favourite Grimaldi, as a token of their regard and respect for a long career of unerring kindness and hospitality to all, not forgetting the military stranger in the gate, within the ken of his courtesy. The manner in which he was received by the county on the day of presentation must have been as gratifying as it was deserved, and long may he continue to receive those plaudits, and to remain in his present enviable position of a M. F. H.

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### 'ARGUS.'

WE think that something more than a passing notice is required at our hands of one whose demise will leave a blank in sporting literature which the present generation will not readily supply. From the earliest times of 'Baily's Magazine,' contributions from the pen of 'Argus' have formed the staple of its packing; and while the portraits which have from time to time embellished our pages were so happily illustrated by him, the conduct of 'Our Van' from its very commencement was entrusted to his guidance. No one knew better than 'Argus' how best the lives of our most eminent sportsmen should be depicted, and traits of their character happily commented upon and preserved. His long connection with racing pursuits, retentive memory, and intimate connection with many

of those whose biographer in these pages he became, combined to render his writings universally popular; and no one was better fitted for the rather delicate task of submitting to public criticism the lives and actions of those to whom the sporting world is accustomed to look as leaders in the great national pastime. Without the faintest tinge of vulgarity, or a particle of that 'high falutin' style now unfortunately so much in vogue in sporting literature, 'Argus' in his own peculiar fashion possessed the rare accomplishment of telling a story well, and of enchanting the minds of his readers by a light and flowing system of narrative, unencumbered by heaviness or redundancy. His talent for acquiring information was only equalled by his facility of retaining it and charm of imparting it. No leading trait in a character nor prominent feature in any passing event was allowed to escape his notice; consequently his appreciation was generally acute and faithful, and his talent for description as versatile as it was rare. 'Argus' will live in our recollection rather as the successful delineator of men and manners connected with racing than as a judge or lover of the 'instruments of gambling,' which his friend and contemporary 'The Druid' cherished and dilated on so fondly. But while he made no pretensions to a knowledge of horseflesh, and prudently abstained from discussing even the elements of an unknown and rarely attained science, his information on all racing topics was both extensive and reliable. Accordingly it happened that extraordinary success attended his forecasts; and while the world in general could find amusement in his *feuilletons*, that section of it devoted to the 'sport of kings' profited not a little by their perusal. Although his writings ordinarily contained more of *badinage* than real criticism, yet during his long career as a Turf writer it could hardly be expected that he should not at some time or other incur the odium invariably attaching to partisans; and the Tarragona case, with the comments it excited, will long remain a leading case in Turf chronicles concerning the rights of journalists and the power of the Newmarket oligarchy. Possessed of high animal spirits, and much inclined to conviviality, it would be strange if his circle of acquaintance was not as large and varied as he desired, or if he failed in obtaining access to the various objects of interest connected with racing, which to the many are the more interesting on account of their inaccessibility. With his private relations we have no concern, but in public life he will be missed by those numerous friends who found amusement in his society, and by that far larger body of unknown admirers who in losing 'Argus' will feel that the life and soul has departed from the pages wherewith his pen was wont to be associated. For ourselves, we feel a mournful pleasure in paying a tribute of respect to one long so intimately associated with our labours and recreations alike. *Requiescat in pace.*

## 'THE GOOD GREY MARE.'

Dedicated to the Hon. Robert Grimston, in kindly remembrance of many  
happy days and pleasant rides.

OH ! once I believed in a woman's kiss,  
I had faith in a flattering tongue,  
For lip to lip was a promise of bliss,  
When lips were smooth and young.  
But now the beard is grey on my cheek,  
And the top of my head gets bare,  
So little I speak, like an Arab scheik,  
And put my trust in my mare.

For loving looks grow hard and cold,  
Fair heads are turned away,  
When the fruit has been gathered, the tale been told,  
And the dog has had his day.  
But chance and change 'tis folly to rue,  
Say I, The devil may care !  
Nor grey nor blue is so bonny and true  
As the bright brown eye of my mare !

It is good for the heart that's chilled and sad  
With the death of a vain desire,  
To borrow a glow that shall make it glad  
From the warmth of a kindred fire.  
And I leap to the saddle, a man indeed !  
For all I can do and dare,  
In the power and speed that are mine at need  
While I sit on the back of my mare.

With the free, wide heaven above outspread,  
The free, wide plain to meet,  
With the lark and his carol high over my head,  
And the bustling pack at my feet,  
I feel no fetter, I know no bounds,  
I am free as a bird in the air,  
While the covert resounds in a chorus of hounds  
Right under the nose of the mare.

We are in for a gallop ! Away ! away !  
I told them my beauty could fly,  
And we'll lead them a dance ere they catch us to-day,  
For we mean it—my lass and I !

She skims the fences, she scours the plain,  
 Like a creature winged, I swear,  
 With snort and strain on the yielding rein ;  
 For I'm bound to humour the mare.

They have pleached it strong ; they have dug it wide ;  
 They have turned the baulk with the plough,  
 The horse that can cover the whole in its stride  
 Is cheap at a thousand, I vow !  
 So I draw her together, and over we sail,  
 With a yard and a half to spare !  
 Bank, bull-finch, and rail, it's the curse of the Vale !  
 But I leave it all to the mare.

Away ! away ! they've been running to kill !  
 With never a check from the find.  
 Away ! away ! we are close to them still,  
 And the field are furlongs behind !  
 They can hardly deny they were out of the game,  
 Lost half 'the Fun of the Fair,'  
 Though the envious blame, and the jealous exclaim,  
 'How that old fool buckets his mare !'

Who-whoop ! They have him ! They're round him ; how  
 They worry and tear when he's down !  
 'Twas a stout hill-fox when they found him ; now  
 'Tis a hundred tatters of brown !  
 And the riders, arriving as best they can,  
 In panting plight, declare,  
 'That first in the van was the old grey man  
 Who stands by the old grey mare.'

I have lived my life ; I am nearly done ;  
 I have played the game all round ;  
 But I freely admit that the best of my fun,  
 I owe it to horse and hound.  
 With a hopeful heart and a conscience clear  
 I can laugh in your face, Black Care !  
 'Though you're hovering near, there's no room for you here,  
 On the back of my good grey mare.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.



## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

## YORKSHIRE.

THE chilly evenings of October had again come upon us, when we found ourselves once more in the snug sanctum of our friend and mentor. Already the various entries were getting well forward in their education, and had tasted a sufficiency of blood to let them know what was their legitimate game; partridges had become wild, and bags light where driving was not resorted to; so that those men who had no covert shooting were turning their attention to hunting quarters and the condition of their studs.

‘It is now time,’ said our friend, ‘that we once more turned our attention to country quarters; and, now we are together, I am inclined to tell you a few facts I have picked up concerning Yorkshire, one of the most, if not the most sporting county in England.’

‘We could begin our second season with no better country; and there is none that we have found greater pleasure in hunting over, both from the quality of the sport, and the genial hospitality of the men,’ was our reply.

‘Well, then, Yorkshire it shall be; and out of its numerous packs which shall we select first for discussion?’

‘Why, as York itself is the great centre for hunting men, we will begin with the York and Ainsty country, which extends round it on every side. Do you know much of its early history?’

‘I believe the Hunt was regularly established in 1818, so that, you see, it is not nearly so ancient as some of the Leicestershire and Lincolnshire establishments that we talked about last season. Although the country was partly hunted before this by the celebrated Colonel Thornton of Thornville Royal, and occasionally by Lords Darlington and Harewood, and also by Sir Tatton Sykes. But at that time Mr. Lane Fox ceded to them the country on the right-hand side of the road between York and Tadcaster, and the River Wharfe was made one boundary and the turnpike-road the other, with the consent of the owners of coverts, on the condition that when the York and Ainsty establishment ceased that such coverts should be restored to the Bramham Moor Hunt; and the Earl of Harewood, when Sir Thomas Slingsby gave up his hounds at Scriven, in 1818 or 1819, ceded also the Goldsboro’ country; and then Red House, Grange Wood, and Hessay Wood were also added by Mr. Fox. In the same year, Sir Tatton Sykes gave up Stillington, Brandsby Gilling, Pond Head Wood (a sure find); and the hounds also hunted Byland, Ampleforth, and Kilburn. Then also Lord Darlington gave up Sessay, Brafferton, Pill Moor, and Spring House Wood; Aldwark Wood, and Dodholm Wood, not then hunted by any one, were also afterwards added.’

‘Who was the first Master of the York and Ainsty?’

‘At the commencement they were managed by a committee,

'consisting of the Hon. Mr. Butler, father of the present Lord Mountgarret, who lived at Nun Monckton, Mr. Robert Chaloner of York, and Mr. Wm. Clough.

'Messrs. Barker and Waring handled the horn; and they hunted both fox and hare.'

'A curious thing, for so late a period as the time you name, though common enough half a century earlier.'

'Yes; but such was the case. Shortly afterwards—about 1821 I think—Mr. George Treacher, who was a splendid horseman, joined the committee and was Master in the field; and then, in 1823, Mr. Robert Chaloner, the banker, and Mr. George Lloyd of Acomb were joint Masters for a couple of seasons; and after that Mr. Lloyd assumed the sole command. Mr. Crawford, and the Messrs. Clough of Easingwold, who rode hard, were great promoters of the Hunt at this time. The first regular huntsman was Jack Wilson, a first-rate man in the kennel, who left for a time, when his place was filled by Naylor, until his return. About 1837, Wilson took a farm, and was succeeded by Will Danby, from Mr. Hodgson and the Holderness, who continued as huntsman until 1853, when he went to the Hurworth. The old man, who is now seventy-eight, and still upright and active, lives at Acomb, on an annuity and in a house purchased for him by members of the York and Ainsty. He is a great character: never wore trousers in his life, and his favourite fluid is raspberry vinegar. Old Will had the most musical voice, and thoroughly understood hunting. The kennels, I should tell you, were first at Easingwold, but were afterwards removed to opposite the Knavesmire Gate at York.

'During Mr. Lloyd's mastership the following men went well:

'Sir Bellingham Graham, who lived at Whitwell, was a great supporter.

'Mr. H. S. Thompson (father of the present well-known gentleman rider, familiarly known as "Little George") of Fairfield, a very good sportsman. Mr. Ridsdale of Merton, who had a good stud, and rode well to hounds.

'Messrs. Tom and Dick Gascoyne of Parlington, who died early, were both fond of the sport, Mr. W. J. Wilson, Mr. Prescott, a great fisherman, whose horses stood in York, Mr. John Roper, the brewer, Capt. Healy of York, Mr. Gooch, Mr. Robert Gilbert, who always took his own line, and was never seen in a crowd, and with him his brother John.

'In 1841, Mr. Ralph Creyke of Rawcliffe Hall succeeded Mr. Lloyd, and was Master for three years; Mr. Sam Bateman of York following him in 1844, with Will Danby as their huntsman, and John Hall, who went into Scotland, as his whip. The supporters of the Hunt about this time were Mr. George Lloyd, the late Master, Messrs. J. Dent of Ribston Park, Mr. George Swann of York, and John Swann of Askham Hall, both good fox preservers, Captain Steward of Coton Hall, Mr. T. Christie of Kirk Hamerton, Mr. Benson Barstow of York, Hon. F. Lawley, Mr. E.

' C. York of Wighill Park, Mr. Rudston Read, and Mr. J. Gilbert of  
' York, Mr. H. Telford, who was exceedingly deaf, L. Thompson of  
' Sheriff Hutton Park, Todd Naylor, E. Hodgson, Lord Wenlock,  
' Escrick Park, who went well and was a good preserver, Lord  
' Stourton of Stourton Park, Col. Tower, who lived for a time at  
' Middlethorpe, and Col. Thompson of Kirk Hammerton Hall,  
' Mr. Duesberry, Mr. Kendall of Towton, and Mr. Baines of Bell  
' Hall, who did not hunt but was a good preserver of foxes.

' On Mr. Bateman resigning the reins of government, in 1853, he  
' was succeeded by the late lamented Sir Charles Slingsby, who moved  
' the kennels to Acomb, a most inconvenient situation, quite at one  
' end of the country and within two miles of the limits of the  
' Bramham Moor. William Orvis, who had been twenty-four years  
' with Mr. Conyers, was first whip, and Will Powter second; both  
' were good men; and Orvis, even in his last season, rode like a  
' boy. He was always cheerful, and his view halloo would make a  
' man's hair stand on end. Sir Charles handled the horn himself,  
' and was quick, quiet, and patient, letting the hounds in a great  
' measure do their own work. He was a fine but by no means  
' jealous horseman, and rode to see his hounds work, not to cut  
' other people down; and, be the country rough or smooth,  
' was always there when wanted. A few years ago he also occa-  
' sionally took silk at the local Yorkshire race meetings, and was noted  
' on the flat for his patience—as those who saw him ride the good-  
' looking Mousetrap at Malton can testify. As a huntsman, he was  
' acknowledged to stand quite at the top of the tree; and the prizes  
' he gained at the great Yorkshire shows speak volumes in his favour  
' as a kennel huntsman and hound breeder. There is no doubt at the  
' time of his death he had some of the best hounds in England on  
' his benches; and few people have ever shown three such young  
' hounds of one litter as Nestor, Nosegay, and Novelty, with which  
' he carried off the chief prizes at Wetherby. Strange to say, they  
' were also as good in their work as in appearance. In fact, he  
' never sacrificed, as too many do, the working qualities for mere  
' looks; and no more honest pack ever went into a field than his;  
' yet when he took to them, report says, the York and Ainsty were  
' anything but a brilliant lot. Sir Charles was a man in a million;  
' he detested flattery, and was almost cold to anybody who paid him  
' compliments. He was never excited, and when he had killed his  
' fox, after a very good run, he would simply say that it was a very  
' good thing. In the field he was courteous in the extreme, and  
' even at times allowed them to press a little too closely on him  
' when the scent was bad. During his mastership he brought  
' the Hunt into great notice; and amongst the many good fox  
' preservers who aided him in his endeavours to show sport—and  
' most of whom still do so for his successors—some of whom hunt  
' regularly and some not at all, may be named:

' Lord Wenlock, a good sportsman, and the Hon. Beilby Lawley  
' of Escrick Park, Lord Stourton, who does not hunt, Sir Henry

‘Ingilby of Ripley Castle, Sir W. Galway of Thirkleby Park, the Earl of Harewood, who looks well after Goldsboro’ Moor and Wood, the Hon. Egremont Lascelles of Middlethorpe Hall, a neat rider, and well turned out, generally on a thoroughbred one, Lady Georgiana Milner, and Mr. F. Milner, at Nun Appleton, Lady Downe of Baldersby Park, Mr. Harry Thompson of Kirby Hall, George Yarborough of Heslington Hall, the Hon. Payan Dawnay of Benningborough Hall, Capt. Galway of Pillmoor, Capt. Slingsby of Scriven and Red House, Col. Thompson of Kirk Hammerton Hall, Mr. Robert Swann of Red House, Messrs. M. and R. Thompson of Kirby Hall, Sam Brown and Sons of Loftus Hill, Mr. John Dent Dent, M.P., of Ribston Hall, a stanch preserver and good sportsman, Mr. H. Ramsden at Oxton, Rev. W. Palmer at Naburn Hall, Major Stapylton at Myton Hall, Mr. Thomas Preston of Moreby Hall, and his son, young Mr. Harry, who is very keen on a nice pony.

‘While amongst those who hunt regularly are to be found :

‘Lord Downe of Sessay, and Sir William Milner, who both hunt in Leicestershire also, James Brown of Copgrove Hall, a great supporter, who rides nice horses, knows what hounds are about, and, like a good sportsman, always walks a puppy, Capt. Preston of Askham, Hon. Mr. Little, and Rev. James Lascelles of Goldsboro’, George S. Thompson of Moorlands, who is as good to hounds as he is in a race, Mr. George Whitehead of Riccall Hall is a bruiser over this country, and Mr. R. Fenwick of Fulford Hall, J. J. D. Jefferson of Thicket Priory, G. A. Hutton Croft of Aldboro’ Hall, Capt. Key of Fulford Hall goes well to hounds, Mr. E. C. York of Wighill Park, and Mr. Yorke of Bewerley Hall, George Bateson of Heslington Hall, J. S. Strangways of Alne Hall, Mr. F. W. M. Walker of Hawkhill, Mr. Fairfax of Newton Kyme, who followed Sir Harry Goodricke into Leicestershire, and maintained his hard-riding character there ; he still goes well for his age, is keen, and will be with them. And his son, Col. Fairfax, also a first-rate horseman, Mr. John Greenwood of Swarcliffe Hall, Col. Ingilby of Ripley, who goes straight, Mr. R. Creyke of Acomb ; and Capt. Starkey of Acomb Hall can hold his own over a country ; and I have seen him ere now perform creditably at the blue rocks, Capt. Inge of Gillridding Grange is capital both over a country and on the flat, Capt. Oliver of Bolton Percy is fond of seeing hounds work, Mr. C. P. Tancred of Thorganby, Mr. and Mrs. York of Healaugh Park, Rev. C. Wilkinson and his Son “Peter” Wilkinson of Bilton, Mr. Clare Vyner of Newby Hall, and Capt. Vyner of Linton Spring, Mr. Thomas Clayton of Stainley Hall, who always walked a puppy for Sir Charles, to whom Orvis said, “We don’t want your money, sir, but a few more like you to walk some young hounds for us.” Mr. Clayton says that all other sports vanish into thin air compared with foxhunting. Mr. Francis Arkwright of Sutton Hall, Messrs. Lumley Hodgson, sen. and jun., and Miss Hodgson of High Thorn.

'Then there are some other fair "she riders," as Whyte-Melville calls them, who enliven the York and Ainsty meets by their presence, and go as well as any one, viz., Lady Julia Wombwell, who is a great favourite with all classes, Mrs. Oliver of Bolton Lodge, Mrs. Fairfax of Inholmes, Mrs. Arthur Wombwell, Mrs. Henry Craddock, Miss Yorke of Wighill, the Misses Ramsden of Oxtou, Mrs. Jenyns of York, Miss Hustler of Stillingfleet.

'And last, but by no means least, Miss Milner, who can cross the country as straight as any one, and is one of the best riders that ever went into a field.'

'Are the farmers good friends to hunting in the York and Ainsty?'

'Decidedly so; there are some capital sportsmen amongst them, and good riders, and most have a good hunter to sell at times. Mr. Coates, who looks after Peep o' Day Gorse, near Easingwold, is a good man across country. Also Mr. Appleyard of Angra'm Grange, a tenant of Sir George Wombwell's, and Mr. Woodward of the same place, the Messrs. Ellis of Acomb, senior and jun., the owners of the kennels; also Mr. Smith of Acomb Grange, Harrison of Acaster, Hartley of Low Hall, Robinson of Thorganby, or Shires Bar, the Messrs. Battye, who all know what a horse is, viz.: J. Battye of Thornton Hill, Dixon Battye of Myton Grange, Battye of Aldwark, and R. Battye of Tollerton, Mr. Sadler of Boscar Grange, Mr. Greaves of Sutton, Mr. Cattle of Alne, Mr. Wilkinson, jun., of Cold Harbour, Messrs. Shields and Barber of Easingwold, Mr. Burton of Newton-on-Ouse, Mr. Wantford of Poppleton, a good man on a young horse, Mr. Stephenson of Weldrake, Mr. Eastoh, Mr. Marton, jun., of Shipton, Mr. Dyke of Copmanthorpe, who is very good to hounds, and Mr. Noulton, of the same place, who gets many mounts from the fine way in which he handles a horse, Samans of Tollerton, who had a noted grey horse, Mr. Leonard Pickett of Hutton Sessay, and Sam Reynard of Breareton.

'Some of the Yorkshire farmers have been known to ride a four-year old from the plough with winkers and a heavy bridle, and take him over a lot of fences.'

'Ah! that reminds me that I saw the thing done in the very country you are now speaking of, only a day or two before the melancholy accident on the Ure; a young farmer joined us thus mounted in a tremendously quick thing from Stubb Wood, and got along famously; on another occasion, on the Stillington side, I saw two boys mounted on a pony with nothing but a piece of rope in his mouth, and a stick to guide him with, who appeared to enjoy the fun as much as any one.'

'I have no doubt of it. Yorkshire is such a sporting country that all classes hunt, even the tailors and boot-makers. You have mentioned the fatal accident to poor Sir Charles and his friends; were you in that country at the time?'

'Yes, but not hunting on the day. I, however, had an account

of it from an eye-witness. On the 4th of February the hounds met at Stainley, and found at Monckton Whin, from whence they had a good hunting run to the Ure, opposite Newby Hall, where the river is crossed by a ferry-boat—the private property of Lady Mary Vyner, which was worked on the occasion by two gardeners, named James and Christopher Warriner, and was entered by Sir Charles Slingsby, Sir George Wombwell, Messrs. Vyner, Lloyd Robinson, and some officers then quartered at York, besides Orvis, the first whip, thus crowding the boat with more horses than it was intended to carry, and the current from the floods was unusually strong at the time. Lord Downe and several others declined to enter, and one gentleman leaped back to shore when he found how crowded the boat was.

Ere half way across the river, Sir Charles's horse, Saltfish, to whom he had just changed from a new roan that had carried him through the earlier part of the run, commenced kicking, which upset the other horses, and caused them to overbalance the boat, and in a moment all were in the current, Sir Charles swam for the shore, and made the attempt to catch his horse as he swam past, after he found his struggles to regain the boat ineffectual, alas! unsuccessfully, as he could reach nothing but the bridle, and in an instant sank lifeless in the water, nearly close to the north shore. The greater part of the others were imprisoned under the boat, amidst the struggling horses. Mr. Clare Vyner managed to disengage himself and reached the top of the boat, to which place of refuge he also succeeded in pulling Sir George Wombwell, who was exhausted and unconscious. Capt. Key jumped clear as the boat turned over, and got to shore by means of the chain, against which he was carried. On shore all was horror, excitement, and confusion. Mr. Preston of Moreby, Mr. Ingilby of Ripley Castle, and Captain Vyner of Linton Spring dashed into the stream to rescue their friends, and the two latter succeeded in reaching Mr. Lloyd, but he sank from exhaustion when within a short distance of those on shore, and they were with difficulty rescued themselves, as was Mr. Preston. Mr. Richard Thompson of Kirby went to the assistance of Sir Charles, but could not reach him for the current, and was foiled in a subsequent effort to recover the body of poor Orvis.

When the excitement calmed a little, it was found that besides Sir Charles, Mr. Robinson of York, one of the straightest and best men in England, Mr. Lloyd, a wonderful welter weight, who was universally beloved and respected, poor Orvis, and the two gardeners were drowned. The bodies of Sir Charles, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Lloyd were recovered the same day; those of Orvis and the gardeners not for some days afterwards, when, strange to say, the former still grasped his hunting-crop in the cold hand of death, and I have heard that his face was rosy and bore a smile. Mr. Robinson, who had a great horror of drowning, and could not swim, had always said that in case of an accident of the kind he

‘should never quit his horse, and now he was the only man who had not dismounted, and he still stuck to the saddle when the boat went over, but, strange to say, his horse very soon sank under him.’

‘What a very sad thing!’

‘Yes; I never knew any event create such a sensation as this did throughout Yorkshire, and nearly every master of hounds in the county stopped hunting until after the funerals. Only one horse was saved—curiously that was Saltfish, the cause of the accident. He was known as a queer-tempered horse. Mr. Paddison of Grantham purchased him at Tattersall’s for thirty pounds or guineas, and he was afterwards sold to Sir Charles, in company with another, for a large price, on Ash Wednesday, hence his name Saltfish; the other, I believe, was named Eggsauce.’

‘What was done with regard to the country for the remainder of the season?’

‘Why, Sir George Wombwell of Newburgh Park took the hounds; but it was decided that they should not meet again, but Lord Middleton and Mr. Lane Fox were invited to have a few days in the country on their respective sides. The great day, however, was when Mr. Hall, with the Holderness, met at Dring Houses; but before telling you of that I must notice the sales of the studs of the unfortunate gentlemen, to which men came from all parts, and horses were sent from them into some of the best studs in England, a circumstance not to be wondered at when we remember the style of horsemen they had belonged to. Saltfish was not sold but pensioned for life, but Sir Charles’s next favourite, Rosamond, a very beautiful mare, was sold to Mr. Cannon for four hundred and thirty guineas; she was bred somewhere in Holderness, and Sir Charles once went to see her dam, and could scarcely believe his informant when a coarse-looking mare, drawing a cart, was pointed out as the dam of his favourite. Such she was, however; but no doubt there was good blood in her veins. The sale at Scriven Park took place during one of the most blinding snow-storms I ever saw.’

‘Good; now for the Dring Houses day. I think you said it was something out of the common?’

‘Indeed it was in every way, for not only did the élite of three hunts assemble; viz., the York and Ainsty, the Holderness, and Bramham Moor, but men came from Lord Middleton’s, the Badsworth, and other places. The horsemen were estimated at from five to six hundred, the carriages extended from Dring Houses to opposite Copmanthorpe, and of foot people there was quite an army. The first draw was Swann’s Whin, where a fox was found, who went away over the stiff Rufforth and Martin country, threading the Marston drain several times, but the scent was bad, and they could do nothing with him. The spills were more numerous than I ever saw before or since, and loose horses were running in all directions. Some of the men from the Wolds said they could not imagine how the Ainsty farmers ever found labour enough to dig such confounded great ditches. There was enough

‘ of them to satisfy the greatest glutton, and they proved serious stumbling-blocks to the strangers whose horses were not accustomed to them. The great run, however, occurred from the far-famed Askham Bogs, in the afternoon, when some of the crowd had gone home. From here to Red House as gallant a fox as ever wore brush led us, in forty-five minutes with not a check worth speaking of. The distance was eight miles as the crow flies, and the country decidedly stiff.’

‘ Did you kill ?’

‘ No ; as Mrs. Leslie, Sir Charles Slingsby’s sister, was residing at Red House it was very properly decided to whip off when we approached it, so this good fox saved his brush. Had it not been for that he could not have stood much longer before them. The riding, as you may imagine, was something worth seeing ; but perhaps from knowing the country better the natives had perhaps just a shade the best of it. Mr. Hope Barton, the Master of the Badsworth, was, however, very forward all the time, and Lambert and John Holiday struggled gamely for the honour of Holderness ; Mr. Hall, on his magnificent horse Stomach Ache, was very forward, and Miss Frances Hall, on Braggadocio, went beautifully ; a welter weight, named Johnson, on a fine old grey horse, said to be from Durham, also went wonderfully. Sir George Wombwell, it is needless to say, seemed in the seventh heaven of delight the whole time. Backhouse and all his assistants, I believe, got down, but they will long remember their day in the York and Ainsty country, more than thirty horse-boxes came into York Station from the Beverley line alone, and the crowd to see the hounds and people disembark and start again was as great as if royalty had been present.’

‘ Who did Sir George secure as huntsman ?’

‘ Peter Collison from the Cheshire, when in Shropshire called the Canary, a capital man, but of course he was strange to the country ; and the only man who could aid him, poor Will Powter, was killed in cub-hunting at the commencement of the first season, by his horse falling in a blind ditch near Askham Bogs. Having lost him, he was alone, and obliged to leave the hounds quite to themselves ; and when they threw up a dozen people were volunteering different information at the same time, so that too many cooks spoil the run. At the end of his second season he left, and Tom Squires, late head whip to Lord Coventry, who learnt all he knew from John Treadwell, now takes the vacant place.’

‘ Who are the principal men hunting with these hounds now ?’

‘ In the seasons of 1870 and 1871 something like the following turned out from York pretty regularly :

‘ Sir G. Wombwell from Thomas’s Hotel, Mr. Sam Bateman, Mr. Robert Prescott, Mr. William Ingilby, Mr. W. H. Rudston Read, a good judge of all that appertains to hunting and racing, and a most hospitable man to the stranger within the gates, Mr. Edward Hopwood, a good man to hounds, Lieut.-Col. Arthur



'Wombwell, Col. Jenyns, C.B., 13th Hussars, Major Mussenden, 8th Hussars, Major Wombwell of the 12th Lancers, at one time known as a steeplechase rider, Capt. Fletcher, Capt. Riddell, Mr. E. Walmsley, Mr. George Denison, Mr. C. Newcomen, Mr. G. Lubbock, Mr. Duckett, Mr. Spilling, Mr. Hopkinson, Capt. Preston, Mr. Walter Creyke, and Mr. T. Lightfoot of Askham Hall.

'Some of the 7th Hussars also went very well; Capt. Barker went as straight and with as much judgment as any man in Yorkshire, Mr. Hope Johnstone, and Lord Marcus Beresford, who lost his horse when out with Lord Middleton, and had a nice walk to find him, also rode hard. I also forgot to mention Jackson of Fairfield, who went wonderfully straight on Barney, by Barnton, and some of his other nags a few years ago, but had almost given up hunting for a year or two before his death in 1869.'

'Now having brought the history down to the present time, let us hear something of the character of the country. What are its best meets?'

'Copmanthorpe, Red House, Goldsboro', Acastor, Shires Bar, Skelton, Copgrove, Pill Moor, Street Houses, Ribston, Blue Bridge, and Stourton. The most extensive woodlands are on the estates of Lords Harewood and Wenlock. But there are not woods enough in the country to properly work young hounds. Swann's Gorse is a very favourite covert near Acomb, and they have ere now had two or three runs in a day from it. Then there is Askham Bogs, which generally holds a fox, though, strange to say, none are ever bred in it. It is a low-lying swampy cover close to York, difficult for hounds to draw in wet weather, and not over good to get away from, but, nevertheless, a very favourite place. There are some earths near Middlethorpe where the vixens always lay up their cubs, and move them afterwards into the Bogs. Colton Hag and Copmanthorpe Woods are very pretty covers on the Ainsty side, and at Stubb Wood the Hon. Egremont Lascelles always has a customer of the right sort for them, and they seldom, if ever, call upon it in vain. On the other side of York the New Park coverts are a fine string of woodlands, and there is some fine country towards Stillington, thinly inhabited, and carrying a good scent right away to the hills. A year or two ago foxes were not very plentiful this way, but I hope it is better now.'

'Is it stiff on the whole?'

'Very, as it is deep plough, and after wet weather the fallows are very heavy, as the water lies a long time. The rivers are soon filled, and the streams are strong. To cross them ferry boats must be used, and often the current is too strong to guide them. The fields are small, particularly round Pillmoor, and the fences come so quick in some places, that it is like jumping over the pews of a church, so that to get over it a horse must be jumping all day long. There are banks and deep ditches which you cannot see until you are either over or into them, especially up round Easingwold and between Bramham and York; on the Ainsty side, which is the

‘stiffest, the country is severe, and wants a good horse, a good heart, and good hands to get over it. There are a fair lot of gates in the country, but they are very tall, most having six bars. Also big drains, which horses must slide down into and clamber up, as few can take them in their stride, and a good many *becks*, which is Yorkshire for brooks, about Escrick and up by Riccal, and in places the country is boggy. On the whole, you must have a resolute man and good horse to cross it, as it is nearly all plough, and holds a first-rate scent when it is damp. Latterly, however, farmers have taken to the use of the steam plough, which is a great drawback, as the soil is light and therefore deep. On the day Mr. Hall brought his hounds into the country I encountered three fields following that had been so cultivated, and as they were all strongly fenced it made me wish for the springy elastic turf of “the shires” to beat from. Another drawback is the prevalence of sheep dogs in Yorkshire, which cross the line of a fox, and nearly every man has a cur with him. But take it for better or worse the York and Ainsty is a rare country for a man fond of sport. By the way, I have forgotten to tell you of a man who regularly attended the meets in his carriage when I was there and drove about all day, contriving, through a good knowledge of the country, to see a great deal of sport. I believe he never crossed a horse.’

‘We have given the York and Ainsty a pretty good turn; which is the next country you propose to treat of?’

‘I think Lord Middleton’s, as it is one of those that touches York. It extends in breadth from Bridlington in the south-east to York in the west, from Filey to Farlington, near Easingwold; and in depth, from Pocklington in the south to Malton in the north, the Wold district lying between Bridlington and Birdsall. The country may be said to go with the sun, starting from Bridlington going by Driffield to Wetwang, Pocklington, Sutton-on-Derwent, to York, and so on, by Sheriff Hutton, Farlington, Bransby Bar, by Hovingham and Malton to Filey; it is extensive, being about 130 miles in circumference, and is bounded on the north by Sir Harcourt Johnstone’s, and on the south by the Holderness. Mr. Foljambe, who lived at Filey, and had his kennels at Ganton Dale, hunted a portion of it in 1832, when Sir Tatton gave them up for that time, said it was one of the finest countries he knew.’

‘Is it principally plough or grass?’

‘Plough: nevertheless, it carries generally a good scent, and is generally favourable for hounds until Christmas, as the stubbles are not ploughed before that time; and although the fences are not large, and there are no ditches on the Wolds, it is trying for horses on account of the hills and the pace hounds run over it. The stiffest part is perhaps round Settrington, where there are some biggish woods. Up by Gilling Park, on the other side of Castle

'Howard, there are fir plantations and stone walls on moorland. But this is a nasty bit of country, as you are likely to get into pit-holes. Here also there are many outlying deer. It is very wild, but foxes don't get away from it, as it is bad for scent. The soil is cold, and hounds cannot run over it, and ferns here grow a great height.'

'I suppose there is some low country?'

'Yes, along the Vale of the Derwent and towards York, here the fences are larger, and almost all have a ditch. There is also generally a good scent, and foxes are plentiful. The country round Wilberfoss Mill, Catton Common, Buttercrambe Bridge, Leppington Wood, and also Farlington and Sheriff Hutton, is very good. Their finest coverts are Marr House Whin, which is perhaps the best, Farlington, Catton Common Whin, Dotterill Whin, Leppington Wood, and Howsham Wood; while for the meets, Fimber Village, from whence they draw, Pains Slack, a famous covert, Millington Wood, Kilham West Field, where last season they had a very fine run, Boynton, Thorpe, Dotterill Farm, Hunmanby and East Heslerton, stand first on the Wolds country; while in the low country, Buttercrambe Bridge, Lobster House, Fangfoss Station, Farlington, which borders on the York and Ainsty, where the country is stiffish, Wilberfoss Mill, and Scampston are about the best.'

'Who was the first Master of what is now Lord Middleton's Hunt?'

'The earliest I have heard anything of is Lord Carlisle; but there are few particulars extant with regard to his reign. Then Mr. Osbaldeston of Hunmanby Hall, and after him Mr. Charles Duncombe, or Lord Feversham, was Master, with Will Carter as huntsman.'

'After this came Mr. Digby Legard and Mr. Watt. In 1804, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes was in power, in conjunction with his brother Tatton; Will Carter, who once lived with Mr. Meynell, who would never wear a hat or carry a horn, being still huntsman, assisted by his two sons. The coats of the club had blue collars, on which was a silver fox with "Sykes gone away." Sir Tatton was sole Master on coming to the title in 1823, and had them altogether for more than forty years; so that he was as famous at the covert side as on the racecourse, where he was known as a capital rider; though, like the late Sam Chifney, he carried his dislike to make running almost to a fault. The country then extended from Bridlington to Castle Howard, and from Driffeld to Willerby, and the hounds were called the Eddlesthorne, because the kennels were situated there. Tom Carter, the first whip, son of Will, succeeded his father as huntsman; he entered the service of Sir Mark in 1804, and was presented with a testimonial in 1854. Carter was a sort of a man that you seldom meet with now; he was highly respectable, and could sit down in the company of gentlemen. For years he and Sir Tatton were almost inseparable; they rode to London

‘together, and regularly into Lincolnshire, to call on all the sheep dealers. Robert Hecklefield was his first whip, and Naylor, afterwards with the Holderness, the second. Sir Tatton lived to the great age of ninety-one, and always wore boots and breeches and a long black coat down to his heels. He died in 1863, and on the day of his funeral not a hound in Yorkshire left his kennel.’

‘Who were the principal men hunting in his time?’

‘Why, Mr. Ridsdale of Merton, a light weight, always in the first flight when on his grey horse Sedan; he was owner of St. Giles and the Queen of Trumps, and was a noted man on the turf, Rev. T. Preston of Bulmer, Mr. Robert Bower of Welham, Mr. Allen of Malton, Mark Foulis of Heslerton, Messrs. Henry Legard and George Legard of Burlington, Sir Thomas Legard of Ganton, Mr. Yarburgh Yarburgh of Heslington, a stanch patron of the turf, Mr. Rudston Read of Sand Hutton, Mr. John Agar of Brockfield. Sir Francis Boynton of Burton Agnes, “Jack” Healy, who lived latterly at Stokesley, and rode jealous of Mr. H. Mellish, who lived latterly at Blythe, Alec Bosville of Thorpe, Jem and Ned Bayard of Burlington, Messrs. George and John Swann of York, Mr. R. Bethell of Rise, John Clough of York, F. Copley of Potto, who lived then in York, Sir Digby Cayley of Brompton, Major Rickaby of Burlington, Mr. Revis of Newstead, Mr. Harrington Hudson of Bessingby, George Lloyd of Stockton, Messrs. John Woodall and Hebden of Scarborough, Rev. H. Trueman of Grimston, Mr. Bielby, who was an old friend of Sir Tatton, Mr. John Newton of Norton, and Mr. Newton of Watt House, who would have out three horses, his groom riding one and leading another, Rev. F. Simpson of Foxton.

‘In 1853, Mr. Henry Willoughby, now Lord Middleton, succeeded Sir Tatton. Ben Morgan, commonly called “Hard-riding Ben,” and who always had his hounds as clean as a pin, was huntsman latterly, and went to the Essex and Suffolk in 1869; and Charles Powell, the first whip, a fine horseman, went to Lord Kesteven in 1862. George Orvis, from the Worcestershire, and son of Will Orvis who was drowned with the York and Ainsty, who had formerly been first whip, and with the Cottesmore, succeeded Morgan in 1869; and John Baily, from Mr. Tailby, turned them to him. These hounds hunt six days a week up to Christmas, his lordship taking the horn two days. After Christmas they go out five times. The kennels at Birdsall are well worthy of a visit, as they are as good as any in England. They are so situated under cover that a huntsman can draw his hounds for inspection in any weather. The hounds lie on fern, which, Orvis says, is cleaner than straw. All the cooking is done by steam. Harrison, the stud groom, who has been twenty years with Lord Middleton, has the stables and horses as smart as Mr. George Rice’s in Piccadilly; and a saddler and blacksmith are kept on the premises. His lordship has a fine stud of hunters, and his men cannot wish to be better mounted.’

'I have heard Lady Middleton spoken of as a first-rate judge of a hound.'

'And justly so, as few people know what they should be better than her Ladyship.'

'Is the country well off for foxes?'

'Yes, very well; and some of the best preserves are Sir Tatton Sykes' of Sledmere, Sir G. Cholmley of Howsham, Sir C. Legard of Ganton, Lord Wenlock of Escrick Park, Lord Halifax, who only has a shooting-box at Garsby, but looks well after the coverts, and has plenty of foxes, Sir Henry Boynton of Burton Agnes, Henry Darley of Aldby Park, and Albert Darley of Burton Field, Mr. R. H. Bower of Welham, a nephew of the celebrated John Bower, Mr. T. Rivers of Norton, Mr. Cadman of Wold Newton, owner of Lady Newton, on the Castle Howard estate, who has a patriarchal appearance.

'While those most regular in their attendance are:

'Lord Wenlock, Sir Henry Boynton of Burton Agnes, the Messrs. Darley of Aldby Park, Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., and Sir John Thorold, whose horses stand at Malton, Mr. Henry Hird Foster of Norton, Captain Haworth of Booth, near Malton, Mr. Algie W. Legard of Filey, who will stop at nothing, Mr. Cecil Legard of Boynton, who used to be seen between the flags, Captain Fyfe, and Mr. Hebden, jun., from Scarborough, Mr. James Walker of Foxton Hall, and the York men once a week.'

'Do the farmers hunt much in this district?'

'Yes; many of them are capital men, and turn out regularly. Most of them are horse breeders, and go well on very good hunters. Among them are Mr. Harrison of Wharram, Mr. Ellerby of Whitwell, who has always some good horses, often bought by Mr. Wimbush, Mr. Wise of Norton, who is very generous and hospitable, Mr. Midgeley of Settrington, Mr. Cooke of Fryton, and Mr. Jewison of Raisthorpe, who breeds some good hunters. Nor must we forget Mr. T. Hopper of Kirby Grindlayth, who rides over seventeen stone, and Mr. Thorpe, both of whom are undeniable men over a country.'

'Now, what of accommodation generally?'

'At no place is a man better done than he is at York. The comfort and hospitality of the Yorkshire County Club is a household word, and in his profession Mons. Blanchet cannot be beaten. To the travelling stranger we can safely recommend the Station Hotel; Ware, the cook, learnt his business in Paris, and can send up a dinner in capital style. The North Eastern belongs to the same proprietor, and is a comfortable house. Scawens is well spoken of, but has recently changed hands. Harker's Hotel has a high reputation for its old-fashioned comfort. It is the rendezvous of racing men. York is very badly off for good stabling, and it would be a very good speculation to build some. Perhaps Nelson's or the Windmill are the best. This is decidedly the weak point of accommodation at York, Mr. R. Cooper of the Pack Horse,

‘in Micklegate, has some useful boxes, and is unremitting in his attention to horses placed under his charge, and he has generally a hunter or two for hire, which if rum uns to look at are good ones to go. Many a Yorkshireman will bear witness to the merits of a clever old chesnut he mounted us on two years ago. At Maltor a sportsman will find quiet comfort and civility at the Talbot, kept by Mr. John Peart, who is going to build some new boxes for hunters. Bedroom No. 1 is noted for its beautiful view, and people write for it from all parts of England. Mr. Peart will show the stranger a curious place, in which on an emergency a party of six or seven once dined. In their case ignorance was bliss.’

‘What of Scarborough?’

‘Of course hunting can be had from here, and very good, with Lord Middleton and Sir Harcourt Johnstone; but as winter quarters I cannot speak. In the summer season it is very hot, full of young Leeds and young Manchester, and of ladies with big chignons. In winter I hear it is very cold. Formerly the Crown used to be the best hotel, and it still is very good. The Prince of Wales is also good, but both of them have been rather eclipsed by the big Grand Hotel, a proprietary affair whose commissariat last season might have been very easily improved.’

## SLANG TERMS, AND THE GIPSY TONGUE.

‘Colchus an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus an Argis’—HORACE.

FOR more than four centuries, tribes of wanderers, wild in aspect, and of swarthy complexion betraying an oriental origin, have traversed Europe from one end to the other. They are known in different countries by varying names. In Germany they are called Zigeuner; in Spain, Gitanos; in France, Bohemiens; in Russia, Zigani; in Turkey and Persia, Zincarri; in England, Gipsies. They call themselves Rommaneys. Until towards the close of the last century the learned were undecided as to the place of their birth; and the wildest theories were formed as to their origin and history. By divines they were looked upon as a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel, whilst the unlearned regarded them as nomadic Egyptians banished from their native land after some insurrection against the ruling powers; and this belief their leaders took pains to propagate; they styled themselves Dukes of Egypt, and endeavoured, by every means in their power, to conceal their true birthplace. The popular belief respecting them is embodied in the words of an anonymous poet:—

‘He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,  
And one descended from those dread magicians  
Who raged rash war, when Israel dwelt in Goshen,  
With Israel and her prophet—matching rod  
With his the son of Levi’s—and encountering  
Jehovah’s miracles with incantations,  
Till upon Egypt came the avenging angel,  
And those proud sages wept for their firstborn  
As wept the unlettered peasant.’

They doubtless preferred to be looked upon as Egyptians rather than as ~~Arabs~~, the lowest caste of Hindoos, from which they derive their origin. Their pretensions to foretell future events by palmistry and astrology were strengthened by the belief that they came from Egypt, which from ~~the~~ immemorial has been the birthplace of sorcery and necromancy. Their arrival in Europe, however, corresponds with the period in which Tamerlane invaded Hindostan, and these fugitives from the conqueror wandered in search of a country where they hoped not to be held in detestation by the rest of the inhabitants as a degraded race, as they had been in their native land. Wherever they appeared they were objects of fear, from the universal belief that they kidnapped children, and from a superstitious notion that they were possessed of supernatural powers, which they were supposed to exercise in bewitching the cattle and injuring the property of those who offended them. In many countries they were subjected to severe persecution; and they were formally banished at different periods from Spain, Germany, and England by royal decrees. In more than one chapter of our statute book they are styled 'incorrigible rogues and vagabonds;' and this designation their manners and habits have fully earned for them. Seldom to be found in regular habitations, they live, in congenial climates, in the open air, with no roof above them but the firmament; and when compelled by tempestuous weather, they seek the natural shelter of the forest or the cave. In England they dwell in tents; but they seldom pursue any regular industry, though some few of them profess to be blacksmiths or tinkers. They neither sow nor reap, but pass their lives, not in the orderly manner other mortals must do, but fulfilling a destiny which, to any one not of their race, would appear wretched and precarious in the extreme. To filch a fat goose from the farmer's coop; to carry off a young lamb from the fold before the shepherd is afield; to snuggle a hare whilst the gamekeeper is asleep; to pasture a string of donkeys in a rich meadow between midnight and dawn: these are feats which the youthful Rommaney is early taught to accomplish. The existence of the Gipsies is almost entirely dependent upon the dexterity of the juveniles of their fraternity in executing petty thefts, and upon the success of their old women in imposing upon the credulity of farm servants, to whom they promise rich and handsome sweethearts, if they will only have faith in their power of ruling the planets, and do not neglect to cross their hands with a shilling.

Such a people would appear to have little claim on our consideration; and yet the interest taken in them is widespread and apparently inexhaustible; and it no doubt owes its origin, to a great extent, to the lingering superstition as to their skill in palmistry and their power to read the destiny of man in the stars—a superstition not even in these days of enlightenment entirely confined to the cottage and the servants hall. It is not, however, with their power of foretelling future events that we are about to deal, nor with their habits, manners, and mode of life, though these are subjects of legitimate interest; but we propose to examine their language (the Rommaney Tschib), to trace it to its roots, and to show the important influence which it

has exercised on our own familiar discourse. These gipsy tribe migrated originally from the north-west of India; and their language so far as its principal words are concerned, is a dialect of Hindostanee and it is extraordinary that, after the lapse of four centuries, it should be found to be so pure as it is. It would have been a natural supposition to expect that in their migrations through so many countries the Rommaneys would have mutilated their own language, and debased it by so strong an admixture of foreign words, that its origin could scarcely have been recognised; but this has not been the case. Their language is almost identical with that now spoken in Hindostan, and where it differs from it, the difference often consists in its closer adherence to the original Sanscrit, and in its being less intermixed with words of Persian and Arabic origin. The legend which gives an Egyptian birthright to this people we have already intimated to be entirely unworthy of credence; and there is no Hebrew or Chaldaic element in the Rommaney Tschib to support the hypothesis that the lost tribes of Israel have contributed to its vocabulary. In examining this language we find that by far the larger proportion of words in common use, and denoting familiar objects, is of true Indian origin. The gipsy word for the full moon is *chand*, and the Hindostanee word is the same, and is derived from *chandna*, signifying light, whence the French took their word *chandelier*, an instrument by which light is dispensed, and we have adopted the same expression into our language. *Sap* is the gipsy word for a snake, in Hindostanee it is *sarp*, in Sanscrit *sarpa*, in Latin *serpens*, in English *serpent*. *Yog* is fire in gipsy, *āg* in Hindostanee, *agni* in Sanscrit, *ignis* in Latin, whence we have *igneous*. *Devas* is day in Gipsy, *divas* in Hindostanee, *divasa* in Sanscrit, *dies* in Latin. The gipsy word for God is *Devel*, the Hindostanee word is *Dev*, and *deval* in the same language signifies giver; and in Hindostanee *āditya*, and in Sanscrit *daiva*, signify deity. In Gipsy *bock* is hunger, in Hindostanee it is *bhūkha*, and in Sanscrit *bubhukshā*. *Rook* is the gipsy word for a tree, in Hindostanee it is *rūhk*, and in Sanscrit *rūksha*. *Bar* is a stone in Gipsy and Hindostanee; in Sanscrit *bārū* signifies a fence, a barrier; and our words *bar* and *barrier*, though we have received them through the French, are yet no doubt remotely connected with the Sanscrit root. In Gipsy *bero* signifies a ship; in Hindostanee *bera* is a raft or float. *Parnee* is water in Gipsy; the Hindostanee word is *pāni*, and the Sanscrit *pāniya*. *Matcho* in Gipsy signifies a fish; the Hindoo word is *machchh*, the Sanscrit *machchha*. In Sanscrit *kāsh'tha* is wood, timber; *kasht* has the same signification in Gipsy, and *kasht-engro* is a woodcutter. (*Engro* is a word of wide application in the gipsy language, and signifies creature, being, instrument: whenever the Gipsies have lost the original word, they coin a new one with the termination *engro*, or *engra*, affixed; for example, having lost the Indian word for the stars, they call them *dud-engra*, that is 'beings of the sky;' to express the word orator they have coined *lavengro*, 'word-creature;' they call a plough *pogger puv engro*, 'an instrument to break up a field.') The termination *pan*, or *pen*, is of



requent occurrence affixed to nouns answering to the English terminations ship, hood, ness; the corresponding term in Hindostanee is pan; tamlepen in Gipsy is darkness; in Hindostanee tāmā has the same signification. In Gipsy tattepen is summer, tatta is hot in Hindostanee; tapta has the same meaning in Sanscrit, whence the Latin tepidus, and the English tepid. In Gipsy sherroo is the head, sir is the Hindostanee word, and the Sanscrit is cirs'ha; our English word sir, and the French Sire (the head of a family), are no doubt from this root. Our word path is from the Anglo-Saxon; but it is singular how nearly it has approached the Hindostanee panth, a road; and we have the latter word in panther, an animal that makes itself a path through the jungle. Roop is silver in Gipsy; the Hindostanee word is rūpā, the Sanscrit rūpya, the Anglo-Indian rupee, a piece of silver coin. Churrie is a knife in Gipsy, chhuri in Hindostanee, tshhuri in Sanscrit; our English word to shear is not very remote. Kan is an ear in Gipsy and Hindostanee, in Sanscrit karna. Kanengro in Gipsy is a hare (literally, ear-creature). The English words stable and stall, the French étable, Italian stalla, Spanish establia, and Latin stabulum, remind us that asthal is a standing-place, a stall, and istabal a stable in Hindostanee. Chick is mud-dirt in Gipsy and Hindostanee; and chikorna is to peck; our word chick, plural chicken, is clearly from this root. Charphar in Hindostanee signifies dexterity, cleverness; and a sharper is one gifted with those qualifications with the addition of dishonesty. Jugat in the Hindostanee means sleight of hand, and hence we arrive at the meaning of a juggler. Peeolee monishley, in Gipsy, is a widow (literally, a deserted woman); our word widow, from the Latin vidua, which is from the Sanscrit widhawā, has exactly the same meaning.

We have met with gipsy encampments in the forests of Lithuania, and on the plains of Russia; we have visited their tents on the borders of the Black Forest; we have tasted burrezimmins (snail-broth), and partaken of hartsher witcho (hedgehog) with them in the lanes of Hampshire, and drunk muttram engre (tea)—literally, sober-creature—with the Romnees, and tatty parney (whiskey)—literally, fever-water—with the Roms on the heaths of Scotland; and wherever we have talked with these people we have found their language to be identical in its most important words. We could understand them, and they understood us; and our knowledge of their language was an invariable passport to their friendship and confidence. It was from our familiar intercourse with many tribes of these strange people at home and abroad, that we were led to notice the important influence which their language has exercised on our own familiar discourse, enriching it with many expressions which are vulgarly regarded as Slang; but which, when properly understood, are amongst the most nervous and suggestive in our language, having their roots deep down in the Sanscrit, the sacred language of the Brahmin, and the purest the world ever knew—regarded, indeed, by many learned men as the primeval language of the human race. Let us bring forward a few instances

of slang expressions having a gipsy and Hindostanee origin, and we think we shall be able to prove that they are not necessarily low and vulgar. Chūma is the Hindostanee word for a kiss, and tschummer, pronounced exactly the same, is its gipsy equivalent. The slang term for a near and dear friend is a chum. Dhab, in Hindostanee and gipsy, signifies dexterity. Schoolboys call one who excels in any game a dab-hand. Every one knows what to have a knack of doing anything means ; but many of our readers will be surprised to learn that we have this expressive word from the Gipsies, and that its original is the Hindostanee nakhra, a trick. In Gipsy, chab is a fellow, and rumtē, a dodge ; and in Slang, a rum chap is a fellow full of dodges ; a tap is a slight blow, and is the Gipsy abbreviation of the Hindostanee tapera, a blow. In the same language, thāpna signifies to strike. Raik, in Hindostanee and Gipsy, signifies loose in morals ; we call a wild, loose fellow, a rake. Larka in the two languages signifies sport ; when we see girls and boys sporting, we say they are having a lark. Phokar is dross, refuse, trash ; we call a receptacle for trash a poke. The word trash appears to have come to us from the Sanscrit, a-traish, worthless. A dirty, depraved woman is a drab ; in Hindostanee and Gipsy, drabh is poison, and the Gipsies, with fine irony, call a doctor, drabengro, poison-being. In Hindostanee, muffis are poor, mean, miserable creatures ; and there can be no doubt but that we have contracted them into muffs with the aid of our gipsy friends. The author of the 'Slang Dictionary' defines a muff to be a 'soft thing that holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.' Malicious civilians derive muff from mufti, an Anglo-Indian name for the dress of a naval or military officer when off duty. The slang term for a mouth is a mug. The Hindostanee word is muj, and the gipsy, mooe ; this reminds us of the French word moue, a mouth, and Shakespeare's line in the 'Tempest' occurs to us :

'Sometimes like apes that moe and chatter at me.'

The slang and gipsy term for a child is a kinchin, and in Hindostanee chinchinana is to squeak, to squall ; a kinchin is, therefore, synonymous with a squeaker, and is not derived from the German kindlein, as is generally supposed. To come down with the dust, is the slang term to produce the money. Duster, in Gipsy and Hindostanee, signifies money. Dean Swift is said to have taken for his text on the occasion of his preaching a charity sermon the verse in Proverbs, 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord ; and look, what he layeth out it shall be paid him again ;' and to have commenced his sermon with the words, 'My brethren, if you like the security, down with the dust.'

We should scarcely have arrived at the derivation of a jam, if we had not known that in Hindostanee a jamm signifies a multitude. We talk of the cut of a man's jib ; we have also the words gibberish and jabber, and we know their meaning ; but if we consult the standard dictionaries, we are lost in a mist as to their derivation ; but our doubts are cleared up when we know that in Hindostanee jibh is

in tongue, and jabha the jaw. Vast is the gipsy word for a hand, and 'vast heaving, shipmate,' is the nautical expression by which the sailor calls on his comrade to hold his hand. Katna is to cut in Hindostanee and Gipsy; and a cat-o'-nine-tails is properly a kat-o'-nine-tails, and has no reference to sleek pussy, but is an instrument of torture, with which the backs of wife-beaters are deservedly cut, but which, in the good old times, used to be held in *terrorem* over refractory soldiers and sailors who neglected to salute their officers when they passed them on parade or on the quarter-deck. In Gipsy and Hindostanee a bhul signifies a blunder; we call an Irish blunder a bull. Dol, in the two languages, is a bucket; a washing dolly is an instrument well known to our laundresses. In Hindostanee a bhaga signifies unfortunate, destitute; 'an unfortunate woman who has fallen to the lowest depths of misery, and who presumes to answer Policeman X, when he orders her to move on, is called by him 'a saucy baggage.' Mushroom is a genuine gipsy word. Mush, a man; rom, wandering; and most expressive it is of the esculent fungus, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Sāmān is the Hindostanee word for provisions, and also signifies price, value; and, in Slang, he who pays the reckoning 'stands Sam.' The explanation of this expression in the 'Slang Dictionary,' is that it is an Americanism originating in the letters U. S. on the knapsacks of the United States soldiers, which letters were jocularly said to be the initials of Uncle Sam ('the government who pays for all'); but this appears to be an improbable and far-fetched derivation. When we speak of a man turning rusty, we do not mean that he is iron-moulded, but that he is becoming angry. Rushto-mush in Gipsy means an angry man, and is from the Sanscrit rush, angry, manushya, man. Our slang expression nab, to seize, to catch, we have from the Gipsies; and in Hindostanee nab is the canine tooth, and nabh signifies rapine, plunder. To bag off is, in Slang, to run away, and is from the Hindostanee bhāgor, flight. When we wish to express slangily that we do not approve of anything, or consider it unfashionable, we say it is not the cheese; but this has no reference to the product of the dairies of Stilton or Cheshire, but merely means that it is not exactly the thing. Chiz in Hindostanee means thing. When we know that in Hindostanee dhillar signifies lazy, we have arrived pretty nearly at an explanation of dilly-dally. Patthar, a stone, may help us to the signification of pitter-patter. Pad, a step, renders a footpad no longer an enigma to us. Kubh, deformity, may explain why we speak of an ugly cub. Daf, in Hindostanee, signifies repulsion; and sailors in the Eastern seas call light adverse breezes daffling winds. Ghumana, to beguile, is not improbably the original of gammon; and the udder of a cow may be from udharna, to discharge. Kutla, thin slices, may fairly claim to have originated cutlets. Dabila is a paddle, an instrument which should only be used in sight of shore, and may remind us, when we 'dabble' in the Funds, that caution is necessary to avoid getting out of our depth. When we know that in Hindostanee sil signifies a stone, we are disposed to ask

whether window-sills came to us originally from the East. *Adisht* in Hindostanee, signifies misfortune, fate; and in Slang we say of a man who is utterly ruined that he is dished. The gipsy word *tud*, milk, is from the Hindostanee *dudh*, which is from the Sanscrit *dughdā*; from which, no doubt, we have dug, the teat of an animal which yields milk. Whence comes our word donkey, if not from the gipsy donkee, and the Hindostanee donki, both signifying bellows, and which has no doubt been applied as a soubriquet to the ass, from the manner in which it exerts its voice. What is the derivation of hulloaloo? It is in vain to refer to Johnson or Webster; but ask the Rommaney racklee (gipsy maiden). She will tell you that in her language *hullar* is an uproar, *ballu*, of pigs; and both are genuine Hindostanee words. We all know that *bosh* signifies nonsense; but whence derived? Again we must apply to the Rommaneys, and they tell us that *bosh* signifies a fiddle in their language, and that, as applied to foolish expressions, it is synonymous with fiddlededee. When we know that in Hindostanee *māl* is a prizefighter, we arrive at the meaning of *mauleys*, fists, and *mauling*, beating. The child of a mother in humble life speaks of its mother's breast as *titty*; and *titi* is the gipsy and Hindostanee word for the breast of a woman. The Gipsy word for a nose is *nak*, and the Hindostanee is the same; in Sanscrit it is *nāsika*; Latin, *nasus*; German, *nase*. *Māt* in Hindostanee means confounded, undone; our term checkmate, in chess, is from *sheikmat*, and signifies the sheik, or king, confounded. In Hindostanee *chhir* is milk; and to churn evidently comes from *chërna*, to stir up. Our word to cringe (to bend) may be from the Sanscrit *çringa*, a horn. In Hindostanee *charkh* is a hyæna. We call the hyæna of the sea a shark.

It is evident, from some of the instances which we have adduced of slang terms derived from Oriental sources, that we have occasionally been indebted to the Anglo-Indian nabob, the Hindostanee nurse, and the Lascar sailor, for contributions to the repertory of Slang; yet we believe these to be insignificant compared with the wealth of words which we have borrowed from the Rommaney Tschib. It has been our object to show that there is a more important Gipsy and Hindostanee element in our language than has generally been supposed; and we trust that the instances which we have adduced of forcible expressions, having the genuine ring of a pure Indian origin about them, may suffice to silence the revilers of Slang who despise it as low and vulgar through ignorance of its true meaning and origin. Little did the Hon. Ben. Disraeli suspect when he denounced the use, in the House of Commons, of slang terms, that he was holding up to contempt derivatives from a language more ancient than the Hebrew, and infinitely more pure; a language which was the medium of thought for philosophers and sages long before the hon. gentleman's great progenitor uttered his barbarous shibboleths on the plains of Mamre.

J. C. M. H.

JOHN SCOTT,

DIED OCTOBER 4, 1871.

‘ And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by many a charlatan,  
And soiled by all ignoble use.’

TENNYSON.

Ye worshippers of Worth, who humbly kneel  
To kiss some prelate's consecrated shrine,  
Or where majestic pyramids conceal  
The dust and ashes of a regal line ;  
Who love to trace, in dim cathedral's gloom,  
The ‘ storied urn ’ that marks a statesman's grave,  
Or bend before the banner-shaded tomb  
Whose marble shrouds the relics of the brave :  
Deem not the tribute of a verse misspent,  
On one in humbler mould of being cast ;  
The passing hour to mortals is but lent,  
They best improve it, who can claim at last  
(Whatever sphere their labours may engage),  
The path of duty ever to have run,  
To where the haven of their pilgrimage  
Glows in the steadfast beams of Honour's sun.  
While o'er the purple of a monarch's bier  
No wail may rise, above the grave of Scott  
Spontaneous falls the universal tear,  
And loving memories consecrate the spot.  
High master of such treason-tainted art  
As Envy spreads her myriad toils around,  
For which Suspicion wings her venom'd dart,  
And crouching Malice lies in wait to wound :  
Yet on his foemen all their hate recoiled,  
Turned by the panoply of Truth aside,  
By stain of Shame his banner waved unsoiled,  
And ‘ Steadfast ’ bore, the motto of his pride.  
Wedded to Duty, girt with Self-respect,  
His every action as the daylight clear,  
A Bayard of the Turf, he walked erect  
Among his kind, ‘ without reproach or fear.’  
Holding unsought communion with the great,  
His generous soul no servile fetters knew ;  
Alike he charmed the lowlier in estate,  
His ready sympathy the poorest drew.  
Of open heart and hospitable hand,  
To no refined distinctions he confest ;  
His welcome pleased the highest in the land,  
Nor stayed its bounty for th' unbidden guest.

Ask ye his deeds?—the envious share may rend  
 The sounding gallops of high Langton Wold,  
 Another name with racing memories blend,  
 And Whitewall's roof Oblivion's self enfold ;

Yet shall his name, beyond the grasp of Time,  
 Still evergreen the thoughts of men engage,  
 Like ancient tower, rearing a front sublime,  
 Clasped by the ivy of a bygone age.

While classic heath, or undulating down,  
 Or echoing plain the sons of sport invites,  
 'The Wizard' claims an honour all his own,  
 And shares the glory of Olympian rites.

Now at the close of his victorious scroll  
 Is writ the last great winner's name of Death ;  
 His sable curtain veils the darkened soul :—  
 Close the dim eyes, receive the parting breath :

Bearing his honours lightly as his years,  
 He sinks serenely to his rest away,  
 As some soft cloud, dissolving into tears,  
 Fades unperceived before the eye of day.

Oh ! let no vain memorial o'er him rise,  
 Mocking that stern simplicity of heart,  
 That least such empty homage would devise,  
 But only crave unnoticed to depart.

Rather above his pilgrim-haunted tomb  
 Renew in spring the blue forget-me-not,  
 And on the stone, half hidden by its bloom,  
 Inscribe the simple epitaph, ' John Scott.'

Rest, honoured head, beneath the daisied sward  
 That claims at length its tributary dust,  
 While the freed spirit seeks its due reward,  
 Rapt to the habitations of the just.

AMPHION.

## A CRUISE TO ST. LAURENCE-ON-SEA.

BY A VALETUDINARIAN.

' PLEASURE, midst all its variety of form, is ever to be met with in  
 ' those places where hot springs are to be found,' was the observation  
 of that old sage Seneca, referring, doubtless, to the *Thermæ* of  
 Roman antiquity ; but the remark may be extended with equal pro-  
 priety to several of the watering-places of the present day, for they  
 are all more or less inexhaustible in inventions for dissipating *ennui*  
 and killing time. Scarborough, for instance, presents an endless and

diversified succession of fashionable amusements, which very naturally attracts a constant influx of company. There the man about town, the gay Lothario, or the conventional Stiggins, may ply his calling to his own satisfaction; and all serve to amuse the shoals of fair dames who congregate at this great northern gathering-place to shake off the cobwebs on the brain, or indulge in the *dolce far niente*.

'To scenes of giddy mirth these oft repair,  
To drive away those thoughts they cannot bear,  
And to the haunts of dissipation run,  
Some to *undo*, and some to be *undone*.'

Such is the way of the world, as it was, and as it ever will be. As did the old Romans so do we. After the arduous labours of civilized existence during a harassing London season, our spirits require resuscitation, and our mortal frames renovation, which can only be attained by a thorough change of scene, and the enjoyment of a certain calm repose and quietude leavened with a little harmless dissipation. All the world cannot find room in Scarborough, and as for Brighton, it is but Regent Street by the sea, for the cut of every jib, and the turn of each ankle appears familiar; so it was resolved to meander in fresh pasturage and beat up Ramsgate. Before finally determining, I cogitated, and thus soliloquised:

'To be, or not to be? This is the question,  
Whether 'tis better to proceed by rail  
Or shape our course by sea.'

So far had I got in this sign of my decadence, when the door opened, and admitted a wight dubbed 'the Druid,' from his length of beard, who, after sundry imbibings, announced his intention of accompanying me; so a move was resolved upon *instantly*, and without entering into our *experiences de voyage*, I shall plunge at once *in medias res*, and it sufficeth to say that the same afternoon two wide-awakes were seen rising above the level of Augusta Stairs at Ramsgate, and underneath them scrambled your correspondent and his pal. The breeze, savouring of the briny, came sweeping along, invigorating and bracing, and our spirits rose at the prospect before us; for the town looked very picturesque as the bright rays of the western sun lighted up the windows. Family groups and be vies of comely matrons and gushing demoiselles are scattered about in all directions, some reclining on the seats, and others strolling about the cliff. How they titter and chatter as, full of exuberant animation, they pass their remarks, and criticise the passers-by.

'Amusement's here for him who craves,  
For all who are not churls;  
At sea there are such *curling waves*,  
On shore such *wavering curls*.'

My friend 'the Druid' is a fine stalwart specimen of humanity, towering high above most of his species, and his long flowing black beard was evidently a great object of admiration amongst the fair sex; for numerous were the comments we heard upon it. One

jolly-looking girl, with dark eyes beaming with mischief, and suggestive of unutterable things, ventured to insinuate to her giggling companions—though audible enough for us to hear—that ‘Moses’ had turned out of the bulrushes.’ ‘Right you are!’ he exclaimed; ‘and you are Pharaoh’s daughter, I presume, come to take care of me. Allow me to introduce my friend—one of the Magi.’ ‘You’ll do!’ ‘you’ll do!’ was the rejoinder, as the whole party, screaming with laughter, turned into the grounds of the Granville of happy memory, which were being lighted up for promenade.

This was also our haven, so we followed suit, and engaged our quarters, into which we were ushered by a very prepossessing and cheerful-looking chambermaid, who evidently understood that it was a part of her business to make a fellow comfortable, for we found everything as it should be. Our rooms were all that could be desired, being spacious, thoroughly well furnished, clean as a new pin, and smacking more of home than an hostelry. But the grand pull of the Granville over any other seaside hotel are the baths, which form a part of the establishment, and are admirably arranged and conducted. Here the guest is at a loss to decide what indulgence to treat himself to first, as there is such a choice of luxury. First on the list, and deservedly so, is the ozone, where he can bask voluptuously in the warm ooze of iodine, reclining on a couch of the softest picked seaweed, that yields to his form, and gives him a delicious ethereal sensation, somewhat similar, we imagine, to a cherubim reposing upon a cloud. Then comes the hamâm, the delight of the Osmanli hareems, where a mortal racked with rheumatism, or with his liver, and digestive organs affected from a long residence in warm climates may rid himself of his ailments, and revel for two hours in ecstatic bliss. Again, there are hot and cold, fresh and marine, douche plunging and shower baths—all of which serve to invigorate the system, and acts as stimulants to promote the appetite, and give tone to the stomach, at the same time increasing the action of the blood vessels and the various secretions. An hour’s repose immediately succeeding an ozone or vapour bath refreshes the system more than twelve hours’ ordinary sleep; hence the great advantage of being able to retire at once from your bath into your own apartments.

There can be no doubt but that good provisions are a great addition to the pleasures of any place, especially when there are also skilled cooks to dress them. At the Granville the *chef* is a master in his profession, and the dinner proved as satisfactory as the greatest epicure could desire; the fish was boiled to a bubble, the saddle of Southdown roasted to a turn, and the liquor quite up to the mark. By a stroke of luck and a little diplomatic arrangement, I persuaded an *habitué*, who, knowing the ropes, was elected by common consent to be a kind of *arbiter elegantiarum*, or master of ceremonies, to give us a formal introduction to the dark-eyed nymph and her friends whom we encountered *en route* to the hotel; and after dinner, when a carpet dance was got up, it was a sight to see ‘Moses’s’ beard wagging over the luxuriant tresses of Pharaoh’s daughter, as they



wheeled round on the light fantastic. The fun was carried on to the short hours, and then came supper, when the salutary effects of pure air and sea-bathing became manifest from the manner in which the provisions vanished.

‘ With eyes so meek, such gentle smiles,  
They gorge so every one,  
A savage of the *Sandwich* Isles,  
Would own himself outdone.’

After a very jolly evening, where everybody seemed to feel themselves at home, we turned into most comfortable beds, the very appearance of which invited sleep, and having slept the slumber of the righteous, adjourned to the beach. Half a mile’s swim in the sea, followed up by a fresh-water shower-bath, effected wonders, and proved the old adage

‘ The sea a nostrum in itself contains ;  
The patient tries it, and no more complains.  
Drowned in the waves rheumatic tortures cease,  
The spirits brighten, and the soul’s at ease ;  
The nerves relaxed, and limbs so weak before,  
With vigour braced resume their native power ;  
Freed from the gloom of vapours or the spleen,  
The dull grow lively, and the sad *serene*.’

After our dip, followed by a gentle flirtation with a group of mermaids, whose hair, hanging straight down their shoulders, showed that they too had been paying their oblations to Neptune, I fairly astonished myself at breakfast.

Moses and Pharaoh’s daughter were deputed to get up a picnic, and then a general adjournment took place to the beach. The old codgers went to talk politics and spell over the morning papers, the matrons to shop, the young ones to indulge in incipient flirtations, and the ‘little breeches’ to ride on the donkeys and dig in the sand. Only one petticoat is in sight, an antiquated spinster, who has returned from the sands, and is fluttering about like an old hen who has lost her chick, as her niece is missing, whom I believe to be the merry-looking, blue-eyed girl, that I saw disappear with a brown-faced, nautically-dressed party behind one of those very convenient jutting rocks that are promiscuously interspersed along the beach, and offer natural facilities for flirtation. Such is life on the sands ; and having described ‘my diggings’ and ‘its doings,’ you cannot do better than hasten your steps this way, as from certain coincidences I fancy I shall not see much of the Druid, and I want the company of a familiar spirit to preserve me from the wily snares of prowling grass-widows and Margate hoidens, who might take advantage of my constitutional weakness ; for I admit that I have so little of Joseph’s stoicism in my composition that I should have knuckled under to Potiphar’s wife at the first time of asking if she had been anything like Pharaoh’s daughter at the Granville.

If you are desirous of getting yourself into condition for the hunting season, and hope to distinguish yourself in the pigskin across country, this is the *beau-ideal* of comfortable training-quarters,

and just the place I should select, if I were going to ride for the Grand National, and wanted to drop a score of pounds, or even two stone, without the *désagréments* of physicing or losing strength. Here you have a fresh, bracing, and pure air; fine country to walk over, the sea to swim in, and vapour baths to help to reduce the superfluous flesh, and refresh and invigorate the system after your twenty miles' tramp. Again, the Southdown mutton is all that can be desired, the XXX. unadulterated, and if you have only nerve enough to steer clear of 'strange craft' hailing from Margate, a month's recuperation at the Granville would enable you to run a mile in four minutes something, or give a cheeky bargee three stone and a beating.

A yachtsman staying here tells me the deep-sea fishing off Ramsgate is great fun; and if the local historian, Kilburne, is to be believed *you might* catch a whale, for he says that 'on the 9th of July, 1574, a monstrous fish shot himself on shore on a little sand-bank, now called "Fishness," where, for want of water, he died the next day, before which his roaring was heard above a mile. His length was twenty-two yards, one of his eyes was more than a cart and six horses could draw, and a man might creep into his nostrils.' Having swallowed this, pack up your traps and come. Only think how Frank Buckland would be eclipsed if you could hook such a queer fish!

*Vale et Salute.*

'NOSEVELAH,' one of 'the Magi.'

## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—October Occupations.—Racing Reminiscences.

'Nodding o'er the yellow plain,'

Autumn certainly came 'jovial on' this year. We English grumble at our bad weather, but are rarely grateful for our good, it is to be feared; and the highest note of thanksgiving we heard on the Rowley Mile, while basking in an atmosphere to which the longitude and latitude of Europe could offer no parallel, was, that it was an agreeable change from the preceding meeting. Was it indeed? There were some other changes, particularly towards the end of the First October, not so agreeable perhaps, and the red autumn sun went down on a few aching hearts—that is to say, if there are heartaches nowadays among that select coterie in which gambling is the highest good. There must have been an ugly fox gnawing at the vitals of some of our young warriors who, during that week, had gone on a fatal war-path, and had barely saved their scalps. Visions of bill-stamps and a Black Monday, of a mention of 'paper' falling due, and of a declining to renew the same, must have danced before some eyes when Hannah died away on entering the cords, and Helmet proved himself about the rankest of 'duffing' favourites that ever George Fordham rode. But these are sad thoughts, quite apart from that genial English theme, the weather, which was our keynote. What we meant to say, before that wicked First October led us astray, was, that the accusation brought against English people of perpetually talking about their weather only applies to March winds,

cold June, and November fogs, and they are apt to ignore the sunshine, whether it comes in July or October.

Glorious mornings for the men who like to get up at six A.M. and go a cub-hunting! glorious days (though rather too bright and fine) for fishers by the Usk and Severn! forenoons which, spent on Weathercock Hill or in Compton Bottom, renew our youth; pottering hours after luncheon time, when we look in at Tattersall's, to see a succession of teams that have worked Brighton, Dorking, Tunbridge, Sevenoaks, and other coaches disposed of; days, which, after we have taken a look round the boxes and listened for a little time to Mr. Pain, lure us into the Row, and we find some old boys seated on the chairs, and a 'swell' or two smoking over the rails, with just a lingering taste of the season about the scene. The horses we have seen sold, and the men we have met in the yard take us back to old times which the new generation wot not of. Scraps of an old song, sung with much power of lungs, if nothing else, come to us, recalling the days when

'From the box of the "Royal Defiance"  
Jack Adams, who coaches so well,  
I jumped down at this region of science,  
In front of the Mitre Hotel.'

'Jack Adams,' 'Black Will,'—shades of the forgotten dead—how do they come back to us in that peaceful October afternoon in the Row! What a man was Jack Adams! so cheery, at the same time so sarcastic; so humorous, and with such quaint irony! What stories he told! what oaths 'Black Will' swore! Are our gentle Jehus of the present day as good at both? There was a flavour about 'Black Will' which we much fear the present generation—even with the best intentions—can hardly attain to. Like that Highland chieftain who, when his ire was specially roused, 'swore at large,' 'Black Will' had 'strange power of speech,' and there was an originality about it which modern oaths much lack. What Oxford man of that day but remembers the old story with which every freshman was primed, of the lost ring and the fisherman, and what the fisherman found; of the spicy anecdotes with which—as being a subject particularly adapted for their reception—'Black Will' entertained the most illustrious pervert of the day when he chanced to be his companion on the box? But all these things are old world memories, and to most 'Baily' readers 'Black Will' will be as another Hecuba. Your pardon, gentles! pass we on to the order of the day, and leave the dead past to its repose.

There was a considerable amount of racing going on during the week that intervened between the First October Meeting—curiously enough, generally held in September—and the second, or, as it is better known, perhaps, as the Cesarewitch-week. In the north, at Kelso, in the Midland Counties, at Bedford and Leicester, and in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, at Streat-ham and Hampton, there were great gatherings of the followers of the National Pastime; but as the results of the various events decided have been duly added to the list of Races Past in the 'Calendar,' further reference to them would now be useless. The favourites for the Great Autumn Handicap maintained their respective positions with tolerable firmness, and there was nothing apparently on 'the go,' or likely to proceed through the process of being 'knocked out,' until Friday, when, strange to relate, the news that Anton had given a good account of himself to the entire satisfaction of his owner and his owner's friends, had scarcely reached town, than an ugly report began to spread on the Turf Exchange at Manchester, that Mr. Case's horse had pulled up lame; the rumour soon spreads—'it gains new strength and vigour as it goes'; it is flashed along the wires, and, in a few short hours, any odds are laid against Anton,

even money offered that he does not start,—while he, in blissful ignorance, and in perfect health, is resting after his morning spin, and gaining fresh strength for the coming fray. How the rumour first originated will probably never be cleared up; a telegram was, no doubt, the prime cause, by whom, to whom, and for what it was sent, it might be hazardous to say; but it looks much as though it was done to 'rig the market,' and enable some person or persons who had operated with too much energy against the horse, to 'get out,' as they term it; and it probably answered the purpose; but the 'getting out' of the few caused so many others to get *in* a mess, that next day, when Anton became a better favourite than ever, the consternation was general. Those who preferred to break the Sabbath instead of their night's rest in order to be in time for the early Monday's special, were agreeably surprised, after they had taken their seats in the 2.15 P.M. train, to find that the courteous Station-master at Bishopsgate had given orders for it to run through, only stopping at Bishop's Stortford to take in water, and at Cambridge, where we took in Allen McDonogh, and another or two, on their way from the Emerald Isle. Such good going was it, that Newmarket was reached considerably more than an hour before time, much to the astonishment of our courteous host and obliging hostesses at the 'Rutland,' and there was time for a stroll before dinner, which was taken advantage of by many; a glorious autumnal evening giving promise—which promise was kept—of a fine week; a finer, indeed, cannot be remembered at any of the back-end meetings at Newmarket. Being Sunday night, there was no betting to record: so far the day was kept holy; and, as all the cracks had to be inspected soon after sunrise next morning, 'early to bed, and early to rise' appeared to be everybody's intention. Most of the trainers patronised the course-side of the town on Monday morning, where, by 8 A.M., there were collected all the recent arrivals, bipeds and quadrupeds, in addition to the *habitués* of the place, and the usual number of touts, &c. The morning gallops were watched with much interest, and the general opinion appeared to be that Cardinal York looked, and went, magnificently, and that he would carry his heavy weight well over the long and tiring course; next to The Cardinal, Kingcraft found most friends, who all declared him 'tons' better than when he 'chucked it up,' and was beaten by Nobleman and King Cole during the previous week. Anton, on the other hand, was not liked, and the opinions formed of the others were rather conflicting, many savouring much of hope having something to do with the flattering decisions arrived at. The string that attracted most attention was 'The Baron's,' and it was indeed a glorious sight to see them do their work. Norfolk led the way, followed by Favonius, then came some two-year olds, among them the wonder, Chopette, and then Hannah and Corisande, and so they walked on to the flat; afterwards Norfolk gave Favonius a lead twice up the hill, parallel to the Cambridgeshire course. Chopette danced along in front of her young companions, and Hannah acted as instructress to Corisande, the Maid Marian colt being the only absentee of any importance. Noyre Tauren, the *bête noir* of the handicap, had not arrived. Laburnum, Almoner, Alava, and Helmet were the chief Middle Park Plate celebrities that were recognised, the ultimate winner, Prince Charlie, taking his constitutional on the other side of the town. Helmet became a better favourite, but he gallops in anything but good form, and, from his subsequent performances, we must put down his trial as *splendide mendax*. Almoner had all the Danebury polish, but he had been recently a little off, and he did not look quite wound up. Had not the Sabbath-breakers been afforded such a rich treat on the heath before breakfast, they, as well as those who came down by the early special, would have cursed their luck when

they saw the card for the day; and if ever there was an argument required in favour of abolishing the Monday's racing, let this card be framed and glazed, and hung up in the Jockey Club sanctum, where other mortals fear to tread. A sweepstakes of 5 sovereigns each, all the money, with *nothing* added, 3 subscribers, is verily a noble beginning; yet such were, however, the veritable conditions and entries for the first race. Two only ran, one if possible a little bit worse than the other; but as a good race is said to be possible between two donkeys, we here had the fact exemplified, for the Zelle colt beat Hopeful by a head, and, after paying his jockey, Mr. Case landed a stake worth five sovereigns, minus a few deductions. We then trotted off to the Cesarewitch stand, where the next race finished, for which half a dozen ran, and we had a closer contest even than the first. Palmerston, backed almost against the field, waited until he came to the hill, where he ran through his horses, and made a desperate effort to catch Minotaure, which he accomplished at the Stand, but could not shake him off, and young Tom Jennings keeping pegging away like a little Briton on the Frenchman, a dead heat was the result. M. le Prince was made favourite for the Town Plate, but he appeared more inclined to pay a visit to the betting ring than to Mr. Judge Clarke, and, running all over the course, was beaten in a canter by Ramaquin, Ladas being tailed off. Merry Agnes having won a handicap sweepstakes, beating four others, at last we had something like a field for a plate of 100 sovereigns for two-year olds, for which fifteen ran, but only a very few found backers; in fact, Drummond, the Miss Peddie filly, and Traitor alone had any price at all, many of the others being probably in reserve. Drummond was favourite, and he won; but neither of the others that were backed obtained a place, for Jock of Oran—who ran so well in a Maiden Plate on the Friday in the last meeting, which Il Maestro won by a head from the Prince, who finished the same distance in front of Jock of Oran, sixteen others being behind this trio—on this occasion was second best, Altesse, a pretty daughter of The Duke's, being third; Traitor and the Miss Peddie filly occupied the next positions, and the others were widely scattered. Orphan was made favourite for a Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovereigns each, to which there were but four subscribers, but she was beaten by both of her opponents, Badsworth and Dancing Girl. The October Produce Stakes of 100 sovereigns each, two subscribers, was walked over for by Bulgaria, and a very poor afternoon's racing was ended, many of the spectators, who had travelled down in hot haste in the morning, wondering what they had come down 'for to see.' Noyre Tauren arrived during the afternoon, and was not even a 'little bit' liked; nevertheless, his price grew shorter and shorter, and 4 to 1 was the highest offer on the field. At the Rooms at night there was just as great a crush, just as much smoke and smell, and just as much noise, but the betting was very flat, and there was a considerable deal more cry than wool; and by half-past eleven o'clock we were all off to our downy, to prepare for the struggle of the coming day.

Surely the Clearwell Stakes should be brought forward to Monday, if it is necessary to have any racing on Monday, for the card for the Cesarewitch day was far too large, especially as, by a most unaccountable error, there were two Clearwell Stakes instead of one, owing to a second race being advertised to close in last Houghton Meeting, after the proper race had already closed, with twenty-seven subscribers, after the July Meeting. The Stewards of the Jockey Club therefore ordered that the race which had closed after the July Meeting, 1870, should be the Clearwell Stakes *par excellence*, and the winner thereof to carry extra weight in any race for which the winner of the Clearwell Stakes is made specially liable to a penalty, the winner of the second Clearwell to be

exempt. A most one-sided match between Ruffle and Lizzie Cowl was set first, long odds being laid on Ruffle, and he won in a canter. The Prince, a very good-looking scion of doubtful paternity, in consequence of his previous exploit, above enumerated, was made favourite for a Maiden Plate for two-year olds; but he only just got home in front of Mentana, a racing-looking son of Rataplan, who labours under considerable disadvantage from lameness in his knees, for which he has been fired. However, his performance was considered so good that he was claimed by Joseph Dawson for Mr. R. H. Long. Prince Bathyany's Cunctator beat Prince Soltikoff's Lordling and five others, in a most summary manner, for a 10 Sovereigns Selling Handicap Sweepstakes; and the first race of any importance was next, the Clearwell Stakes, which produced only five runners out of the original twenty-seven subscribers. Danebury brought a hot favourite in Clementina, and she was eventually backed against the field; but she had to succumb to Queen's Messenger and Xanthus, both penalised, the former of which won as easily as he well could do by half a length. Germania, who also carried a penalty for her fluky win at Goodwood, was a bad fourth, and Risque-Tout out of the hunt altogether. Tabernacle tried the cutting-down game in a Handicap Sweepstakes over the Ditch Mile so well, that he spread-eagled his nine opponents in a remarkable manner. And now the hour drew near for the decision of the great Cesarewitch; the excitement became intense, and locomotion, even on the broad heath, became a matter of considerable difficulty, not without a little danger. Twenty-seven numbers—eight less than last year—were quickly telegraphed, and much anxiety was evinced to get a peep at Noyre Tauren, who still held the position of first favourite; but as he was not saddled in the Birdcage, few found him out before the race, and by those who did see him he was much disliked; still he was backed freely up to the time the flag fell. There was little delay at the post, and at the second attempt they got off to a capital start, Ismael making the pace as hot as he was capable of doing, and he held his lead until the Running Gap had been nearly reached, when his bolt was shot, and he retired into the extreme rear. As the large field streamed into view, sweeping round the turn into the long, straight run home, the spectacle was indeed a grand one; the varied-coloured line flickering in the rays of a fast-setting, sickly-looking sun, stretched right across the course, and had almost the appearance of an approaching rainbow. Nearer and nearer they advanced, and at the Bushes the front rank appeared to be edged with many shades of blue, and Lord Hawke was pronounced to be leading; it was not he, however, but Sylva, who maintained her advantage into the Abingdon Bottom, where she was joined by two other blues, and the trio raced home together. Half-way between the Bushes and the Stand the 'Bold Baron's' blue jacket and yellow cap was borne to the front by Corisande, and thereafter the issue was never in doubt, as she stalled off Cardinal York's challenge, and won very cleverly by half a length. Wadlow's pair, Cardinal York and Sylva, representing totally different interests, ran a tremendous race for second honours and money; the French-bred Manille was fourth, and Ismael, who had shown the way at first, and Queen of the Gipsies were the last two. The luck of the Baron has been certainly extraordinary, but he is grugged by none, and his cheery face makes no secret how proud he is to see his horses—all, with scarcely an exception, not only themselves, but also their sires and dams, bred by himself, win. All honour to such a noble sportsman! It would be well for the best interests of the Turf if all raced as he. Corisande's career has been one of almost unvaried success. As a two-year old she won seven out of her ten races, was placed in another, and when beaten in the Middle Park Plate and Criterion, her only other races,

she carried penalties. This year she has now four races placed to her credit, one of which she walked over for, and in the One Thousand and Oaks she played second fiddle to her stable companion, Hannah, and in the Brighton Cup did the same good office for Favonius. It is not a little remarkable that she, like Cardinal York, winner last year, and second this time, was always supposed to be a non-stayer, an opinion they have both proved false, for it must take a horse with no ordinary staying powers, and he must have a lion's heart to boot, to stay all the way that long run home, which from its very straightness looks longer still. The races, after the great one had been decided, with the exception of The Second Clearwell Stakes, did not attract much attention. Only a quartette weighed out for it, and Druid was made favourite, 7 to 4 being laid on him; but he had caught cold either on his way to Newmarket or after his arrival, and, dead amiss, could only beat Simon, Violetta taking the prize, Liverpool being second.

On Wednesday, the Middle Park Plate day, the racing began at the top of the town, where the Oatlands Plate was decided over the Cambridgeshire course. Only three, Enfield, Maid of Athole, and Barefoot, were backed, and the latter, the worst favourite, won, neither of the others obtaining a notice from the judge. Gnosis won a Selling Stakes, Our Tom, who had divided the favouritism with her, finishing second, Badsworth, Brother to Fairfax, and Bide a Wee being beaten off. On the strength of his running with Violetta, Liverpool was a very warm favourite for the Bedford Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for which he was opposed by Bustard and Delay only of the nine entries; and the trio ran a most magnificent race, Bustard winning by sheer gameness by a head, while Liverpool, who appeared to possess that good quality least of all, was last, a head only behind Delay. The Middle Park Plate, founded by that good and great breeder whose loss we have had so recently to deplore, was next, and sixteen—one less than last year—went down to meet the starter. Helmet, whose style of going has been alluded to before, was a great favourite, as little as 5 to 2 being taken about him, but his sprawling action will always stop him in good company, and here he was one of the first beaten. A line will almost describe the race, for those who were fortunate enough to get a view saw plainly enough that the great, strapping, long-striding Prince Charlie, in the centre of the course, was leading his field a merry dance; and before the Bushes were reached the dropping out was considerable; still Prince Charlie kept on the even tenour of his way, and looked at one time like *walking in*, until Maidment brought up Laburnum next the Stand, when a terrible struggle ensued; but the gigantic Prince Charlie held his own to the end, and won amidst the wildest excitement by a very short head. He is by Blair Athole out of Eastern Princess, Camel's dam, and is one of the finest colts that was ever seen stripped for a race; he is, however, rather on the large scale, standing 16 hands 3 inches high, and is also said to be not very sound in his wind. His detractors, of whom he had many before the race, looked exceedingly small as he landed the third Middle Park Plate to the credit of the Bedford Lodge stable. He has been backed by more than one clever party to win an immense stake for next year's Derby; but if the piping story is true, we may have to look to one of his stable companions to do the trick instead of him. Curiously enough, Albert Victor, the winner of the Middle Park Plate last year, was engaged in the next race, the Select Stakes, and he had evidently been sent without having done any work since Doncaster, a walk over being probably anticipated; but Major Fridolin threw down the gauntlet with Somno, who made the running, and having Albert the Alderman dead settled in the Bottom, won cleverly by half a length.

There were a dozen races on Thursday—generally supposed to be an off day ; however, it was nothing of the sort this year. We began again at the top of the town, where five ran for a Sweepstakes, the winner to be sold, &c. Among the quintette was the notorious Noyre Tauren, who was said to be running for his life, as, in case he turned it up again, the fate he was threatened with as a three-year old was ordered to be carried out. He won, however, saved his life, and changed his stable. Four French-bred horses, Minotaure, Evohe, Cramoisie, and Diomed, finished first, second, third, and fourth in the next race, the only Britisher that ran, Wild Flower—on whom slight odds were laid—finishing the absolute last. The Bretby Stakes was booked a certainty for Highland Fling, whose supporters must have very bad memories so soon to forget the dressing and the weight Anton gave her at Doncaster, to say nothing of her race with Derelict at Goodwood. Madge Wildfire waited upon her for more than half the way, then deprived her of the lead, and won in a canter. Nudel improved upon the form, little above plating, which she has already shown, and beat Xanthus, and fourteen others, for a Fifty-Pound Plate over the Rous Course. Flibustier beat a good field in a race for a Handicap Plate, all behind him being winners ; and it is needless to say Chopette ran away from the Etna filly and Derwent. Admiral Rous, for a wonder, got worsted in a Match, his Glaucopis being beaten after a good race with Bella by a neck. To the surprise of most people, the Newmarket Oaks brought out a field of seven, slight odds being laid on Hannah ; but her penalty crushed her, as the race was run at a great pace throughout, and finally won, after a splendid struggle between Verdure and Veranda, by the former by a head, thanks to a brilliant bit of riding on Fordham's part. Hannah was a bad third, a hundred yards in advance of any of the others. Rafale and Æga each won a Sweepstakes in a canter ; and the last event of the day was won by Méleurge by a short head, after a splendid set-to between French and Cannon, the latter of whom rode Wilberforce.

The racing on Friday was good, the Newmarket Derby and Prendergast Stakes being of quite sufficient importance to keep together a large attendance. Henry was made favourite for the former, which he won anyhow, and was immediately backed down to 4 to 1 for the Cambridgeshire. Nuneham won the Prendergast very easily indeed, having only the overrated Helmet, Border Chief, and Barmaid to oppose him ; and the other races enabled The Sparrow, Acide Prussique, Faith, and Hopeful to gain winning brackets ; and the Meeting was wound up with a Match, in which Countryman just beat the sister to Æmula.

The Newmarket Houghton is, or rather ought to be, the last of the legitimate meetings of the year ; and, in consequence, although Messrs. Topham, Frail, and Merry have, as usual, issued their broad-sheets, the travellers down on Sunday afternoon and Monday morning were most numerous. The way-bill of 'Our Van' is nearly made up, and there is but little room left, I know, for stray passengers ; but the Criterion and the Cambridgeshire have already booked places, the latter having secured the box-seat, and our attention must be principally confined to them. The Monday morning special, which was an unusually heavy one, and much behind time, had not long arrived at the metropolis of the Turf, when a move to the classic heath, in order to be in time to see the first race, was imperative. Four ran, of which Miss Thackeray was backed against the field ; Cornet, at 4 to 1, being the only other fancied, and he won, after waiting in the early part of the race, very easily at last by a length, which performance had the effect of bringing Allbrook into increased demand for the morrow's great struggle. Admiral Rous's Gerard beat Auricomus



in a match, and Knightly treated Oro in a similar fashion, after which a good field of fourteen went down to the Cambridgeshire starting-post to run for a Handicap Plate of 50*l*. Lady Blanche was made favourite, but Ely Dorado won, after a fine race with Dubois, Mr. Payne's Flurry being a bad third. A most extraordinary accident occurred in this race to Fugitive, who, while running tolerably forward, put his off hind foot into a hole and snapped his thigh, just half way between the hock and stifle, and in struggling to recover himself he broke his fore-leg on the same side—of course he came down a regular cropper—and Hunt, who was riding him, had a most miraculous escape. Sad to relate, there were no means of destroying him at hand, and the poor brute remained in his agony until a gun was brought from the town, when his sufferings were speedily ended. As he had fallen in the course, the start for the Criterion was delayed some half-hour, and the seven running were kept at the post until he was despatched and got out of the way; the competitors included the first favourite for next year's Derby, Cremorne; Prince Charlie, the winner of the Middle Park Plate; Nuneham, who ran well up in that great race; Helmet, who appears rather an impostor; Bethnal Green, who was not cherry ripe, and had been suffering from cracked heels; Drummond, the hope of the foreigners; and Halton, carrying the Baron's almost invincible colours. Cremorne was the favourite—so people said he would be—and his owner put down the pieces more sanguinely than he had ever done before; while those—and they were not few and far between—who had seen Prince Charlie win the Middle Park Plate backed him with such good will that he left off second favourite, the Baron's representative being next in demand. The pace was strong all through, and after going half the distance the favourite's penalty began to tell, and Prince Charlie, striding along at his ease, stalled off Challoner's efforts on Nuneham, and won very easily indeed by a length. Cremorne was two lengths from the second, and the others were anywhere. *On dit* that the winner is a whistler, and so his Derby chance may not be a very rosy one; but one thing is certain, he is the best-looking big two-year old we have seen for many a year, and, whistler or no whistler, he will make it uncommonly hot for those who appear against him at the start for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes next year, even if the Epsom prize may be beyond his reach. St. Peter won the Two-Year Old Plate by a neck, after a good race with Mitcham, who only beat Alfreda by a head. Several of the others, however, will see a better day, as on this occasion some of them did not appear at all anxious to get home; and Cherubim—thanks to Huxtable, who never rode better in his life—having won a Free Handicap Sweepstakes from Lincoln, his only opponent, we came to the end of the first day.

A finer morning than that of Tuesday was never seen—bright, frosty, and clear; and those who were out early returned to breakfast with wonderful appetites, and foretold a brilliant Cambridgeshire day. Hermitage was a great favourite for the opening event, and he won easily; Dalnacardoch did ditto in the next; and Liverpool had no difficulty in disposing of the Baron's colt by King Tom out of Maid Marian, who once promised to make a useful horse, but has apparently gone all to pieces; he gallops high, and cannot stay. Twenty-nine runners then weighed out for the last great Handicap of the year, and the excitement increased as the hour for starting (3 P.M.) drew near. The gathering in the Birdcage, where nearly all the candidates were saddled, was not nearly so large as usual, and the toilettes were got through with much despatch; and the field, much smaller than last year, were at the post some minutes before they were due. Those who looked best were Ashfield, White

Rose, Anton, and Sabinus, the latter of whom, although his coat was a little broken, appeared exceedingly fit. Favonius and Corisande were saddled at the top of the town, and cantered down to the post. Vestminster, bar his extraordinary, dicky fore-legs, looked as well as anything; and Henry, Veranda, Bycicle, and Sister Helen were all fit and well. Extraordinary to relate, the course, bad as it always is at Newmarket, was not cleared at all until ten minutes past the hour set for the race; and after the horses got to the post a long delay occurred, owing chiefly to the breaking away of White Slave, White Rose, Noyre Tauren, Kingcraft, Mahomet, Marmora, and, in the first attempt, Sterling; at length, within a minute of half an hour after time, Mr. McGeorge dropped his flag to one of the best starts he ever made. After going a hundred yards, Vestminster, beginning quickest, showed in advance, but was soon passed by Allbrook, who ran far different than he did in the Second October Meeting, and he carried on the running until within a couple of hundred yards of home, when Fordham and Chaloner, who had almost given up pursuit as hopeless, brought up Sabinus and Sterling, and catching Jarvis, who evidently thought he had the race in hand, a splendid set-to between the three ensued, Fordham, the greatest jockey of the age, literally squeezing Sabinus home the winner by a head, while Sterling and Allbrook were so close together that Judge Clarke could not separate them, and a dead heat for second honours was declared. Noyre Tauren, who proved not quite such a duffer as he was thought in the Cæsarewitch week, was fourth, and the others were chiefly pulling up. Queen Isabel, during the time the great excitement was cooling down, won a Selling Handicap Sweepstakes, Tam-o'-Shanter being her only opponent; and it is almost needless to say that Chopette gave upwards of a stone to four beauties of his own age, and, without any exaggeration, left them standing still. And now the racing Van is full—no room for more.

Our hunting budget is small. Lord Portsmouth tells us that this cubhunting season has been the best ever known in 'the Far West,' that the scent has been generally fair, foxes plentiful, and well scattered all over the country. His lordship's hounds have been hunting four days a week, and had killed up to the 17th of October thirty-four brace—not bad, and auguring well for the future, for, to quote Lord Portsmouth's words, 'blood to a pack of foxhounds 'is like victory to an army.' From Devonshire to Northumberland is a far cry, but Mr. Askew, the Earl of Wemyss' successor, says that his country was never so well stocked with foxes as it is at present, and that during the many years he has hunted there he has never remembered the scent so good. More fortunate is Mr. Askew in this respect than M.F.H. farther south, who were complaining of want of rain up to the middle of the month, and of the ground getting dry on the top.

The Earl of Coventry has done better cubhunting this year than in any previous season. A good scenting September has made the Cotswold Hills ring again with the cheery music of the eager pack. Our correspondent from the country speaks well of the show of foxes and the entry of young hounds, many of which are already as useful as two-season hunters. Mr. Allsopp, the Master of the Worcestershire, has lent to Lord Coventry, for the season, the Bradon Hill country, which is useful to him from its proximity to the kennels; and the jolly farmers are still talking of the rattling day's sport they had on the 6th, when the value of second horses was duly appreciated. Under Robert Price's kennel management the condition of the hounds is all that can be desired. They have been out twenty-two days, and have killed eleven and a half brace of foxes, and run five brace to ground, and they have already had some capita spins over the open, tasting blood at the end.

Mr. Tailby, as we stated in our last 'Van,' retires, but Mr. Coupland has offered to take the whole of what was the old Quorn country, an arrangement which, if it can be carried out, will see under so good a man a revival of old Quorn days. Mr. Coupland is popular with owners and proprietors of every class, and we cordially wish him success. Complaints of want of scent come to us from Hampshire, but they must be rectified by this time. Nowhere do we hear of want of foxes, and that is cheering.

From Wiltshire we hear that the Earl of Radnor has engaged John Dale as his huntsman. During the past month the deep woodlands have resounded with Dale's melodious voice, cheering Chimer or Crier on the line of a cub, or old Clara backing them up. But on the 16th the pack got upon an old fox in Vern Ditch Chase, and after rattling him for twenty minutes in the chase, so hot did they make it that he was forced to break over the open. 'Let them go!' shouted the cheery master, sticking spurs into the sides of his old horse. Verily, at the pace hounds were streaming over William Day's training ground at Woodyates, if the whips had been mounted upon Mortemer and Favonius, they could not have got to their heads to stop them. For thirty-five minutes did hounds race over the cream of the downs (Penkridge Down and Marten Down were crossed from end to end), until this gallant fox died, as a good one should die, in the open. Tarquin, one of this year's entry, pulled him down. Whilst the hounds were breaking him up, the noble master addressed the preserver of Vern Ditch. 'Mr. Harvey, may you live for ever.' 'Thank ye, my lord; and may you live to bury me,' was the ready answer. The western side of the country is well stocked with foxes. Lord Otho Fitzgerald has given up the shooting of West Park, which has been let to Mr. Sandeman, a good man and true. At the sale by auction of Lord Otho's effects, the catalogue contained 250 traps.

The hounds of Mr. Leamon met at Pitland Corner, near Tavistock, on Thursday, Oct. 12th, for the opening day of the season. There was a full attendance of the notabilities of the district, as it was made the occasion of presenting Mr. Leamon with a silver hunting-horn, accompanied by two hundred guineas in an embroidered purse worked by a lady. On the arrival of the hounds at the covert side, a circle of horsemen was made, and Colonel Archer, of Trelask, addressed Mr. Leamon in the following appropriate words:—'My dear and good old friend Leamon,—Many years have passed since I and those about me, and whom I am deputed to represent, first hunted with your hounds; and the succession of sport which you have shown calls forth our thanks, to which you are so justly entitled. Many have been the pleasant runs that you have provided for those who are now around you; and you have added to your celebrity as a sportsman the equally well-earned reputation of being one of the most true and agreeable of friends. And although we all hope that the close of your career, as a master of foxhounds, is far distant, yet your many friends cannot allow that close to approach more nearly without putting on record in a substantial form their thanks for your unwearied and successful efforts in providing for our amusement in the hunting field. In the name of two or three hundred friends and subscribers, therefore, I ask your acceptance of this silver hunting-horn, and of an elegant purse, specially worked by a young lady for the occasion, containing two hundred guineas, with a roll on which are inscribed the names of the subscribers. These will be valued by you not for their worth, but for the friendly feelings which prompted the gift.' Mr. Leamon replied in a few telling words, and the hounds were thrown into covert. Several ringing foxes were found without

affording a run, and afterwards the large party partook of luncheon at Killworthy House, the residence of Mr. Battams. The Messrs. William and Thomas Leamon are twin brothers, whom it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other, hunting and managing the hounds in the field themselves with slight assistance, show great sport, and are universally popular.

Cub-hunting has been carried steadily on during the past month in the Midland Counties, and all packs have made a good start. On Saturday the 21st, the Atherstone, we hear, had already almost the run of the season from one of Mr. Newdigate's coverts. They ran as straight as a line from nine to ten miles in 45 minutes without touching a big wood. Strange to say, they could not run in the morning; but in the afternoon, in the pouring rain, they went as if tied to their fox. Other hounds had also good runs at the same time. These hounds had also a capital run, on Friday the 27th, from Harborough Gorse over some of their best country to Ashby Parva. As he was out, it is needless to say to those who know him that Mr. Newdigate went like a boy, and was thoroughly delighted, as he, and Bailey, the new huntsman, had it almost to themselves, the pace being so great, that Mr. Thomson, who got a bad start, said that he was clean out of the first part, and was obliged to ride all he knew to catch them. Bailey, we venture to prophesy, will make a good huntsman; though his voice is not strong, it is musical and cheery, and such as hounds like and understand. He is ably assisted by Will Neverd, who is keen as a whip can be.

From a valued correspondent in Durham, we hear that lots of rain has fallen, and the ground is in capital hunting condition, the scent is good, and everything promises a good season. The Hurworth have not done much; they have been unlucky, and the country badly stopped—but they have killed five brace. Mr. Cradock has had wonderful sport; a real good thing almost every day. Last Friday, the 20th, his hounds had a clinking forty-five minutes straight from Skeeby Bridge, and raced into their fox at Clearvaux Castle, not one of the field seeing him pulled down; this pack has killed about eight brace. The Bedale have had good sport generally. Foxes are plentiful and strong, and the hounds are well blooded. The master is very keen, and there is every prospect of good sport. The Durham County have done badly, and not killed more than a couple of brace of cubs, though foxes are everywhere abundant. The Cleveland, under the new master, are doing pretty well; they opened the season on Thursday, the 26th, with a meet at Saltburn, inaugurated by a public breakfast, given by Mr. Wharton to all comers.

Cubhunting with the H.H. has been going on very successfully with Mr. Deacon. He has killed eleven brace and a half of cubs, and has had very fair sport with them; and this must be considered very good, because he could not begin hunting so soon as usual, on account of the harvest being so late. Mr. Deacon has promoted his second whipper-in after Maiden's death, and put on quite a fresh hand as second. Under Mr. Deacon's tutorship he will be very soon taught his business. Mr. Deacon is now one of the very few masters that is capable of making a good hunt servant; his whippers-in are not allowed to keep cracking their whips directly a hound opens. Some whippers-in would do much better if the thong was taken from their whip before they left the kennel.

Mr. W. Standish has been showing some good sport with the cubs in the New Forest. He is giving great satisfaction, and his horses and hounds are in high fettle for the coming season.

The Hursley, under the indefatigable exertions of Colonel Nicoll, have been doing well. They have been out fourteen times, brought nine foxes to hand

(not all cubs), and run two to ground; and they had some very pretty gallops. They are a most capital pack of hounds; and Alfred Summers is such a determined enemy to a fox, that the animal is never safe till Summers and his clever pack are in the kennels.

There is not much to record of the Hambledon; they have killed one cub. The moment hounds got upon him he went to ground in a rabbit-burrow, and was soon got out, and given to the hounds. Had the foolish cub only kept above ground, he would have had a very good chance of his life.

Lord Portsmouth was obliged to pass sentence on old Vengeance a short time since on account of an accident in his box. He was a good horse, Vengeance, though not always in good hands, for when called The Chicken he belonged to the poisoner Palmer, but was renamed when he changed hands and came into Lord Edward Russell's possession. His best performance was as a four-year old, and carrying 7st. 7lb., winning the Cesarewitch very easily, and Harlock said that next to Stockwell he was the best horse he ever trained. From very few mares he got several winners, principally for Lord Portsmouth, who, we believe, only gave 300*l.* for him, and Sydmenton and Whalebone were the best of them. Lord Portsmouth has also lost The Chase (the dam of Robin Hood, who beat Student for the July), who was shot at Hurstbourne the other day, leaving behind a yearling, FitzJames, that fetched 800 guineas at Lord Portsmouth's last sale. The Chase was little thought of till Buccaneer became famous, and when Lord Portsmouth, anxious to get hold of a strain of the blood, found her somewhere in Wales, he bought her of a farmer there for a ten-pound note!

The Brighton coach finished its season on the 21st; and on the 23rd some of the regulars met at The Chequers at Horley to say good-bye, and to instal Tedder there as mine host. The Chequers is a nice snug little old country inn, not far from the Horley Station, where a sportsman can send his horse on, which will be well looked after, and where one is sure of a comfortable bed and everything in a clean, homely way. We wish Tedder every success, as, bar none, he is the civilist man we know.

Poor Frank Goodall has had another very bad fall from his horse putting his foot in a hole and rolling over him when hunting Mr. Tailby's hounds at Wistow on the 25th. He has broken his collar-bone and two ribs. He had only just recovered the bad fall he had last season.

We are sorry to announce the very sudden death of Mr. William Rigden, while out hunting, on Monday the 23rd, at the good old age of seventy-nine. His horse put his foot into a drain, and threw him violently on his head, and dislocated his neck, and his death was instantaneous. Kent never produced a better sportsman. For about thirty-five years he had been Master and Manager of the Tickham Hounds.

The death of Mr. Clough Newcome, of Feltwell Hall, took place on Friday, 22nd inst. There are few who frequent Newmarket but will recollect him. The head of an old county family, he passed his life more like a squire of old than those of the present day. He was remarkable as a falconer, a shot, and a British ornithologist, of whom he leaves in Mr. Alfred Newton a pupil who does him honour. His private worth was best known to a host of friends, who will lament him doubly as a man whose place cannot be filled.

And John Scott is gone. At a ripe age, full of venerable years and the honours that 'from no condition rise,' the second Wizard of the North disappears from the busy scene, and the last links that connected us with a past generation are severed by his death. To speak of him and his career from the time he quitted his father's roof in Oxford to tempt fortune on his own account

is beyond our purpose. Not only has it been done by abler hands than ours—and the repetition is therefore needless—but our pen, to tell the truth, *falters* in touching upon a memoir which 'Argus,' if he had been alive, would have made his own. No one knew the old Yorkshire trainer better, few men more intimate or more welcome at Whitewall than our lamented friend. His memory was a storehouse of Whitewall sayings and doings, which, until illness struck him down, was always open for the inspection of his intimates. Indeed, he once thought of writing for the pages of 'Baily' 'Whitewall 'Papers;' but the pressure of other work prevented this being done, and no doubt we are the losers thereby. There was a good deal at Whitewall besides the horses in the stables. We all know about them, the heroes and heroines of the past, whose 'plates' are on the box doors, and their pictures in the snug dining-room—Matilde, The Colonel, Cyprian, Newminster—the long roll of noble names down to those of later times—we have heard and read the story of their lives until it is a thrice-told tale. But John Scott himself was a study; and though his life is in a great measure the life of Derby and Leger winners, yet he and Whitewall had a separate existence and character all their own. He was in some sort a representative man, living at his home in almost patriarchal state, with fat beeves and golden corn, with bread and meat for the many mouths dependent on him, making the earth yield her increase; and, with the exception of the Cyprian port and the famous whisky, all was of home manufacture. What a cheery sight was the dining-room on a bright, sharp morning—say about this time of year—with its blazing fire and well-spread board, old John himself ready equipped for the wold, and his great anxiety that his guest should make a good breakfast before starting. What a kindly hostess, too, was there; and—but this is a digression—have you, gentle reader, ever eaten hashed mutton? You will, of course—admitting that you are acquainted with so homely a dish—declare you have done so; but, believe it not, unless you have been a guest at Whitewall. To resume:—how pleasant and cheery, too, as the November evening drew on, and after the early dinner, we discussed the Cyprian port and cracked our walnuts, talked racing talk, with a little of the talk of Pall Mall thrown in, told our kind host the last conundrum, and (for age has its weaknesses, and returns to the muttons of its childhood) the last 'nursery rhyme.' Quite *au courant* of what was going on in the outer world was John; and the records of the Old Bailey and the Divorce Court, the last murder, and the last scandal, were the subjects of much pungent remark. We chanced to hear his opinion on a recent *cause célèbre* that engrossed the attention of the fashionable world a short time since; and we only wish the Court and our readers could have heard them too. It was rather a difficult matter, by-the-way, to tell John anything new, he was kept so well posted up by his many friends; and the *bon mot* that first saw the light on the shady side of Pall Mall would be chuckled over in the brougham on Langton Wold a morning or two after. His hospitality was boundless to the poor and to the rich. How many Christmas hampers went forth annually from Whitewall—how many turkeys, hams, pheasants, and hares came, 'with Mr. John Scott's compliments,' to how many recipients, would be difficult to say. These kindly remembrances will be missed by many this year; and the poor around Malton hereafter will think of the neighbourly hand that ministered to their necessities so liberally. Peace to him! His memory will be green by Yorkshire firesides for many a long day; and a coming generation in that sporting shire will be taught the past glories of Whitewall.

## HUNTING.

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### LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNTSMEN, WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

We have received no answer to our applications where asterisks [\*] are placed.

## STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Town for Visiting.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HER MAJESTY'S ( <i>Windsor</i> )	Tues. & Fri..	Earl of Cork . . .	Henry King . . .	Morris Hills . . . 1 Richard Edrupt . . . 2 William Bartlett . . . 3	Ascot Heath, Staines
BERKHAMPTSTEAD ( <i>Berkhamstead</i> )	Wed. . . . .	Mr. R. Rawle . . .	Master . . . . .	Mr. H. Browne . . . Mr. J. Rawle . . .	Berkhamstead Common, Herts
DEVON AND SOMERSET ( <i>Dulverton, Lynton</i> )	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. M. Fenwick Bissett	A. Heala. . . . .	G. Fewings . . . .	Rhyll, near Dulverton, Somerset
EASINGWOLD ( <i>Easingwold</i> )	Wed. & Fri..	Mr. John Batty . .	Mr. Dixon Batty . .	George Lickias Thomas Cass . . .	The Lund, Easingwold
NEVILLE'S, MR. T. . . . .	Wed. . . . .	Mr. T. Neville . . .	George Gaiger . . .	Thomas Lock . . .	Chilland House, near Winchester
PETRE'S, HON. H. . . . .	Three days a fortnight	Hon. H. Petre . . .	Master . . . . .	James Hillyar John Collier . . .	Westlands, Ingatestone, Essex
ROTSCILL'S, BARON ( <i>Leighton Buzzard</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Baron Rothschild . .	Frederick Cox . . .	Mark Howcott. . .	Mentmore

## IRELAND.

WARD UNION ( <i>Dublin, Dunboyne, Rath</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee . . .	Charles Brindley . .	James Brindley . .	Ashbourne, co. Meath
ALBRIGHTON ( <i>Salford</i> )	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. F. Boughey . .	H. Jennings . . .	I. Todd . . . . .	Whiston Cross, near Salford
ALWICK AND COQUETDALE ( <i>Alwrick</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Browne . . .	Richard Lyon . . .	Patrick Dalton Charles Brindley . .	Green Bigg, Bilton, Alwrick
ATHERSTONE ( <i>Atherstone</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri. & Sat.	Mr. John Anstruther Thomson	John Bailey . . . .	E. Haynes W. Nevard . . . .	Wetherley, near Atherstone
BADSWORTH ( <i>Pontefract</i> )	Mon. Tues. & Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakeley Mr. J. H. Barton . .	Tom Morgan . . . .	John Lee . . . . .	Badsworth, near Pontefract
BARTON-PANTON'S, MR. ( <i>Holyhead</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. W. Barton-Panton	Master . . . . .	W. Dalby Richard Roberts . .	Garreglydd, near Holyhead

## FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).



BEAUFORT 8, DUKE OF (Malmesbury, Tidbury) Chippensham, Sodbury)	Mon. Tu. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Beaufort	Marquis of Worcester & Charles Haublin, K. H.	Robert Long Robert Pinkard	Dundaston, Chippensham
B. O. C. H. . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Colonel Wynne.	Masters . . . . .	E. Jones . . . . .	Coed Coch, near Abergelo
BEDALE . . . . . (Bedale, Thirk, North- allerton)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Captain Conway Mr. J. B. Booth	Master . . . . . Alfred Thatcher, K.H.	J. Jones Henry Haveron Thomas Kendall	The Leases, near Bodale
BELOYB HUNT . . . . . (Grantham)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland	Frank Gillard . . . . .	William Goodall Alfred Orbell	Belvoir, Grantham
BERKELEY . . . . . (Cheltenham, Gloucester)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge.	W. Beckhouse . . . . .	Sam Chambers Henry Grant . . . . .	Berkeley, Gloucester
BERKELEY, OLD . . . . . (Rickmansworth)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	A Committee . . . . .	John Comins . . . . .	C. Atkinson T. Melrose . . . . .	Chorleywood, Rickmans- worth
BERKSHIRE, OLD . . . . . (Abingdon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Lord Craven . . . . .	John Treadwell . . . . .	W. Goodall James Hewgill . . . . .	New House, Abingdon
BERKS (SOUTH) . . . . . (Reading)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. T. Duffield Mr. J. Hargraves . . . . .	T. Tipton . . . . .	Eli Skinner John Press . . . . .	World's End, Reading
BICESTER . . . . . (Bicester, Brackley, Duck- ingham)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Algernon Peyton	George Boxall . . . . .	T. Cooke William Claxton Thomas Jordan	Stratton Audley, near Bice- ster, Oxon
BLACKMOOR VALE . . . . . (Sherborne, Dorset)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Sir Richard Glyn, Bart.	John Press . . . . .	G. Morgan . . . . .	Charlton Horethorne
BLANKNEY . . . . . (Lincoln)	Thur. & Fri. Four days a week	Colonel Chaplin . . . . .	Charles Hawtin . . . . .	Joseph Overton H. Dawkins . . . . .	Sherborne, Dorset Reepham, near Lincoln
BLENAETHA . . . . . (Kewick)	Three days a week	Mr. John Crosier . . . . .	John Porter . . . . .	W. Hawtin . . . . .	The Riddings, Kewick
BLAES OF DEWENT (Shodley Bridge)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. Cowen . . . . .	Master . . . . .	Siddle Dixon, Jun.	Coal Burna, Blaydon-on- Tyne
BRANHAM MOOR . . . . . (Tadcaster, Wetherby)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. G. Lane Fox . . . . .	G. Kingsbury . . . . .	Richard Summers H. White . . . . .	Bramham Park, near Tad- caster
CAMBRIDGESHIRE . . . . . (St. Ned's, Hunts)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. S. Lindeell . . . . .	Harry Hardy . . . . .	Jem Bartlett . . . . .	Causton, Cambridgeshire
CHESHIRE . . . . . (Northwich)	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. H. R. Corbett . . . . .	John Jones . . . . .	Frank Turton Charles Malden . . . . .	Forest Kennels, near North- wich
CHIDDINGFOLD . . . . . (Godalming)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. Sadler . . . . .	Mr. T. Sedler . . . . .	Mr. E. J. Sadler Charles Hills	Chiddingfold, Surrey
CLEVELAND . . . . . (Saltburn-by-the-Sea)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. T. Wharton.	Benjamin Shute . . . . .	Richard Sherwood	Skelton, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitation.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
COTSWOLD (Cheltenham)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Sir Reginald Graham, Bart.	Thomas Hills	R. Russell	Waddon Lane, Cheltenham
COTSWOLD, NORTH (Broadway)	Tues. Thur. bye Sat.	Earl of Coventry	Master	W. Jones	Broadway, Worcestershire
COTSEMORE (Oakham, Rutland)	Three days a week	Colonel Lowther	John West	T. Parry	Barleythorpe, Oakham
CRADOCK'S, MR. (Croft Spa, near Darlington)	Mon. Wed. Fri. Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Cradock	Tom Champion	William Neil John Dale C. Atkinson	Hartforth Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire
CRAYEN (Hungerford, Newbury)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. L. Franklin	Master	John Scott	Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM (Cuckfield, Horsham, Crawley)	Three days a week	Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Calvert	G. Orbell, K.H. George Loader	W. Shepherd James Budd	Bridge House, Staplefield, near Crawley
CUMBERLAND (Carlisle)	Mon. or Tues. & Fri.	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart.	James Firr	W. Carpenter	Boehill
DEVON, SOUTH (Newton Abbot)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Thos. Westlake	Master	R. Gennings	Kingsteignton
DORSET, EAST (Blandford)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Portman, M.P.	John Smith	Thomas Dyer	Bryanstone, Blandford
DORSET, SOUTH (Dorchester or Wareham)	Mon. Thur. & bye day	Mr. C. J. Radclyffe	Tom Davis	Joseph Moss Levi Sheppard	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset
DURHAM COUNTY (Sedgefield)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. J. Henderson, M.P.	T. Dowdeswell	Jem Davis G. Horby	Hardwick and Fairwell Hall, Durham
ESSEX (Chipping Ongar, Harlow)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. Harvey	Stephen Dobson	Edward Cole	Harlow, Essex
ESSEX, EAST (Halstead, Braintree, Witham)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright	Master	Robert Masterman Joe Sorrel	Black Notley, Braintree
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK (Colchester)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. H. White	Ben Morgan	W. Morgan	Stratford St. Mary's, Suffolk
F. B. H. (Turo)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Williams	James Babbage	Joe Morgan W. Whiting C. Stevens	Turo
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL (Rotherham)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam	Master Joseph Orbell, K.H.	James Roffy G. Murphyn	Wentworth Wood House, Rotherham

FRY WILLIAM'S, HON. G. (Oxford, Epsom)	Mon. & Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	THOMAS G. FRY WILLIAM	George Carter	J. Hills Charles Bardill Thomas Auston	SEAFORTH, near Farnham
GARTH'S, MR. (Reading, Wokingham)	Mon. & Tues. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. C. Garth	Charles Brockley	Henry Povey	Haines Hill, Wyndham, Berks
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF (Toucester, Buckingham)	Mon. & Tues. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Grafton	Frank Beare	W. Whistley	Wakesfield Lawn, near Stoney Stratford
GROVE (Belford, Woking, Don- caster)	Mon. & Tues. Thurs. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	John Morgan	Tom Smith Charles Howard Vincent	Grove, near Bedford
H. H. (Alton, Alresford, Wis- chester)	Mon. & Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon	Master	Richard Turner Henry Prior	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
HAMELTON (Bishop's Waltham)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. D. Sullivan	Stephen Winkworth	W. Barton	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham
HAYDON (Haydon Bridge)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. William Lambert	Robert Bruce	George Cowing	Haydon Bridge
HEREFORDSHIRE, N. (Leominster, Hereford)	Mon. & Thurs. & bye day	Mr. J. H. Arkwright	Master William Cross, K.H.	J. Atkinson	Hampton Court, Leominster
HEREFORDSHIRE, S. (Hereford)	Tues. & Fri.	Captain Holme	George Hills	W. Ball	White Cross, Hereford
HEYTHORP (Chipping Norton)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. A. W. Hall	Stephen Goodall	A. Woodhouse John Healeston	Common Hill, Chipping Norton
HOLKERESS (Beverley)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Fri.	Mr. James Hall	John Hollins	George Ash Ben Barlow W. Gray	Etton, near Beverley, Yorks
HURLEY (Winchester)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	Alfred Summers	John Rowe	Pitt, Compton Downs
HURWORTH (Croft Spa, Darlington)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. James Coobson	George Dodds	James Simmons	Hurworth, near Darlington
INGRAM'S, MR. MERVELL (Derby, Burton-on-Trent)	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	...	Thomas Leedham	Charles Leedham F. Cotterill	Hoar Cross, Burton-on-Trent
LAKE OF WIGHT (Newport, Ventnor, Ryde)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Harvey	George Jones	W. Manners	Marvell, near Newport
JOHNSTONE'S, SIR H. (Scarborough, Pickering)	Tues. Fri. & Sat.	Sir Harcourt John- stone	Charles Barwick, K.H.	F. White Robert Parker	Snainton, Yorkshire
KENT, EAST (Folkestone, Sandgate, Hythe)	Mon. Thurs. & Sat. Tues. & Fri.	The Earl of Guild- ford	Ben Painting	...	Beachboro', near Hythe
KENT, WEST (Farningham, Sevenoaks)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat. a bye day	A Committee	Thomas Hills	John Pitta T. Noble	Wrotham Heath, near Sevenoaks

## FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
KERRISON'S, SIR E. . . . (Eye)	Mon. & Fri.	Sir E. Kerrison . .	Master . . . .	Charles Jones . .	Oakley Park, Scole
LEAMON'S, MR. . . . . (Tewitlock)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Leamon . .	Master . . . .	A. Wheatley Mr. T. M. Leamon .	Lamerton, Tavistock
LEONFIELD'S, LORD. . . . (Petworth)	Mon. Tu. Th. Fri. & Sat.	Lord Leonfield. . .	Charles Sheppard .	Philip Bishop . .	Petworth Park
LEDGERY . . . . .	Three days a week	Mr. C. Morrell . . .	Master . . . .	John Botham R. Morris, K.H. . .	Leadbury
(Ledbury, Malvern)				G. Rose . . . .	
LEIGH & MR. GERARD . . .	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard Leigh .	Charles Ward . . .	William Smith . .	Kenesbourne Green, Luton
(Luton)				J. Beet . . . .	
LIANGIBBY & CHEPSTOW .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Lawrence .	Evan Williams . .	John Hollings . .	Liangibby, Crick, near Chepstow
(Newport, Chepstow, Uck)		Mr. Chas. F. Lewis .	The Master. . . .	William Lockey . .	Onibury, Shropshire
LUDLOW . . . . .	Two days a week	Mr. C. W. Wicksted .	George Orris . . .	G. Cotterell Edwin Summers . .	Birdsall, near Malton
MIDDLETON'S, LORD . . . . (Malton)	Six days a week to Christmas	Lord Middleton . .		F. Goodall . . . .	
MONMOUTHSHIRE . . . . . (Abergavenny)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. F. C. H. Williams	The Master . . . .	Samuel Roberts, K.H. William Dent . . .	The Spitty, Abergavenny
MORGAN'S, HON. G. . . . . (Newport, Mon.)	Mon. & Thur.	Hon. G. Morgan . .	Master . . . .	Charles Barrett . .	Tredegar Park
MORPETH . . . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. John Cookson .	Mark Robinson . .	John Rance . . . .	Newminster, Morpeth
(Morpeth)				A. Mandeville . . .	Lyndhurst, Hants
NEW FOREST . . . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat. a bye day occasionally	Mr. W. C. Standish .	Master . . . .	W. Preedy . . . .	
(Southampton, Bamey, Salisbury)			W. Summers, K.H.		
NORFOLK, WEST . . . . . (King's Lynn, Faversham)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. A. Hamond . .	Master . . . .	R. Claydon, K.H. . .	Gt. Massingham, Rougham
NORRIS, SOUTH . . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Mr. Munsters . . .	The Master . . . .	J. Hollidge John Goddard, K.H. .	Amnesley Park, Notts
(Nottingham, Southwell)				G. Sheppard Tom Ridley . . . .	
OAKLEY, THE . . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Robert Arkwright	Master . . . .	D. Sheppard George Day . . . .	Milton Ernest, Bedford
(Bedford)				Tom Whitmore Joe Bailey . . . .	
OFFIN'S, MR. . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. John Offin . .	Henry Rees . . . .	C. Hagger . . . .	Great Burstead, Billericay
(Billericay, Chelmsford, Brentwood)					

# HUNTSMEN, WHIPS, KENNELS, ETC.

SOUTH		Mon. & Fri.	Mon. & Thur.	Tues. & Fri.	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mon. Tues. Wed. & Sat.	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mon. & Fri.	Mon. & Fri.	Four days a week	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mon. & Thur. Tues. & Fri.	Mon. & Frid. a bye day.	Tues. & Fri.	Tues. & Fri.	
OSWORTH, SOUTH (Thame)																		
PEMBROKESHIRE (Haverfordwest)																		
PEMBROKESHIRE, SOUTH (Pembroke, Tenby, Narbeth)																		
POLTHORNE'S, LORD (Weymouth, Dorchester)																		
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF (Eggesford)																		
POWELL'S, MR. (Llanbovdy)																		
PUCKERIDGE (Bishop Stortford, Buntingford)																		
PYCHLEY (Northampton, Market Harboro')																		
QUORN (Leicester, Loughboro', Melton Mowbray)																		
RADNOR'S, EARL OF (Salisbury)																		
RADNORSE & W. HEMFORD (Kington)																		
ROBLE'S, HON. MAIR (Torrington)																		
*RUFFORD (Ollerton, Newark)																		
SHREWSBURY (Shrewsbury, Wellington)																		
*SHROPSHIRE, NORTH (Shrewsbury, Whitechurch, Market Drayton)																		
SINNINGTON (Pickering, Helmsley)																		
SOMERSET, WEST (Williton)																		
MILKING CHAMBER, Haverfordwest																		
LAWRENY, near Pembroke																		
CATTISTOCK LODGE, Dorchester, & Poltimore Park, Exeter																		
EGGESFORD, N. Devon																		
MAESGWYNE, S. Wales																		
ALBURY, near Ware, Herts																		
BRISWORTH, Northampton, & Brigstock, near Thrapston																		
QUORN, Loughboro'																		
LONGFORD CASTLE, Salisbury																		
LYONS HALL																		
STEVENSSTONE, Torrington																		
RUFFORD, Newark																		
PRESTON BOATS, Shrewsbury																		
LEE BRIDGE, Preston, Brook-hurst, Salop																		
HOW GREEN, Kirby Moor-side																		
DOWERHAYES, Carhampton, Dunster, Taunton																		

• Fred (London, K.L.)	• Charles Sheppard	• William Thomas	• Thomas Palmer	• R. Wright	• Stephen Smith	• Sam Morgan	• George Shephard	• George George	• Edward Bently	• J. Beason	• W. Bowers	• W. Goddard	• T. Wiggins	• R. Smithers	• Frank Walker	• J. Sorrell	• William Price	• Henry Strike	• Richard Stovin	• R. Allen	• S. Hayes	• T. Marlow	• G. Bollen	• John Sneath	• Edward Cowley	• Thomas Horsman	• James Woodley
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<p><i>Wiltshire Chantry, 17th century</i></p> <p><b>Haverfordwest</b></p>	<p><b>Lawrenny</b>, near Pembroke</p>	<p><b>Battistock Lodge</b>, Dorchester, &amp; Poltimore Park, Exeter</p>	<p><b>Exeter</b>, Devon</p>	<p><b>Maesgwynne</b>, S. Wales</p>	<p><b>Albury</b>, near Ware, Herts</p>	<p><b>Brixworth</b>, Northampton, &amp; Brigstock, near Thrapston</p>	<p><b>Quornden</b>, Loughboro'</p>	<p><b>Longford Castle</b>, Salisbury</p>	<p><b>Lyons Hall</b></p>	<p><b>Stevenstone</b>, Torrington</p>	<p><b>Rufford</b>, Newark</p>	<p><b>Preston Boats</b>, Shrewsbury</p>	<p><b>Lee Bridge</b>, Preston, Brook- hurst, Salop</p>	<p><b>How Green</b>, Kirby Moor- side</p>	<p><b>Bowerhayes</b>, Carhampton, Dunster, Taunton</p>	<p><b>Wiltshire Chantry, 17th century</b></p>
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## FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
SOUTHWOLD ( <i>Horncastle, Louth</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Committee . . .	Dan Berkshire . .	Henry Pitts . . .	Belchford
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH ( <i>Stoke-upon-Trent</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Nugent . .	Stephen Dickens .	W. Povey . . .	Trentham
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH ( <i>Lichfield</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Lord Henry Paget .	Tom Wilson . . .	F. Payne . . .	Moat Bank, Lichfield
SUFFOLK ( <i>Bury St. Edmund's</i> )	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. E. Greene, M.P. Mr. E. W. Greene	Mr. E. W. Greene . George Frost, K.H.	E. Larkin . . .	Bury St. Edmund's
SURREY, OLD ( <i>Croydon, Godstone, West- terham</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer . Mr. J. Young	Saunders Hills . .	R. Simmons . . Thomas Hedges . T. Johnson . .	Garston Hall, Coudson, Caterham Valley
SURREY UNION ( <i>Guildford</i> )	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Francis Scott .	George Summers .	W. Cooper . . .	Burnt Common, Woking Station
SUSSEX, EAST ( <i>Hastings, Battle</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Watts . . Mr. C. Egerton	Thomas Hastings .	John Kelsall . .	Battle, Sussex
TALLEY'S, MR. ( <i>Marble Harbor, Melton</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Ward Talley	Frank Goodall . .	Richard Christian . W. Grant . . .	Billesden, near Leicester
TEDWORTH ( <i>Andover</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	A Committee . . .	John Fricker . . .	W. Brice . . .	Tedworth
TREHAM ( <i>Fossebrook, Sittingbourne</i> )	Five days a fortnight	Killed . . . . .	John Mackin . . .	W. Sheppard . . J. Cockayne . .	Tickham, Sittingbourne
TIVERTON ( <i>Tiverton</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. C. Rayer .	Mr. W. P. Collier .	W. Hemming . . G. Merriman . .	Holcombe Bogus, Somerset
TIVY SIDE ( <i>Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Captain Howell . .	Master . . . . .	Thomas Lewis . .	Blaindyffryn, Llandysall
TRELAWNEY'S, MR. ( <i>Ipsbridge, Plymouth</i> )	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Trelawney . .	William Boxall . .	R. Yeo . . . . .	Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon
TYNEDALE ( <i>Heckham and Stamford- ham, Beboey</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Mr. E. Riddell . . Mr. G. Fearwick	N. Cornish . . .	P. Beck . . . . . J. Outhwaite . . W. Ambler . .	Stagahawe, near Hexham
UNITED PACK ( <i>Bishop's Cleele</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. F. M. Beddoes	J. Harris . . . .	Sam Francis . . .	Cheney, Longville, Salop
VALE OF ATRON ( <i>Abercrom, Lampeter</i> )	Two days a week	Captain Herbert Vaughan .	Master . . . . .	Rees Owen . . .	Brynog, Cardiganshire

VALE OF WHITE HORSES (Clarendon) VINE, THE (Basingstoke, Whit- Kingscote, church) WARWICKSHIRE (Warwick, Leamington) WARWICKSHIRE, N. (Leamington) WESTERN (Penzance) WHADDON CHASE (Blatchley, Winsley) WHEATLAND (Bridgforth) WILTS, WEST AND SOUTH (Warminster) WORCESTERSHIRE (Worcester) WYNNIE'S, SIR W. (Shrewsbury, Edlismere, Whitchurch) YARBOURGH'S, EARL OF (Brigg, Caidor, Great Grimsby) YORK AND AINSLEY (York)	Thurs. days a week Tues. Thur. & Sat. Mon. Tu. Thur. Fri. & Sat. Mon. Wed. & Fri. Mon. Thur. & Fri. Tues. & Fri. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Tues. & Fri. Mon. & Thur. Tues. & Fri. Mon. & Tues. Thur. & Fri. Four days a week Four days a week Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Robert Warrall James Stracy Charles Orvis Tom Firr J. W. Thompson Master J. Smith, K.H. Master George Southwell Thomas Carr Charles Payne Nimrod Long Tom Squires Goddard Morgan William Shore Joseph Graham George Cox	John Innes R. Griffiths Tom Dawson W. Smith F. Elliott Tom Drayton J. Bally W. Nute W. Turril G. Hedges Will Brice Thomas McAlister William Hayward G. Woodley J. Trevick O. Travers T. Smith Matthew Cook R. Fridlington W. Wells Trueman Tuffs John Evans P. Whitecross E. Cowley Thomas Cranstone W. Pender John Roberts W. Buck W. Blackburn D. Painting	Overton Kineton, Warwickshire Milverton, near Leaming- ton Madron, Penzance Whaddon, near Stoney Strat- ford Little Moor, Ridden, Old- bury, Bridgforth Sutton Vane, Warminster Fearnhall Heath, Worcester Wynstay, Denbighshire Brooklesby Park, Ulceby, Lincolnshire Acomb, near York Coldstream, Berwickshire St. Boswell's, Roxburgh- shire Leadfield, by Lockerbie Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr
Thurs. days a week Tues. Thur. & Sat. Mon. Tu. Thur. Fri. & Sat. Mon. Wed. & Fri. Mon. Thur. & Fri. Tues. & Fri. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Tues. & Fri. Mon. & Thur. Tues. & Fri. Mon. & Tues. Thur. & Fri. Four days a week Four days a week Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Thurs. days a week Tues. Thur. & Sat. Mon. Tu. Thur. Fri. & Sat. Mon. Wed. & Fri. Mon. Thur. & Fri. Tues. & Fri. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Tues. & Fri. Mon. & Thur. Tues. & Fri. Mon. & Tues. Thur. & Fri. Four days a week Four days a week Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Robert Warrall James Stracy Charles Orvis Tom Firr J. W. Thompson Master J. Smith, K.H. Master George Southwell Thomas Carr Charles Payne Nimrod Long Tom Squires Goddard Morgan William Shore Joseph Graham George Cox	John Innes R. Griffiths Tom Dawson W. Smith F. Elliott Tom Drayton J. Bally W. Nute W. Turril G. Hedges Will Brice Thomas McAlister William Hayward G. Woodley J. Trevick O. Travers T. Smith Matthew Cook R. Fridlington W. Wells Trueman Tuffs John Evans P. Whitecross E. Cowley Thomas Cranstone W. Pender John Roberts W. Buck W. Blackburn D. Painting	Overton Kineton, Warwickshire Milverton, near Leaming- ton Madron, Penzance Whaddon, near Stoney Strat- ford Little Moor, Ridden, Old- bury, Bridgforth Sutton Vane, Warminster Fearnhall Heath, Worcester Wynstay, Denbighshire Brooklesby Park, Ulceby, Lincolnshire Acomb, near York Coldstream, Berwickshire St. Boswell's, Roxburgh- shire Leadfield, by Lockerbie Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr

## SCOTLAND.

BERWICKSHIRE (Coldstream) BUCKLEUCH, DUKE OF (Melrose and Kelso) DUMFRIESSHIRE (Lockerbie) EGLINTON'S, EARL OF (Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnock)	Mon. Tues. Fri. & Sat. Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Mon. Wed. & Fri. Five days a week	Mr. Watson Askew. Duke of Buccleuch. Mr. J. Johnstone Earl of Eglinton	P. Whitecross E. Cowley Thomas Cranstone W. Pender John Roberts W. Buck W. Blackburn D. Painting	Coldstream, Berwickshire St. Boswell's, Roxburgh- shire Leadfield, by Lockerbie Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr
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## FOXHOUNDS (SCOTLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
FIFE . . . . . (Cupar)	Tues. & Fri.	Colonel Babington .	J. Sheppard .	H. Goodall . W. Kilgour	New Inn, Markinch, Fife
FORFARSHIRE . . . . . (Forfar)	Mon. & Thur.	Captain Carnegie .	Master . . . .	G. Rae . . . W. Armonds	Lour, Forfar
LANARK and RENFREWSHIRE (Glasgow)	Tues. & Sat.	Lieut.-Col. Carriek Buchanan	John Squires .	Will Bacon . . J. Hemmington	Houston, Renfrewshire, and Drumpellier, Lanarkshire
LOTHIANS . . . . . (Edinburgh)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Hope . Capt. Wauchope	John Atkinson .	Henry Wells . . Joseph Fitt	Golf Hall, Corstorphine

## IRELAND.

BALDWIN'S, MR. GODFREY . (Bandon, co. Cork)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. G. Baldwin .	Thomas White .	Michael Lynch .	Brookfield and Moulrour, Bandon
CARLOW and ISLAND . . . (Bagnalstown)	Three days a week	Mr. Robert Watson	Master . . . .	M. Connors . .	Ballydarton, Bagnalstown
CUBRAGHMORE . . . . . (Carrick-on-Suir, Waterford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke . .	E. Bryan . . . D. Ryan . . . W. Quin . . .	Curraghmore, Waterford
DUHALLOW . . . . . (Malroe)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. G. S. Ware . .	John Walsh . .	M. Heriphy Richard Cornelious	Doneraile, co. Cork
FERNY'S, LORD . . . . . (Fernoy, co. Cork)	Tues. Fri. bye day	Lord Fernoy . . .	John Smith . .	P. Nolan . . . P. Barry . . .	Killshanigg, Rathcormac, co. Cork
GALWAY COUNTY . . . . . (Athenry, Tuam)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Burton R. P. Perse	Master . . . .	Joseph Turpin, K.H. John Dwyer	Moyode, near Athenry
H. H. . . . .	Given up,	Marquis of Waterford	takes the country.	Will Freeman . .	Johnstown, Kennedy, Rath-
KILDARE . . . . .	Mon. Tues.	Sir Edward Kennedy,	Richard Scarth .	G. Gilson . . . T. Nevard . . .	coole, co. Dublin
(Naas)	Thur. & Sat.	Bart.	John Tidd . . .	J. Hefferman . .	Blunden Villa, Kilkenny
KILKENNY . . . . . (Kilkenny)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. H. W. Briscoe .	John Kennedy . .	R. Cooney . . . John Maher . .	Carass, near Croom; Dar-
LIMERICK . . . . . (Limerick)	Three days a week	Sir David V. Roche, Bart.	John Kennedy . .	Henry Saunders .	ragh House, Kilfinane
DOONING (Dunleer)	Two or three days a week	Mr. W. de Salis Fil- gate	Master . . . .	John Conice . .	Lissenny, Ardee



MEATH . . . . .	Five days a week	Mr. S. A. Reynell .	Master . . . . .	Harry Pacey	Killeshin, near Newry
ORMOND . . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. Jackson .	Will Cox, K.H. Master . . . . .	John Mahup	Ardenstown, near Xilling
QUEEN'S COUNTY . . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. R. G. Cosby .	John Mason . . . . .	M. Kennedy	Baplagh Nenagh, co. Tipperary
SOUTH UNION . . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. W. Knolles .	Master . . . . .	M. Wallace	Stradbally Hall, Queen's County
TIPPERARY . . . . .	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. John Going .	Patrick Cody . . . . .	Thomas Jeffries	Oatlands, Kinsale
UNION, THE . . . . .	Mon. Wed. Thurs. & Sat.	Sold. Earl of Shannon .	Robert Pattle . . . . .	J. Purcell	Felhard, co. Tipperary
WESTMEATH . . . . .	Three days a week	Captain Cooke .	Master . . . . .	Thomas Leary . . . . .	Castle Martyr, co. Cork
WEXFORD (Enniscorthy)		Mr. D. V. Beatty .	Master . . . . .	John Ahern	Borodale, Enniscorthy
				Patrick Connedine . . . . .	
				Patrick Niel . . . . .	
				T. Brightwell . . . . .	
				Philip Morisey . . . . .	
				John Morisey . . . . .	

## HARRIERS (ENGLAND).

ADAMS'S, CAPTAIN . . . . .	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Captain Adams . . . . .	Thomas Owen . . . . .	E. Humphreys . . . . .	Carno, Montgomeryshire
ASPULL . . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard . . . . .	James Rigby . . . . .	Aspull, Wigan	
B. V. H. . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. O. Dundas Everett . . . . .	Master . . . . .	Charles Eynstone, K.H.	Bessaleigh, Abingdon
BIGGLESWADE . . . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race . . . . .	Master . . . . .	G. Barrett . . . . .	The Road Farm, Biggleswade
BOUGHY'S, SIR THOMAS, Bart. . . . .	No fixed days	Sir T. Boughy, Bt. . . . .	Master . . . . .	James Tilley, K.H. J. Watkinson	Aquedale, Newport, Shropshire
BOXLEY* . . . . .	Two days a week	Major Best . . . . .	Master . . . . .	McFoster . . . . .	Boxley, Maidstone
BRADFORD AND AHDALE* . . . . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. E. Salt . . . . .	Stephen Sheppard . . . . .	S. Sheppard, Jun. . . . .	Eldwick, near Bingley
BRAGE & Mr. (Mortonhamstead)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. G. A. Bragg . . . . .	Master . . . . .	William Hatbings, K.H.	Forde, Mortonhamstead

## HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsmen.	Whips.	Kennels.
BRECONSHIRE . . . . .	Given up.				
BRIGHTON . . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe	Pet. r Thorpe	Mr. John Vallance	Hollingdean Road, Lewes Road
(Brighton)					
BROOKEND . . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John White	The Master	Mr. James White	Brooksend, near Margate
(Margate and Ramsgate)					
BROOKSIDE . . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. S. Beard	John Funnell	Mr. R. Saxeby	Iford, near Lewes
(Brighton)					
BRUCKE'S, Mr. . . . .	Tues. Sat. & sometimes Thur.	Mr. Bruere	Master	W. Hodgkinson Mr. Sergeantson	Middleham, Bedale
(Middleham and Leyburn)					
BURNHAM . . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. B. W. Shackel.	Master	J. Binning	Burnham, Somerset
(Weston-super-Mare)					
BUXTON AND PEAK FOREST	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Bennet	J. Shaw	R. Green	Chapel en la Frith
(Buxton and Chapel en la Frith)					
CARNARVON . . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward	Owen Jones		Pen Beyn, Carnarvon
(Carnarvon)					
COLCHESTER . . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. F. Luger	Master	Roger Chapman	Great Hoksley, Colchester
CORBERT'S, SIR V. M. . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Sir V. M. Corbett	Master	J. Bower	Acton, Reynald, Shrewsbury
CORYTON'S, Mr. . . . .	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Coryton	Master	Mr. F. Coryton	Penitillie Castle, Saltash,
(Callington)				J. Hignman	Cornwall
COTLEY . . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. P. Eames	Master	Mr. W. D. Eames	Cotley, near Chard, Dorset
(Chard)					
COWBRIDGE . . . . .	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. Stacy	Edwin Usher		Llandough, Cowbridge
CRAYEN . . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. J. Couthurst	John Tobin	Joe Tankard	Holme Bridge, Gargrave
(Gargrave)					
CROXTETH . . . . .	Two days a week	Mr. A. R. Gladstone	Master	R. Fairelough H. Sheppard	Court Hew, Broaslgreen, near Liverpool
DART VALE . . . . .	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Charles Bowden	Jeffery Pearce		Staverton, Totnes, Devon
(Totnes)					
DOVE VALLEY . . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Hyde Segison Smith	Master	John Golloway, K.H.	Rocester, Staffordshire
EASTBOURNE . . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	A Committee	James Hume	Will Whiteman	Old Town, Eastbourne
(Eastbourne)					

EVANS'S, CAPTAIN KILMOOR (Forlock, London)	Sold. Mon.	Gold. Mon.	Mr. Abraham Phelps	Nicholas Snow	Daniel North W. Kitter	Forlock and Chas.
FAIRFAX'S, LT.-COL. (Hansgate)	Wed. & Sat.		Lt.-Col. Fairfax.	Stephen Shepherd.	J. Shepherd	Bingley, Yorkshire
FLETCHER'S, SIR H., late WORKING (Working)	Wed. & Sat.		Sir H. Fletcher.	Master.	Henry Mennery	Ham Manor, Arundel
FOWRY	Mon. & Thur.		A Committee	J. Collings		Lautan, St. Sampson, Par Station, Cornwall
FULFORD	Five days a fortnight		Mr. E. E. Clarke	Master	C. Carnell, K.H.	Fulford, near Exeter
HARVEY'S, SIR ROBERT.	Tues. & Fri.		Sir Robert Harvey.	G. Farr	W. Young	Langley Park, Slough
HIGH PEAK	Tues. & Sat.		Mr. E. Needfield.	Master	T. Thurlby	Castle Hill, Bakerswell, Derby- shire
HOLCOMBS (Ransbottom)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.		Mr. E. D. Wilson	John Jackson		Holcombe, Manchester
IDRIS SIDE (Dolgelly)	Mon. & Fri.		Mr. E. Walker	Lewis Rowlands		Dolgenism, Dolgelly
ISLE OF PURNOK (Wareham)	Mon. & Thur.		Mr. George Bond	Master	Henry Peak	Creech Grange, Wareham, Dorsetshire
JONES'S, CAPT. D.	Mon. Wed. & Fri.		Capt. D. Jones	Master	E. W. Jones W. Harris	Danyralik, Llandovery
LLANDOVERY	Tues. & Fri.		Mr. Robert Mattock	Master	James Rice	Lowton, Somerset
LOWTON	Wed. & Sat.		Mr. W. C. Brockle- hurst, M.P.	Mr. T. H. Yalverton	John Marshall	Disley, Cheshire
LYTNE	Tues. & Fri.		Mr. Connock Mar- shall	Master	Mr. L. C. Marshall Richard Bassett	Netherston, St. Neots, Lin- colnshire
MARSHALL'S, MR. O.* (Liskeard, Bodmin)	Wed. & Sat.		Mr. R. A. Pugh	Will Evans	Sam Evans	Llanfyllin, Oswestry
MONTGOMERY, NORTH.* (Llanfyllin)	Tues. & Fri.		Colonel Powell	Charles Champion	Harry Morgan	Nant Eos, Aberystwith
NANT EOS (Aberystwith)	Variable		Mr. Walker Flower	Master	Charles Bower	Netton, Salisbury, Wilts
NETTON	Mon. & Thur.		A Committee	Henry Sinclair	J. Burns	Cowgate, near Newcastle-on- Tyne
NEWCASTLE & GATSWICK						

## HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors	Hunting Days	Master	Huntsman	Whips	Kennels
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK ( <i>Yarmouth</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Edward Garrett	Master	Walter Flower	South House, Clippesby
NORFOLK, EAST * ( <i>Norwich</i> )	Alternate Mon. Thur. Tues. and Fri.	Mr. J. H. Norgate	Master	H. Gowring	St. Faiths, near Norwich
NORTHMOOR * ( <i>Dulverton</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. A. Locke	Master	H. Harris, K.H.	Northmoor, Dulverton
NORTH WALSHAM * ( <i>North Walsham</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. William Smith	Master	Charles Legood	Witton, North Walsham
OLDEHAM * ( <i>North Walsham</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. Mayall	S. Olloson	R. Hilton	Foxdenton, Chaddation, Manchester
OXENHOLME * ( <i>Landrindod</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wilson	R. Jackson		High Peak, Oxenholme, Kendall
PENDLE FOREST * ( <i>Landrindod</i> )	Five days a fortnight	Mr. Starkie	W. Walsley	John Horton	Huntroyd, Burnley
PENISTONE * ( <i>Landrindod</i> )	Five days a fortnight	Mr. Hugh Thomason	Master	W. Bramall	Plumpton Thurlstone, near Penistone
PRYSE'S, MA. * ( <i>Lampeter, Carmarthen</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Pryse	Master	J. Mitchell Thomas Jones	Bwlchlychan
RADNORSHIRE * ( <i>Landrindod</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	A Committee	Lees Lewis		Landrindod, Rednorshire
ROMNEY MARSH * ( <i>New Romney</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	Master		Honeychild Manor, New Romney
SADDLEWORTH * ( <i>New Romney</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Broadbent	Master	J. Mellor	
SHREWS' MA. * ( <i>Landrindod</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. C. Peyto Shrubbs	Master	W. Dowden	Vicar's Hill Lodge, Lynton, Hants
SILVERTON * ( <i>Exeter, Tiverton</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. Webber	Master	John Pitts	Gresmalinck, near Broom
SOUTHPOL * ( <i>Exeter, Tiverton</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. F. A. Holdsworth	E. Arundel		Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
ST. COLUMB * ( <i>St. Columb</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. R. Cardell	Mr. J. A. Searle	Mr. E. S. Cardell S. Nurga	Tregusick, St. Columb, Cornwall

Str. EWE. (Grenopound Road)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. R. H. Vincent.	Master	Walter Grove	Blackbrook, Taunton
TAUNTON VALE (Taunton)	Mon. & Thur.	Captain H. B. Patten	Mr. Searlett.	Samuel Potter.	Shipway, Collaton
TORQUAY (Torquay)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. R. Gee.	A. Gregory.	— Gale	Trafford Park, Manchester
TRAFFORD (Manchester)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir H. de Trafford.	Robert Roberts.	C. Barrett.	Tredegar Park, Newport,
TREDEGAR (Newport)	Mon. & Fri.	Hon. G. R. Morgan.	Master	J. Rose.	Mounmouthshire
TUGWELL'S, Mz. W. E. (Devizes)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. E. Tugwell.	Master	J. King	Devizes
V. O. H. (Denbigh, Rhyl, Holywell)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. R. F. Birch.	Charles Pierce.	T. Roberts.	Maes Elwy, St. Asaph
VALE OF LUNE (Lancaster)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	G. Sharp, K.H.	.	Low Bentham, near Lan- caster
WELLS	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Lax.	Mr. G. Evans, M.R.O.V.S.	John Cox.	Coxley
WEST STREET (Dover, Deal)	Tues. Thur. & Sat. bye day.	Mr. Michael Nether- sole	Mr. C. M. Smith	.	West Street, near Sandwich
WHITBY (Whitby)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. W. Chapman	Joseph Trowsdale	John Stonehouse.	Poplar Row, Whitby
WHITEHAVEN (Egremont)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Jefferson.	Henry Cass.	.	Springfield, near White- haven
WINDERMERE (Bowness)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. T. Ullock.	T. Chapman.	J. Jones.	Bowness, Windermere
WIRBALL	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. R. Court.	G. Turner.	F. Dodd.	Hooton, Cheshire
WOOD NORTON (Ecclesham)	Gone to France.				
YATES'S, MR.	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Fred. Yates.	Master	Mr. Arthur Yates. Mr. Trevor Yates	Bishop's Sutton, Alresford, Hants
YSTRAD MYNACH	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. George Thomas	Peter Symonds.	Edward Purnell.	Ystrad Mynach, Newport, Mon.

## HARRIERS (SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
AYRSHIRE (Ayr)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Robert Ewen	Master	Michael Mare	Ewenfield, Ayr
FIFE AND KINROSS	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Haig	Master	Will Vigor	Pedferrane, Dunfermline

## IRELAND.

ALLENSTOWN		Mr. J. N. Waller	Master	J. Hart	Allenstown, Navan.
AUBURN	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. A. D. Adamson	Master	P. Demby	Auburn Glason, Athlone, Westmeath
BOOTH'S, SIR R. G. (Lisnadel, Sligo)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir R. Gore Booth, Bart, M.P.	Richard Holmden	Patrick O'Flagherly	Lisnadel, co. Sligo
BELLINTER	Three days a week	Mr. J. J. Preston	Master	M. Feeney James Horan Patrick Bradley	Ballinter, Navan
CARLISLE	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Finch.	Master	Maurice Doyle	Castle Connell, Limerick
CAYAN COUNTY	Tues. & Fri.	Lord Carbery	W. Stourds	A. Sullivan	Frehanes, Ross, Carbery, co. Cork
CHADWICK'S, MR. (Arra Vale)	Given up.	Mr. W. Chadwick	Master	— Horan	Arra Vale, Tipperary.
CLONMEL	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. G. Phillips	The Master	Pai Allagher John Scott Patrick Moloney	Morton Street, Clonmel
CORK	Mon. & Thur.	A Committee	W. Burns		Blackpool, Cork
CROM CASTLE, Newtown-batter, Fermanagh	Tues. & Fri.	Lt.-Col. O'Clifton	Master	E. Morton R. Tipping	Crom Castle, Newtown-batter, Fermanagh
DERRY	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Samuel Watt	James Bressland		Wateride, Derry
DROUGHTY, CAPTAIN	Mon. & Thur.	Capt. G. W. Drought	Master	John Smith Joseph Smith	Ballynickle, Carquis, Tulak

DUBLIN (County)	Whit. & Red.	Mr. J. B. Froustun	Patric Kennedy	J. Deane	
FENNANAGH (Enniskillen)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. M. Richard- son	Master	R. Murphy	Silver Hill, near Enniskillen.
HENDERICK'S, MR. (Naas)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Hendrick	Master	John Roo Michael Boyle	Kerdistown, Naas, co. Kildare
IVYAGH (Banbridge)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Whyte	Martin Quirk		Kilpika, Banbridge, co. Down
KILGRENE (Kilkenny)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. E. Smithwick	Master	W. Connor	Kilgreene, Kilkenny
KILDARE (Kildare)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. G. Waters	Master	John Kelly	Kilpatrick, Monasterevan
KILLTAGH (Bellfast, Antrim)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. B. Stanners	W. Cunningham	James Walker	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KING'S COUNTY	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. F. Hutchinson	Hugh Day		Fortal, Parsonstown
KINSALE	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	C. Rity	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
MCGCLINTOCK'S, MAJOR (Omagh)	Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Perry McClintock	Master	P. McHugh H. Dennis	Seakinore, Omagh, co. Tyrone
MANSEIGH'S, MR. (Thurles and Cashel)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Mansergh	Master	John Ryan	Springfield, Holycross
MAYO, SOUTH	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. B. Jennings	Michael Walsh	John Brennan	Mount Jennings, Holly- mount, co. Mayo
MEATH UNION*	Two days a week	Mr. Philip Blake	Master		Ladynath, Navan, co. Meath
MONAGHAN, THE (Monaghan)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Lord Rosemore	H. McElroy	Paul Duffy J. Richardson	Camlu, near Monaghan
NEWRY (Newry)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	T. Darcy Hoey	Master	John Pigott	Newry

## HARRIERS (IRELAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
RIVERSTOWN NIGHTINGALES (Monasterivan)	Mon. & Thur.	Captain Le Browne	John Archbold . .	P. Tagran . . . .	Riverstown, Monasterivan
ROCKENHAM . . . . . (Cork City)	Variable . .	Mr. Noble Johnson.	David Barry . .	None . . . . .	Rockenham, co. Cork
ROUTE . . . . . (Coleraine, Ballymoney)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Hugh Lecky, Jun.	Patrick Hackett . .	. . . . .	Ballyangry, Coleraine
ROYAL COBK YACHT CLUB	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. H. Duggan . .	John Muleahy . .	R. Holmes . . . . J. Beale	Queenstown, co. Cork
SALT * . . . .	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. T. Conolly, M.P.	T. Burke . . . .	. . . . .	Cashelstown, Celbridge, co. Kildare
SEAFORDE LEGALE . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Forde . .	T. Rudwick . . .	R. Mitchell. . . .	Seaforde, co. Down
STACPOOLE'S, Mr. . . . . (Limerick)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stacpoole	Master . . . . .	P. Cunningham . .	Edenball, Ennis
STRONGE'S, Sir J. . . . . (Tynan, Caledon, Armagh)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, M.P.	Joseph Gardner .	G. M'Arce . . . .	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
WARRINGTON'S, Mr. . . . . (Portarlington)	Two days a week	Mr. R. Warburton .	R. Penny . . . .	J. Wright . . . .	Mardyke, Skibbereen, co. Cork
WEST COBK . . . . . (Skibbereen)	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. Stephen Sweetman	John Leahy . . .	T. Clark . . . .	Garryinch, Portarlington, Queens co.
WICKLOW * . . . . (Wicklow)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. W. Comerford .	G. Clare . . . .	J. Aggis . . . .	Ballymerigan, Rathnew, co. Wicklow



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Radnor.

# THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## AND THE LITERARY GAZETTE

Published by the Proprietors, Messrs. G. & J. G. Smith, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Subscription price, 10s. 6d. per annum in advance. Single copies, 1s. 6d.

Advertisements, 6d. per line per week. Extra charges for display and for long advertisements.

Printed and Published by G. & J. G. Smith, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### THE EARL OF RADNOR.

THE race of Sportsmen of the old school is so rapidly becoming extinct, that we are happy to be able to add to our gallery of portraits, again this month, as we did last month, another worthy specimen of the class. The Earl of Radnor was born in the year 1815, and was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church. His apprenticeship to foxhunting was passed in the V. W. H. country, when the Earl Ducie was master, and when the Bradon country was in all its native wildness, with fields undrained and covered with Bull-pull grass. Many a wrinkle did Lord Folkestone, as he then was, pick up from old Will Butler.

In the year 1840 Lord Folkestone married Lady Mary Grimston, one of Her Majesty's bridesmaids, thus described by the pen of Mrs. Norton :

' There, theme for poet's praise,  
' With swan-like neck, and clear majestic eye,  
' Verulam's stately Mary glided by.'

Upon the marriage, the late Earl gave up to the young couple the family seat of Longford Castle, a most enjoyable residence. Its apartments are filled with valuable pictures, amongst which are a pair of inestimable Claudes, representing Morning and Evening. But the greatest curiosity is a steel chair, upon which upwards of two thousand figures, representing historical facts from sacred and profane records, are finely chased, and for which fabulous sums have been refused. In the immediate vicinity of the castle are wide-spreading downs, with the breezes playing over them from the sea, scarcely twenty miles distant, bringing health and high spirits in their train. The river Avon washes the walls of the Castle and the pleasure-grounds, and during the season for trout-fishing, affords to the angler a never-failing supply of sport. The partridge-shooting is of a high order, and for many seasons his Lordship and his friends averaged from 60 to 80 brace daily, shooting during September and the early part of October. The most extraordinary feature was the

small number of runners that were lost. 'Robey, did you get that bird?'—'Yes, my lord,' was so repeatedly the answer, that his Lordship's friends insisted that the head keeper always had a bird in his pocket ready to meet the occasion. But Robert Robey is no common keeper.

In the curious old yew bushes upon the downs the rabbit-shooting was hardly to be equalled, until his Lordship decreed the destruction of the rabbits out of consideration for the tenants.

As foxhunting was not to be got at, except by going very long distances, his Lordship started a pack of harriers, which were hunted by himself, and whipped in to by John Smith, now huntsman to Mr. Portman. But pure-bred foxhounds of twenty inches were more than a match for the animal they had to pursue, and after a few seasons they were parted with.

In 1869, upon a requisition of landowners and farmers being presented to him, the Earl of Radnor consented to become an M. F. H., and to hunt the country around Longford Castle. It consisted chiefly of outskirts of the New Forest, which had not been hunted for years, except occasionally by the Tidworth, in the time of Mr. Assheton Smith, and a slice of country which had been vacated by the South Wilts. The undertaking was an arduous one: a pack of hounds had to be raised from drafts, a huntsman and whips to be found, and a kennel to be built, and this had to be done in a country but scantily supplied with foxes. Where there is a will there is a way, and by the kindness of numerous friends in the foxhunting world his Lordship got together a useful if not highly symmetrical pack. Lord Radnor justly observing, that he began forming his pack too late in life to be over-particular, whether a hound was throaty, or not quite straight, provided he was good in his work. To be sure, during his first season in a country where the earths were unknown and consequently unstopped, the patience of the new master was sorely tried by blank days, but in his second season he was enabled to show a fair share of sport. The establishment is carried on at Lord Radnor's sole expense; it consists of forty-five couple of hounds, hunted by that jolly fellow, John Dale, and whipped in to by Frank Walker and Joseph Orrell; whilst William Crutcher, the ex-jockey, rides Dale's second horse.

Lord Radnor is a master of the good old English sort; he is ever punctual to his time at the Meet. In the field he is a strict disciplinarian. He will not allow his hounds to be driven over the line by an unruly field; he stops all hallooing and telegraphing, and sets his face against the wild lifting system. In fact he carries quietness almost to an extreme, but the result is that he shows more real sport, in an indifferent country, than many masters do in countries far more favoured by nature. To his other good qualities as a master of hounds we may add that he never will give up a fox so long as daylight lasts. Lord Radnor is a great advocate for tongue, which in his strong woodlands is needed to keep hounds together. Many an hour does his Lordship pass upon the flags, but he does not allow his

amusements to interfere with his duties as a country gentleman and a magistrate. He attends weekly to the business of the Salisbury Infirmary, of which he is a liberal supporter, and its funds constantly get the benefit of an additional donation of a 'fiver,' vowed, in the excitement of the chase, conditionally upon the death of the fox. On his hospitality and other personal qualities we are not disposed to dwell at any length : let it suffice to say that a kinder friend, or more genial fellow, never drew the breath of life.

## THE KING OF THE KENNEL.

DEDICATED TO JOHN ANSTRUTHER THOMSON, ESQ.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

' Clara fuga, ante alios, et primus in æquore pulvis.'

The bitch from the Belvoir, the dog from the Quorn—  
The pick of their litter our puppy was born ;  
And the day he was entered he flew to the horn,  
But rating and whipcord he treated with scorn.

*Gently, Bachelor !*

*Have a care ! Have a care !*

So eager to find, and so gallant to draw,  
Though a wilder in covert a huntsman ne'er saw.  
'Twas a year and a half ere he'd listen to law,  
And many's the leveret hung out of his maw.

*Ware hare, Bachelor !*

*Ware hare ! Ware hare !*

On the straightest of legs and the roundest of feet,  
With ribs like a frigate his timbers to meet,  
With a fashion and fling and a form so complete,  
That to see him dance over the flags is a treat !

*Here, here, boy ! Bachelor !*

*Handsome and good !*

But fashion and form without nose are in vain ;  
And in March or mid-winter, storm, sunshine, and rain,  
When the linc has been foiled, or the sheep leave a stain,  
His fox he accounts for again and again.

*Yooi ! Wind him, Bachelor,*

*All through the wood !*

He guides them in covert, he leads them in chase ;  
 Though the young and the jealous try hard for his place,  
 'Tis Bachelor always is first in the race ;  
 He beats them for nose, and he beats them for pace.

*Hark forward to Bachelor !  
 From daylight to dark !*

Where the fallows are dry, where manure has been thrown,  
 With a storm in the air, with the ground like a stone—  
 When we're all in a muddle, beat, baffled, and blown,  
 See ! Bachelor has it ! *Bill, let him alone !*

*Speak to it, Bachelor !  
 Go hark to him ! Hark !*

That time in December—the best of our fun—  
 Not a mile from the gorse, ere we'd hardly begun,  
 Heading straight to the river—I thought we were done ;  
 But 'twas Bachelor's courage that made it a run.

*Yooi ! over, Bachelor !  
 Yooi ! over, old man !*

As fierce as a torrent, as full as a tank,  
 That a hound ever crossed it, his stars he may thank !  
 While I watched how poor Benedict struggled and sank,  
 There was Bachelor shaking his sides on the bank.

*Forrard on, Bachelor !  
 Catch ye who can !*

From the find to the finish, the whole blessed day,  
 How he cut out the work ! How he showed us the way !  
 When our fox doubled back where the fallow-deer lay,  
 How he stuck to the line, and turned short with his prey !

*Yoi-yooite, Bachelor !  
 Right, for a crown !*

Though so handy to cast, and so patient to stoop,  
 When his bristles are up you may swear it's who-whoop !  
 For he'll dash at his fox like a hawk in her swoop,  
 And he carries the head, marching home to his soup !

*Soss ! Soss ! Bachelor !  
 Lap and lie down.*



## A KING IN THE VALE.

SINCE the day when Andover and Hermit literally settled King Tom between them up the Epsom Hill, a long series of misfortunes, in the great races of the year, attended those colours of azure and gold, which have become more than ever the cynosure of sporting eyes during the past year. It was to treason the King was whispered to have succumbed, but only the few, to whom the extent of his misfortunes and its grave consequences were known, were aware how gallantly their champion had borne himself in the fight. When, after a somewhat chequered career, the Turf knew him no more, the King retired into private life, in the beautiful Vale over which he reigns supreme, and never for one moment has Baron Mayer swerved from his allegiance to an old favourite, and has at length had the great satisfaction to see his constancy and fidelity crowned with the brightest honours which the Turf can bestow upon the progeny of a 'father of its kings to be.' Henceforward the 'Baron's luck' will bear a totally different signification from its older meaning, and the public, who have so lustily applauded his recent successes, will cleave more than ever to the Mentmore blue, and raise him up Derby favourites year after year, as they have done when Kingsclere and Russley were in the ascendant, and the cherry and yellow were colours on which to pin an unswerving faith. Newmarket, too, which a few years ago was a perfect Samaria for the good things of the season, has lately carried all things before her, and Hayhoe has founded a Whitewall of the South, managed with all his old master's ability and integrity, himself a worthy pupil of our latest loss by death, the venerable Wizard of the Wold.

Through the grass country, 'down Harrow way,' into the pleasant Hertfordshire enclosures, we sped along the iron way, over cold gray streams, through reddening copses, beneath skies such as October alone can paint; and from the hazy distance there broke to us out of the valley mist, glimpses of a mighty pile, like Scott's Mingarry Castle, which

' Sternly placed,  
O'erlooks the woodland and the waste.'

Perched like some sentinel upon its airy height, Mentmore may be termed the Windsor of the fair Vale of Aylesbury, and nothing save a counterpart of 'silver Thames' is wanting to complete the resemblance. Rising with its numberless pinnacles from the wooded knoll, and standing

' Four square to all the winds that blow,'

the mansion might well pass for one of those fairy palaces of the woods so celebrated in child-lore, with dragons guarding its entrance, and only to be approached by the footsteps of some enchanted prince. But the hospitable gates are thrown open wide, and the pheasant scuttling off to his retreat in the brake (sacred to foxes as well), the

peacock sunning himself on ivied wall or sunny slope, with Markham on his grey pony, waiting for us by the well kempt lodge with its model garden, made up such a picture of English country life as this island can alone produce. Crafton was our destination, a name recalling many a Turf memory, as do the villages and hamlets of all the country round, after which so many of the champions of the blue and yellow have been called. King Alfred's white-legged dam looked dreamily after us as we skirted the limits of her domain, and in a field close at hand, Claude, whilom supported for the Derby by the enthusiastic followers of the Baron, gazed mournfully upon such a scene as his great namesake might have delighted to paint; breadths of ripe summer foliage set in bold relief against an Italian sky. Choppette's dam bore him company, but Rataplan had hardly stamped an image of himself from her mother Ferina, whose quality rather bore witness to the distinguished St. Hubert and Pretender lines. Then a turn in the road brought us opposite the trim buildings, over the contents of which Markham keeps watch and ward, and where the 'King of the Vale' reigns supreme. The cottage, with its creepers and bowers of flowering-plants, stood invitingly open, and Lady Wildair occupied the post of honour over the fireplace. There, too, was their Cup horse Hungerford, for whom Charlton donned silk so often, and other mementos of the stable's early days, when the 'Baron's luck' was as indifferent as Lord Glasgow's, and Hayhoe never, even in dreams, led back One Thousand, Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, and Cesarewitch winners to scale in one season's space.

'The King was in his parlour,' perchance counting out the gains of Hannah, Corisande, and Co., but when he heard Markham's voice, he came instantly forth, and granted us an audience in his antechamber. Like the good-tempered giant that he is, and according to 'his custom of an afternoon,' he stood with his head towards the wall, to receive the usual 'scratch' bestowed on him by a well-known hand, and was then treated to his conventional nibble at the stick while he stood for inspection before us. With the 'beacon star' upon his forehead, and the quaint snip of white on his nose, which gives so much character to the head, he consented in the most gracious manner to our attentions, without one atom of that indignant, turn-you-out-of-my-box sort of air, which more than one patriarch of the stud assumes before visitors. Taking stock of his enormous power and muscle, we were carried back to the days of his early promise, blasted by the machinations of the nobbler, to his gallant fight with the Danebury pair up the Derby hill, when for want of condition the noble heart yielded for once, and the sweetness of revenge was left to be accomplished by the Parmesan pledge of Zephyr, his fair daughter dead and gone. Following the King round his straw bed, you may wonder at his action, light and corky as that of the most perfect park hack, you may note the short strong back, powerful sloping shoulders and strong neck, and, above all, the marvellous hind action, working from those muscular quarters, which have made his stock such famous 'getters upstairs,' over the Ascot hill. If you ask how it is

that he bears his years so bravely, you will learn that moderation in use has been the secret of his lusty old age, that his wondrous powers have never been overtaxed, like some less fortunate among sires, with whom the dipped back, wasted muscle, and *effete* bearing, are indications of the owner's sacrifice to the interests of selfishness and cupidity. In spite of what his detractors may allege, King Tom has none of the Stockwell or Rataplan coarseness about him, though, like most big horses, he is not remarkable for the highest of quality. In the fulness of his age, he seems to beget his stock with more *stamina* than they hitherto have acquired credit for, and the only thing wanting to crown the edifice of his glory, is to claim the sireship of some *colt*, who may be considered worthy of succeeding to his father's throne. So far as we are aware, King Tom has no son of any name or repute at present at the stud, and we must decline altogether to place Kingcraft anywhere save in the category of exceptionally lucky animals. As to his fillies, the names of Breeze, Tomato, Zephyr, Hippia, Hannah, and Corisande, with others of lesser reputation, have long since become household words among us, and enriched the pages of the 'Stud Book,' with pedigrees as stout as they are distinguished. And after long years of patient waiting, it must be no slight satisfaction to Markham to feel that the reward has come at last, and that his old favourite has justified the care bestowed upon him, and the judicious system of crossing so admirably carried out. One more parting audience did his majesty accord; the mellow October sunlight lighting up his dark bay colt, and playing upon the graceful curve of his neck, as he arched it so proudly to return his master's greeting, and fixed his full intelligent eye inquiringly, but not disdainfully, on those admitted to his levee. Let us hear what that faithful and pleasant chronicler, 'the Druid,' has to tell about his early days: 'King Tom' or "Tom" as he was generally styled in the stable, was first trained by Wyatt, at Myrtle Green, near Findon. During the Doncaster Meeting of 1853, when he had been beaten at Goodwood, Baron Mayer Rothschild finally agreed, after some highly involved negotiations, to give Mr. Thellussor 2000*l.* for him. William King brought him up to London, and so on to Gorhambury, where he gave the two-year old Twinkle a stone with all ease in his trial, and on the next Wednesday won the Triennial at Newmarket. He was a good-tempered, light-fleshed horse, and with fine speed, and ready for any distance that was set him. Before the Derby he was tried at 8 stone 9 lbs., with Orestes 9 stone 1 lb., Hungerford 8 stone 2 lbs., and Middlesex 7 stone 2 lbs. The last named just beat him by half a neck, and the others were nowhere. On the Monday week before the Derby, he fell lame in the off hock, or at all events somewhere in the off quarter, and as he did not do more than take a couple of canters between then and the race, it was no slight performance for him to separate Andover and Hermit.' This is testimony of the highest value, for no one was more accurate and particular in acquiring and verifying his assertions than him whose annals we love to peruse as the Tacitus of the Turf.

Lecturer, who by the joint authority of Sir Tatton and Snarry, we are compelled to credit to Colsterdale, made us more than ever doubtful as to his paternity, when we set eyes on him once again as *aide-de-camp* to the King. The 'pocket Hercules,' who succeeded in robbing the Baron of a Cesarewitch, when by his victory therein he revived the falling fortunes of Danebury, and set the Marquis on his legs once more, has not altered, save by the thickening process, one whit from what he was on that Ascot afternoon, when he showed himself a veritable little wonder by his Cup performance. There, too, were the remains of the scar below his elbow, showing the 'reason why' he ran unplated behind, and bearing testimony to the sort of machinery which set him going when business was meant. The cobby little bay has had such a chance as many grander horses might envy, and with characteristic enterprise, it has been determined to admit to his lectures such of the Mentmore matrons as are likely to suit him in point of blood. A colt out of Princess bore no sort of resemblance to 'that little pig of a horse,' as Lecturer has been sneeringly called, though to account for its vulgar head, hollow back, and 'uncanny' legs, we must surely go back farther than Bolingbroke. Of far different stamp was his filly from a North Lincoln mare, which must do him credit when her time arrives, and there, too, was an interesting invalid out of Breeze, with the shape and action of the best. The young hopefuls of the establishment had, of course, departed for their matriculation under Hayhoe at Newmarket, and Markham will be anxious to learn how his pupils are progressing, when the December examination comes to be decided, and the important question asked. That the system of breaking pursued here, which has contributed so few rogues or savages to the Baron's string, is in the highest degree successful, no reasonable man can doubt, while the patient forbearance shown towards the young things in their treatment, and the absence of even a hard word in their management, are the foundations upon which such satisfactory results are built. And although vice or cowardice may in some measure be hereditary evils, yet it is deplorable to witness how a careless or cruel hand may ruin the best of tempers, and how hopeless must be considered any attempt to remedy an evil induced by such practices.

Far away from the King's palace dwelt his retainers, those who play the parts of walking gentlemen to the principal characters of our history. And records are not wanting of such having been on a sudden called upon to take the *rôle* of principal performers, as 'Londesborough' (now 'Royal'), Scott can relate of his fellow traveller, the renowned Melbourne. King Alfred, whose autumn mishap and Doncaster defeat Hannah has so nobly atoned for, reminded us of the day when the winners of both 'Thousands' and the Oaks, went down before him up that Ascot incline, which the King Toms love so well, with Restitution in waiting; and his crippled off hind leg showed where the weak spot was found out at last in his Leger preparation. And among other 'things not generally known' we heard from Markham's lips how the Epsom Trial Stakes raised

hopes of a Derby triumph, and how the white-legged bay, when his allotted task of forcing the pace for Suffolk had too well served its end, made Wells shake in his shoes at the distance, and sit down and ride the despised 'Gown.' North Lincoln, with his wonderful quarters, and the look of liberty about him, which no commoner can boast, brought back a thousand recollections of his Turf career, when the 'Land' was forced to succumb, and folk were set wondering how far he was removed from the proud position of the 'horse of his year.' With the memory of Chopette his name must always be associated, and he may boast of having 'done some service' for the House of Rothschild. Wildbad has been retained upon the establishment for the advantage of farm stock producers among the Baron's tenants in the Vale, and so excellent an example should be followed, not only by breeders, but also by those lords of the soil, whose interests are so thoroughly associated with the well being of the beasts which are the right hand of the yeoman. Nothing was more noticeable than the perfection of temper exhibited by that supposed savage, the thoroughbred stallion, in kind and judicious hands, and it was a sight not seen at every stud-farm, to mark the perfect confidence with which their attendants proffered, instead of the conventional stick, an unguarded hand for their favourites' amusement.

The foals were luxuriating by pairs in some little paradises of their own at the hill top; their enclosures carpeted with the deep rich grass which keeps the earth so soft during summer hours, and in winter presents all the advantages of a straw bed. The brother to Maid Marian colt was a raw, unfurnished baby, quite an embryo King Tom; but time may work wonders for that shelly frame, and in days to come he may not follow so humbly in the track of Corisande's more precocious brother, whose blazed Sunshine face Judge Clark shall see leading many a scattered two-year-old field. There have been many notable failures in the science of breeding as regards the capabilities of brothers and sisters; but we cannot forget Lord Lyon and Achievement, and wish the Baron a repetition of such luck. The youngsters by King Tom out of Duchess and Queen Bee's dam, gave us a taste of their undeniable quality by a couple of gallops round the paddock. It might be difficult to say which had the best of it; but the latter seemed more set and furnished than his companion, whose Bay Celia blood transports us in imagination to the deep grassy meadows of Hampton Court. Tourmalin had given North Lincoln a fair pledge of promise, and the King Tom on Fandango blood is a combination as yet, we believe, untried; though our faith is strong in Markham's system of mating. The filly by Lecturer out of Chopette's dam will have many a criticising eye directed upon her when Hayhoe puts her to rights for her first race at Newmarket, that favourite vantage ground of the Baron, and should the promise of her foalhood only be realised, Mahala will become one of the 'Stud Book' stars, which are a land-mark to the students of breeding lore. The young ladies were sunning themselves in a stretching meadow, whose high hawthorn hedges, reddening

x *Ant & are never*

for the beaks of a myriad fieldfares, told of sheltered quarters on a winter's day, and dewy shade when the summer sun rides highest. For a wonder there was but one King Tom amongst them, but North Lincoln on King Alfred's dam was the maternal pedigree, not unlike that of the Maid Marian colt, save that Bay Middleton instead of Melbourne holds a place in the lower part of the 'Table' full of illustrious names. The fair daughters of Queen of the Vale, and of Tomato, were of Lecturer's stock, and truly the Colsterdale pony has had such a share of favours among the matrons at Crafton, as we hope he may hasten to repay, for have not King's daughters bent upon him the most gracious smiles, and the proudest of nursing mothers owned him for their lord? Solitary as her dam's namesake lake, the daughter of Nyanza kept aloof from her companions, but North Lincoln has surely set his mark on her supple frame, and proceeding from such a source is there no name savouring of Egypt and the Nile that might 'sound like winning' in our ears?\*

But who could depart without a glimpse at that select coterie of nursing mothers, whose names have long since become so familiar to us through their distinguished progeny? The choicest gems of the stud browsed peacefully together in the sloping pastures, and it only wanted the departed Zephyr amongst them to make up such a sight as no breeding paddock has ever before contained. Emerald may be regarded as foundress of the Mentmore stud, and chief among her illustrious daughters was Mentmore Lass, whose glorious action the Ditch Mile knew so well, and among whose pledges are reckoned a redoubtable trio in Breeze, Zephyr, and Hannah, the mightiest of them all. Lightly did she seem to bear her burden of a score of years, and Markham lives in hopes to bid another little stranger welcome ere the elm-trees shall 'gather green' in spring. There was not much of the Melbourne size and coarseness about her, and we thought that both for shape and colour Hannah took most after the old mare. By her side Mincemeat, the dam of another Thousand Guineas winner, carried us off in spirit far away to the North, and reminded of Mr. Cookson's wondrous success in breeding Oaks winners, and of the high and mighty Lords of the Harem, who have from time to time held sway at Neasham. There was not much of the Sweetmeat style about her, and she 'dates' from Teddington's year. Another dowager, or, rather, frisky matron, is Agnes, of the old Pantaloon stock, so eagerly sought after and cherished by the Mamhead baronet. Since '57 King Tom has been her faithful consort, and Queen and King of the Vale, Evelina, and the sturdy Dalesman, are her hostages given to the racing world. May Bloom, in all the pride of her prime, fairly towered above them all, and what wonder that Newminster, and the 'slice of old Alice' blood have so combined with that of the King, that Corisande has been the splendid result? With all the quality of her sire, she possesses the length and size so essential for a brood mare, and the Baron has made no happier choice than by adding to his select circle this combination of England's best blood. 'Far in a valley lonely' Tourmalin and Queen of the

Vale grazed peacefully in the sunlight, and Hermione revelled in the glories of a day as nearly approaching 'midsummer' as chill October would permit.

Through green lanes, and up the steep gradient of Mentmore Hill, and round by the quiet country church, lay our way to the kennels, standing high, dry, and sunny, and looking towards as fair a scene as any English shire can show. Cox and his 'spotted beauties,' those persistent followers of the Venison blood, made up the foreground of as charming a picture as imagination has ever painted. The hounds, in all varieties of grouping and attitude, stretched themselves on a plot of softest turf, basking in the midday sun, or romped for very lightness of heart, eager for that hour, now close at hand, when—

'The Lord of the Valley leaps gallantly out.'

In the background there opened out a long vista of tangled grass, on which the gossamers were yet quivering, and the last diamonds of dew clinging to the herbage. On either side the elms, as yet untouched by the 'fiery finger' of Autumn, rose in endless succession to the bottom of the slope, across which a brood mare wandered listlessly in the distance, and beyond all the eye rested on the Chiltern Hills (those Queen's Hundreds for which so many have accepted, and whose stewardship knows no vacancy), and the ridge of Ivinghoe running into the leafy slopes of Ashridge. Altogether it resembled in some degree the—

'Gaudy summer morn,  
Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter blew  
His wreathed bugle horn.'

Only the season was more in accordance with our English views of hunting than those of the age whence Tennyson drew his inspiration. Soon the pleasant vale, which stretches miles away towards our right, will resound with the music of the pack, when trees have shed their golden mantles to earth, and the welcome rain has brought the 'soft-going' so necessary for horse and hound. No man could be prouder of his clever pack than Cox, and as he fondly drew the favourites among them, and dilated on their merits and pedigrees, one felt that the day was quite too short for such an inspection as might inevitably lead us into the treasures of hunting lore, and anecdotes of well-won experience among the acres of the vale which the huntsman cherishes so lovingly. The badger-pied Stately, one of a lady litter of six by Mr. Lowndes' Statesman, showed all those grand points for speed, symmetry, and endurance, which are so well tested over the Baron's country; and there, too, was her sister Susan, one of the grandest bitches in England, as one of our best judges has declared. Dulcimer, to whose music many a delighted heart has flown over those deep pastures lying in the autumn mist below, showed a pedigree as illustrious as any of Markham's charges, and Cox dilated on his relationship, through Barmaid, to the famous Gunnersbury, for whose Furrier blood the Baron would not be denied, when the old Osbaldeston pack was doomed to dispersion. Flasher looked as

perfect as his tutor described him, and, as of the King, they said, 'he could do no wrong,' like his sire Ransom of Fitzhardinge blood, or his mother Furnish of Lord Yarborough's pet Fairplay stock. Governess, and her three brothers, by Ransom out of Guilty, a daughter of Sir Richard Sutton's far-famed Bajazet, bore the highest of characters, and Cox avowed 'That they were as stout as steel, and as busy at four o'clock in the afternoon as in the morning,' while Tuneful's line-hunting was described as of the highest quality. Sentinel, who, we were informed, could hunt as low a scent as anything in the kennel, was good to know by the tan head, and Senator, of Grafton renown, whose sireship he owns, seems likely to turn out a veritable King Tom of the kennels. With Cox's pet, his 'dear little Gay Lass,' quite the darling of that jovial crew, we were well pleased, and could well believe, after hearing her praises so truthfully and lovingly sung, that she was 'worth her weight in gold.' Her brother, Gaffer, too, came in for a due share of credit, and in the run from Addington last season their qualities were put to such a test, as only the bravest and best can pass through without reproach. They can trace descent from a Pilgrim father descended from Palmerston of that rare old Fitzhardinge sort unequalled in hunting a ticklish scent. From the same source came also President and Pontiff, two of the best line-hunters in the kennel. Pilgrim was a great loss to the Baron, and they would never have let him go, had not Mr. Grimston one day seen him running a little wide, and told the Baron that he was a confirmed skirter. Pontiff's young ones, however, were as promising as could be wished, and bade well to keep the charter of the Baron's pack for nose, stoutness, and quality, for many a year to come.

A few steps onwards, and we found Barker superintending the movements of his heavy brigade in the stable square. All weight-carriers of the highest order, of marvellous bone and substance, yet thorough gentlemen withal, and without a particle of coarseness. Nettingham was shown us as the Baron's favourite hunter, and such a combination of pace and power the dalesmen swear they never before have seen, while his cleverness is undeniable. From Eythorpe to Oakley, one hour and thirty-one minutes, without a check, are as good credentials as any animal can show, and bravely did he carry the Baron through the best race of the season in 1869. Those who had seen Mr. N. de Rothschild's Methodist and Cotswold negotiating the somewhat stiff country of the Vale, were loud in their praises, and certainly the former gave us the idea of going as fast and long as Spurgeon himself. Cornet, too, with 'Mr. Leopold' upon his back, looked like leaving a particularly long tail behind him, when—

'Onward we struggle in sorrow and labour,  
Lurching and bobbing, and "bellows to mend;"  
Each, while he smiles at the plight of his neighbour,  
Only is anxious to get to the end.'

Fain would we linger over Negro, looking as fit as a fiddle, and Favonius, who goes like the wind: over those scions of 'the King,'



on which the huntsman and whips claim enviable mounts, and descant upon their various qualifications, now so soon to be tested once more in the valley beneath. Folks who deem that in the famous strings of some gigantic establishment which occasionally wend their way for sale to the Gate, they behold the finest hunting studs of the world, would stand aghast here and rub their eyes with astonishment at the treasures collected in the Mentmore stalls. As with the thoroughbred stock the aim has been, whether by breeding or purchase, to acquire great weight-carrying power undisfigured by that eyesore of coarseness which we are somewhat unfairly led to associate with size and substance. Their condition, too, was perfect, and Barker will commence the season with the best of materials in hand, and these admirably fettle against all casualties of flood or field. For, in the language of another domestic department, we may say, 'There 'is not a weed about his place.'

Larger establishments than that of the Palace of the Vale may be found for the breeding of racers, for kennel of hound, or for home of hunter, but none so complete in the essentials of the sports this island cherishes most as at Mentmore—a domain sacred to Turf and Chase. Racing and hunting are the least selfish of sports, because they enlist the sympathy of all classes; and all, from the highest to the lowest, can participate in their enjoyment—from the Jockey Club whose members sit aloft together careless of mankind to the lowest ragamuffin of Whitechapel out for a holiday, all can watch the varying phases of the race, and help to swell the well-known roar of 'The 'Baron wins!' And when the deer is uncartered, and Cox cheers on his pack through the fairest of midland valleys, wide-felt is the enjoyment of a generous sport, and the swell who rides hardest and fastest in true 'pounding' style, the soberer country squire, the quiet parson, substantial yeoman, and all grades of Nimrod's disciples down to the sweep on his donkey, are welcome to a share in the pastime provided for the common good. All honour, then, to those who so nobly keep up the charter of free recreation, and may their 'Silk and Scarlet' still flourish together in the interests of health and amusement.

No wonder that we should linger to the last on enchanted ground, and that as the battlements of Mentmore faded from our view, we should feel that one more pleasing trait had been added to those racing memories we cherish so fondly. And when once again the 'tocsin of 'the saddling bell' bids us meet on olden scenes the cherished celebrities of past racing annals recruited by a glorious array of the '*rara juvenus*' of a later growth, not the less pleasant will it be to welcome the bearers of the blue and yellow now more familiar to us than ever, and to be carried back in imagination to the beauties of their birth-place in the fruitful vale. Most of all, in after-days it will delight to recal the circumstances of our presentation at that Court, over which King Tom so worthily presides, a most puissant representative of that regal line which may a coming generation preserve in all its ancient splendour and integrity.

## THE MARE AND HER MASTER.

THOUGH my sight is grown dim, though my arm is grown weak,  
Grey hairs on my forehead, and lines on my cheek ;  
Though the verdure of youth is now yellow and sere,  
I feel my heart throb when November draws near.

I could pardon the wrongs thou hast done me, Old Time !  
If thy hand would but help me the stirrup to climb ;  
The one pleasure left is to gaze on my mare,  
Her with whom I lov'd best the excitement to share.

Sound wind and limb, without blemish or speck,  
Her rider disabled, her owner a wreck !  
Unstripp'd and unsaddled, she seems to ask why ;  
Unspurr'd and unbooted, I make no reply.

Remembrance then dwells on each hard-ridden run,  
On the country we cross'd, on the laurels we won ;  
Fleet limbs once extended, now cribb'd in their stall,  
They speak of past triumphs, past gallops recall.

I remember, when baulk'd of our start at the find,  
How we slipp'd, undismay'd, through the rabble behind ;  
No check to befriend us, still tracking the burst,  
How by dint of sheer swiftness the last became first.

And that day I remember, when crossing the bed  
Of a deep rolling river, the pack shot ahead ;  
How the dandies, though cas'd in their waterproof Peals,  
Stood aghast as we stemm'd it, and stuck to their heels.

How ere Jack with his hammer had riven the nail,  
And unhing'd the park-gate, we had skimm'd the oak pale ;  
Over bogs where the hoof of the cocktail stuck fast,  
How her foot without sinking Camilla-like pass'd.

I remember, though warn'd by the voice of Tom Rance—  
'Have a care of that fence'—how we ventured the chance ;  
How we fac'd it, and fell—from the depth of the drain  
How we pick'd ourselves up, and were with 'em again.

Over meadows of water, through forests of wood,  
Over grass-land or plough, there is nothing like blood ;  
Whate'er place I coveted, thou, my good mare,  
Despite of all hindrances, landed me there.

The dearest of friends I that man must account,  
To whom on her saddle I proffer a mount ;  
And that friend shall confess that he never yet knew,  
Till he handled my pet, what a flyer could do.

Should dealers come down from the Leicestershire vale,  
And turn with good gold thy own weight in the scale,  
Would I sell thee? Not I for a millionaire's purse!  
Through life we are wedded for better for worse.

I can feed thee, and pet thee, and finger thy mane,  
Though I ne'er throw my leg o'er thy quarters again;  
Gold shall ne'er purchase one lock of thy hair;  
Death alone shall bereave the old man of his mare.

R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

### YORKSHIRE.

#### THE BRAMHAM MOOR, THE BADSWORTH, AND LORD FITZWILLIAM'S HOUNDS.

'HAVING finished our chat about the York and Ainsty and Lord Middleton's hounds, where shall we next turn our attention?'

'What say you to the Bramham Moor? It is a pack that has gained great celebrity, and in public estimation stands second to none.'

'The Bramham Moor be it then. Over what style of country do they hunt?'

'Varied; parts of it are poor and cold with bleak larch woods, as between Ferrybridge and Aberford; others are low and flat, intersected by wide drains—such as the Church Fenton side, for instance—where there is little danger of hounds being unduly pressed on; in other places, such as round Tadcaster and towards Marston and Tockwith, it more resembles the York and Ainsty, is on a strong clay soil, and very stiff, as the fields are heavy, and the fences come close together; the Marston Drain being a most formidable obstacle, which often has to be encountered two or three times in the day, and which few get safely over. The Catterton Drain, also, near Tadcaster, is a large jump, and forms a serious impediment. The country is generally open; though there is one covert, called Bishop's Wood, of nine hundred acres, which is now short of foxes. It does not carry a great scent, as there is so much limestone, but the hounds run very hard at times in wet weather. I believe they get capital spring hunting in the wild country to the west of Harrogate, where they also go for cub-hunting; but I have never seen it.'

'I think you said before that it joined the York and Ainsty?'

'It lies to the south-west of that country and north of the Badsworth; the River Wharfe divides it from the York and Ainsty; and, as I said in speaking of that establishment, both packs meet at the Wild Man, though the other hunt call it Street Houses.'

‘Is it not a very old-established pack?’

‘It is; as Mr. George Fox, a son-in-law of Lord Bingley, who assumed the surname of Lane, had them during the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne, and kept them at the Wothersome dog kennels, near Bramham Park. He was succeeded by Sir Thomas Gascoigne of Parlington, and after him came Sir Walter Vavasour of Haslewood. At the expiration of Sir Walter’s reign Mr. James Fox of Bramham Park, frequently called Fox Lane, grandfather of the present master, was, in his younger days, much on the move. But having married the Hon. Marcia Pitt, sister of Lord Rivers, he settled to the life of a country gentleman, and established a well-appointed pack of foxhounds, which he kept at Bramham Park in kennels close to the spot, though not the same as now. He was a man of good manners, hospitable and courteous to all; not a pushing horseman, but a good judge of horse and hound, and, being a friend and contemporary of Hugo Meynell, took much pains in breeding hounds and obtaining good blood. He had for many years, during the latter part of his mastership, a huntsman by name Martin Walkerley—a first-rate man, who, though rather stout, was well mounted and could live well with his hounds. “Old “Martin” was famed for a beautiful View halloa! He died in 1821. The splendid woods near Selby and Cawood were in those days full of foxes, martin cats, and woodcocks—alas! now only game. There was a Bramham Moor Hunt Club, with a coat and button worn by Mr. Fox’s friends. The hunting coat, scarlet, silver button, with a fox and forward on it; the evening coat, blue lined with buff, the silver button, black velvet collar with a silver fox on it. The club dined at the inn at Aberford once a month during the hunting season—then the fun was fast and furious. All the neighbourhood made a point of attending to support Mr. Fox Lane; then he proposed, “Bramham Moor, and “five-and-twenty couple,” and sang a good song.

‘As the evening crept on, “May Bramham Moor never be without a fox!” and, by stout old gents, “May Bramham Moor never be without a Lane!” were excuses for one more glass. The whole country preserved foxes, and everybody hunted. Lord Lascelles, Lord Stourton, Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Sir Thomas Vavasour of Haylewood, Edward Stourton, Charles Langdale, Philip Stourton, Sir John Lowther, Tom Gascoigne, son of Sir Thomas (killed while hunting in Nottinghamshire), Messrs. Starkey and Hopwood from Lancashire, Richard York of Wighill, Rev. J. Chaloner of Newton Kyme, Robert Chaloner of York, Oliver Gascoigne of Parlington, “Teddy” Wilkinson of Potterton, the Ramsdens of Byram, Kendall of Towton, Mr. Fox’s sons, George, William, and Sackville, were some of the regular field of that day. Declining health forced this good specimen of a country gentleman to give up his hounds in 1818; and the old club, button, &c., died away. His son, G. Lane Fox, being a very large man (6 feet 5½ inches high, and walking over

‘ 20 stone), though a good horseman, was not very fond of hounds, and refused to take the trouble of managing the pack. Lord Lascelles, however, agreed to carry on the war, Mr. Fox making him a present of the hounds and kennel horses, with the understanding that he gave them back to the Fox family when he wished to resign the country. The hounds were moved to the kennels at Wothersome; and Lord Lascelles shortly after succeeded to the title of Earl of Harewood, but the hounds remained at Wothersome kennels till 1827, when they were removed to Harewood, and called the Earl of Harewood’s hounds. The Earl was a keen sportsman, delighted in a long day, and no weather would stop him. He did not give much attention to breeding hounds; in fact, he was so much occupied by parliamentary and county business that he had not time. George Payne, a nephew of old Philip Payne, who came out of the South, succeeded old Martin, and then Will Bamford, who had been first whip, took the horn. They were not clever in their profession; Bamford had a bad fall, and his horse fell on him, which put his hip out; then he “lapped it up” and they pensioned him off. He only died quite recently. Lord Harewood was a good hand at getting about after hounds, without taking “owdacious lips,” and was followed by Col. Lascelles, Mr. Ambler, and Bellhouse of Leeds, Nicholson of Pool, &c. Fenton Scott, of Woodhall, was, perhaps, the most remarkable man of that time — 6 foot 4 inches, very thin, very strong, very handsome, but had a club foot (from an injury when a child). He began life in a Dragoon regiment, and was not to be beaten over a country. Once, travelling down from London by the mail, whilst eating his breakfast at Grantham he asked the waiter if the Belvoir hounds met near, and if he could hire a horse in the town. The waiter said, “Yes, sir; certainly, sir.” He gave up his place on the mail, hired a horse, and met the hounds. They had a capital run; towards the end the field turned from hounds to avoid a well-known awkward place, Fenton Scott never turned, the hounds pulled down the fox; when “Goosey” arrived he found this curious man sitting on a gate, the pads and brush cut off. “Whoo-whoop!” he cried, and chucked up the fox, handing the pads and nose to the huntsman, said, “Good run; hounds worked well,” got on his horse, and trotted off. The Duke, Lord Forester, &c., were anxious to know who this was, sent to Grantham, found that the Yorkshire gentleman had bought the horse, and gone on to the North by coach that afternoon. He was an excellent magistrate, and kind-hearted man, but, when excited, at times a little rough, and talked broad Yorkshire. Whilst hunting once away from home, he got a bad fall, and crushed his deformed foot, got alarmed, sent for the surgeon, never said anything, and the sawbones suggested the necessity of amputation: up jumped the patient, and, roaring out, “Or! deary me, sir! I came into the world wi’ two “legs; by Jingo I’ll go out wi’ two!” kicked him out of the room. Amongst other well-known men of that time were Sir Thomas

‘ Haggerstone, the Gascoignes of Parlington, Olivers of Darrington, Markham of Becca, Middleton of Stockeld, Bland of Kippax, Sir Joseph Radcliffe of Rudding Park, Colonel Lane of Boston Spa, Busfield-Ferrand, Jowitt of Eltofts, Atkinson, Marshall, Hawkesworth Fawkes of Farnley, and Chorley, &c., from Leeds. Perhaps the pick of the young ones of that time were Henry Viscount Lascelles and Tom Fairfax, both superior horsemen. The valuable and venerable old Earl died in the dark on the road close to the village of Bramham, after stopping late to dig a fox in Grimston Hills on the 25th of November, 1841. His son, Henry Lord Lascelles, succeeded, and, determined to brush up the pack, engaged Charles Treadwell, who had hunted Mr. Robertson’s hounds, in Northumberland, and, before that, the Quorn, under Lord Suffield, who soon, by dint of attention to kennel management and breeding from the Yarborough and Foljambe kennels, put a little drive into the old “Tow Rows.” Lord Harewood did not like the trouble of hounds, and, in 1848, gave back to Mr. Lane Fox both the hounds and the horses. One alteration was made—a subscription was now received, and the pack again resumed their original name of the Bramham Moor. Treadwell, who was assisted by Stephen Shepherd, and Will Scott, was now proving himself a judge of hounds and clever breeder; his quick eye detected every culprit, and he never would forgive a rogue. His splendid horsemanship, though heavy, enabled him to be with his hounds, and he rarely hurt his horse. His master delighted in learning from him what hounds ought to be; and before this talented houndsman died he had made the Bramham Moor hounds celebrated for nose, speed, and stoutness. He was most patient and persevering in the field, would walk a fox to death, and kill him when many would lay odds against it. After a very successful career of twenty-three years with this pack, poor Treadwell died suddenly, in June, 1865, deeply regretted by his master and all sportsmen. He was truly such a servant as a master does not get twice in his life.’

‘ He was succeeded by Stephen Goodall, from the Kildare, who had seen a deal of hunting in some good countries. He was a devil to ride; and two or three Leeds men once said, “You will kill us all before the season is out.” He always exhibited great energy in the field. Ned Johnson and George Kingsbury were his whips.’

‘ Did he not go to the V. W. H. in 1867?’

‘ Yes; and Fred Turpin came from there to Mr. Fox. He had been first whip to Mr. Anstruther Thomson, in Fife, who thought very highly of him. He was an excellent servant. He was very cheery, quick, painstaking, and energetic, and had his hounds in tip-top condition. But the grim tyrant laid his hand on him ere he had been long in Mr. Fox’s service, as he died suddenly one morning after returning from exercise. He was married to a daughter of old Will Danby.

‘Goddard Morgan, who had been sixteen years with the old Berkeley, came to Bramham in 1869; and Ned Johnson, who was still active in the field, completed his twenty-first season as whip. Morgan turned out his hounds pictures of condition, and he rode, of course, like the rest of his family.

‘In 1871 we find Edward Kingsbury, who came from the Blackmore Vale, and succeeded George Morgan as second whip in 1864, had this season taken the horn, *vice* Morgan, gone to Mr. Askew, who has just taken Lord Wemyss’ old country, and Dick Summers, who was last season with the Southwold, and Harry White, from Essex, acting as whips.’

‘Is it a good country for foxes?’

‘Yes; it generally has a sufficiency for four days a week, which is about the amount of hunting it can stand. And of course there are some first-rate preservers. Lord Harewood is, perhaps, the best man, because his estates are so large. He orders foxes to be preserved, stands no humbug, and his tenants walk puppies. Then Colonel Gunter of Wetherby Grange is very good; and, moreover, will not be denied when hounds run over a stiff country, and goes perhaps a shade better than ever when others are gone home. Mr. E. C. York of Wighill Park is a famous supporter. Mr. Montagu, who has two sons who go like steam engines, is a good preserver; and Mr. Kendal of Towton Lodge is frightened to death at cub-hunting, lest his foxes should be driven into a camp where pheasants are first favourites, and die an unnatural death. I must not omit Colonel Gascoigne of Parlington, and Mr. Bland of Kippax Park, or Mr. Joseph Radcliffe of Rudding Park, Mr. Wheeler of Ledstone, Lord Ashtown, Mr. Brooksbank, Sir John Ramsden, Sir Henry Ingleby, and Mr. Middleton of Stockeld. Lord Leconfield has beautiful fox-coverts on Spofforth Hags. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram of Temple Newsam, Mr. Vavasour of Hazlewood, Lord Mexbro’, Lord Headley, Sir Charles Lowther of Swillington, Messrs. Leasowe Walker and Tennant of Scarcroft are owners of coverts and fox-preservers. There are, however, one or two black sheep in the hunt. The jolly Bramham Moorites hope the sort will not flourish.’

‘Mr. Fox is rather troubled with large and unruly fields, is he not?’

‘Yes; great numbers turn out from Leeds and the other manufacturing towns, and often muster three hundred or more at Harewood Bridge, not including the colliers on foot, and men in one-horse shays. They are a difficult lot to keep in order, and sorely try the master’s temper, though no man can command an unruly lot much better. But he sometimes hits them rather hard, and says some very droll things, especially to men who come out to lark.

‘Mr. Fox is a fine judge of hunting, and knows the run of a fox, as he proved when Morgan was laid up for a time, and he took the horn himself. His field had no reason to regret the change, for he

‘showed a succession of capital sport, killing twelve brace of foxes in twenty days’ hunting, though he has always employed a professional huntsman. I remember once seeing an instance of his quickness in the field. The hounds were some little distance wide on our right, and apparently running well straight ahead. All at once Mr. Fox pulled short up, and said, “He has crossed in front of us, and gone through that field on the left; see how disturbed the sheep are!” A check immediately occurring, he held up his hat to Morgan, who cast beyond the sheep, and hit off his fox.

‘Mr. Fox is also an acknowledged judge of a hound and a weight-carrying hunter.’

‘Who are his best men, as in these days we must say a little about riding?’

‘The oldest and hardest member of the hunt is Mr. T. L. Fairfax of Newton Kyme—a grand horseman, but rather too hard upon hounds. He now confines his attention chiefly to Sir George Wombwell and the York hounds. Colonel Fairfax, his son, late of the Grenadier Guards, is also a forward rider and a good sportsman, but rather fond of currant jelly. Mr. Wickham of Chestnut Grove is always in a great hurry for a start; and it was once said, “If he had been a foxhound, he would have been drafted long ago.” He has been for many years at the head of the rough-and-tumble division. His start is only to be equalled by a rocket from Cremorne; and his son, young Wickham, also goes well. Lord Harewood can if he likes go well, and his sons have not yet beaten him. Lord Lascelles, Fred Lascelles, and Charles Lascelles, Dick Gascoigne, George Lowther, Peter Wilkinson, James and Henry Lane Fox, Mr. Kennedy of Gledow, Old Chorley (the best cork-legged man in England). Mr. John Gregson of Bramham House never fails to meet the hounds, and for some years has been a great addition to the sporting neighbourhood. He lived, when a young man, in the county of Durham, hunted with Mr. Ralph Lambton, and there he learnt well how to ride not *at* hounds but *to* them. He is a great friend and supporter of the master. I must not forget Mr. Getz from Bradford, who is always ready for chaff, and carries the handsomest and best-filled flask in the country, and is ever anxious to administer comfort to the master, fearing his arduous duties may be too much for him: knowing that he refuses to carry meat and drink into the field.

‘Rev. C. Wilkinson of Bilton, and his son Peter. Captain Lane Fox of Hope Hall, and Mr. Henry Lane Fox of the Blues, sons of the master, Colonel Markham of Becca, and Captain Edwin Markham. Mr. Henry Johnstone Scott of Woodhall, Mr. W. W. Wickham of Swinnow, Mr. W. Langdale of Harewood, or Hazlewood, Mr. Rudston Read of York, Mr. William Ingelby of Ripley Castle, Mr. Leasowe Walker of Scarcroft, Mr. R. S. Oliver of Bolton Lodge, and Mr. W. Clay of Leeds is a good old sportsman.

‘There are not many farmers who regularly hunt, though all



‘like to see hounds. Brady Nicholson of Stourton Grove, a native of Lincolnshire, a brother of the late Field Nicholson, is a fine horseman, and about the best; he says he has nothing on his premises that cannot jump, and that they are at it every day except on Sabbaths, as are Stephen and Abraham Borrett of Harewood, Beilby of Wothersome, and Blanchard and Ingman of Walton.’

‘What are their principal meets?’

‘The following comprise most of the best:—Kirk Deighton, which abounds with foxes, and North Deighton, also a favourite. Spofforth is a great meet for the Cocked Hat, and there are a lot of foxes there, as also at Wighill Park. Tadcaster Bar and Bickerton Bar are both capital. Harewood Bridge, Riffa Tockwith, and Towton are also favourites, while at the Boot and Shoe you might hunt all day in wood.’

‘Having said all we can about the Bramham Moor, let us now turn to the Badsworth. Who was the first master?’

‘Mr. Bright, who lived at Badsworth, founded the hunt about 1730, and in his day they met at five o’clock in the morning.’

‘Then, like the Bramham Moor, it is of ancient date?’

‘Undoubtedly so.’

‘The next master was Mr. Godfrey Wentworth Wentworth of Woolley Park, near Staincross, and with him Mr. William Wrightson of Cusworth, near Doncaster.’

‘About 1795 Sir Edward Smith, who was afterwards Sir Edward Dodsworth of Newland Hall. Then came Sir Thomas Pilkington of Chevet Hall; and about 1805, Sir Rowland Wynn of Nostel Park, near Wragby.’

‘Lord Darlington was then master, but resigned the Badsworth country in 1809, and went to the Bedale, hunting alternately from Boroughbridge and Catterick Bridge. It was during this time that Martin Bladen Hawke, who succeeded him, if he was not confederate, wrote the celebrated Badsworth Hunt Song.’

‘I have heard that song spoken of as uncommonly good.’

‘Yes; it not only tells us who was going at the time, but hits off their characters and peculiarities, as for instance, Lord Darlington himself, thus—

“With persuaders in flank comes Darlington’s peer,  
With his chin sticking out and his cap on one ear.”

Who, moreover, is described as keeping a sharp eye on the hard-riding Scott of Woodhall.

“And next him, on Morgan, all rattle and talk,  
Cramming over the fences, comes wild Martin Hawke.”

‘While Frank Boynton, who always rode thoroughbreds, is placed quite in the first flight. Harry Mellish, on Lancaster, and Charles Brandling of the eagle eye, come in for their share of praise, and Bob Lascelles’ neat get-up is humorously hit off. Len, on Pancake, and Frank Barlow, on Methodist, have their merits sung; while the light weights, Charles Parker and Clowes, are described

‘ as racing together ; and we feel, as we read, for Oliver Dick, as he  
 ‘ tries to ease the half-blown Slapdash by a timely nick, and see Lord  
 ‘ Barnard striving hard to keep Ebony in his place.

“ Then Bland and Tom Gascoigne I spy in the van,  
 Riding hard as two devils, at catch as catch can,”

‘ until their nags are fairly blown. While the grief of Billy Clough  
 ‘ and Pilkington, Colonel Bell and Frank Hawksworth, is duly  
 ‘ chronicled amidst good-natured chaff ; and Sir Edward Dodsworth  
 ‘ and Lascelles have their slow and sure proclivities descanted on.  
 ‘ Captain Horton of Baln, steering for home, the two Lees, Harvey  
 ‘ Hawke, and Frank Sothron, are amongst the list of skirterers, and  
 ‘ Overley Cooke, a certain Godfrey, Captain Dancer, and Sir Row-  
 ‘ land Winn are sketched in no very enviable plight at Amples Brook.  
 ‘ Bacon Frank of Campsall is not forgotten, and the Bramham  
 ‘ Moorites, Starkey and Hopwood, are credited with seeing but  
 ‘ little of the fun. Mr. Hodson’s case of being caught in a sheep-  
 ‘ net is ludicrously set forth ; nor are Mr. Saville, and that “ friend  
 ‘ “ to his tailor,” Mr. Naylor, of the long coat, forgotten. Thus you  
 ‘ see all the principal men who were going in Lord Darlington’s  
 ‘ day passed in review, like the future Kings of Scotland to Macbeth ;  
 ‘ and I only regret that the song is too long to be set out in full.’

‘ You said the Hon. Martin Bladen Hawke succeeded Lord  
 ‘ Darlington in the mastership ?’

‘ Yes ; but I do not know exactly how long he had the hounds.  
 ‘ He afterwards went abroad, and kept hounds, first at Argues, near  
 ‘ Dieppe, but afterwards went farther south, either to Tours or Blois.  
 ‘ Mr. Chaworth Musters had the Badsworth for one season, at least ;  
 ‘ and Sir Bellingham Graham commenced his career as master of fox-  
 ‘ hounds here, and held the reins for two seasons, hunting the  
 ‘ hounds himself, before moving to Atherstone, where he took his  
 ‘ staff with him, consisting of Jack, who was a devil to ride, and Kit  
 ‘ Atkinson, father of the Kit who was with the Vale of White  
 ‘ Horse. Then Sir William Gerard was master one season, and Will  
 ‘ Head, who began his career with the Duke of Rutland, was whip.

‘ And in 1818 Mr. Thomas Bent Hodgson came to the fore, when  
 ‘ only twenty-four years old, and was master for three seasons, with  
 ‘ kennels at Thorpe, at the end of which time he took the Holder-  
 ‘ ness. He lived at Castle Farm, having sold Stapleton Park to  
 ‘ Mr. Petre, to pay his father’s electioneering debts. Jack Richards,  
 ‘ who came out of the South, was his huntsman, and Will Danby  
 ‘ first whip, and Joe Thompson, afterwards a good bit with Mr. Fol-  
 ‘ jambe, as second, and also Wells, a smartish fellow, with a curly  
 ‘ head, with which he took a deal of pains. Danby says, Richards,  
 ‘ according to his own account, never lost a fox in his life ; it was  
 ‘ always the whips who lost them. He would say to them :  
 ‘ “ Damn you ! if you had been awake instead of asleep, we should  
 ‘ “ have killed.” Will used to say, “ If you had been asleep instead  
 ‘ “ of your cursing and swearing, we should have done so.” Never-

theless, Will went ninety miles to his funeral, at Mr. Hodgson's request, leaving his Holderness kennel, at Cherry Burton, at 3.30 A.M., and riding all the way to Badsworth; and he says he only got two of the worst cups of tea there he ever had in his life, and nothing more till seven at night. Hunting with them at this time were to be seen Mr. Bacon Frank of Campsall, alluded to in the song, Hon. E. Hawke, Hon. E. Petre, Captain Terry, Mr. Gee, and Mr. Cooke.

In 1821 the Hon. Edward Petre of Stapleton Park was master, with Jack Richards as huntsman; but he was, perhaps, better known on the Town Moor, Doncaster, than at the covert side, at any rate, more celebrated, and inaugurated the late John Scott's successful Doncaster career, in 1827, with Matilda, the first Leger winner "the Wizard" ever trained, and, strange to say, followed up his success in the two following years with The Colonel and Rowton, the two latter ridden by Bill Scott, but Jem Robinson steered the mare. The only owner who has rivalled this feat is Lord A. Hamilton, though others have won it as often, but not in succession. Strange to say, his horses, Paragon, Spadille, and Young Flora, were all ridden by the same jockey—Mangle.

Let us leave silk and return to scarlet. Who were the men going between this time and the advent of Lord Hawke to the mastership in 1826?

Mr. Sackville Fox, Major Wood of Campsall, Mr. Vansittart from Kirkleatham, who bred Van Tromp, and other good horses, Mr. Pascoe, Mr. Watkins of Barnbro', Mr. Carter, Captain Ramsden of Doncaster, Mr. John Fullerton of Thrybergh, the Rev. J. Armytage of Hickleton, Mr. C. Walker, Mr. Brown, Mr. Hall, Mr. Hoby.

Was not Lord Hawke many years master?

Forty-three years, and during that time deservedly popular with all classes. He lived at Womersley, and was a nephew of the Hon. Martin Hawke, and brother of the Hon. Stanhope Hawke, who won the Oaks in 1855 with The Marchioness, in conjunction with Mr. Rudston Read, and the Two Thousand and St. Leger in 1862, with The Marquis. There is a good portrait of Lord Hawke extant, by Stephen Pearce, on his horse Tipton Slasher, who carried him sixteen seasons with only one fall. In 1842 he took the Wentworth country, until then held by Lord Fitzwilliam, and hunted round Rotherham and Wakefield.

His first huntsman was the Jack Richards before mentioned, who built the Badsworth kennels at Thorpe, which, report said, turned out a good speculation for him. They are not first rate, but considered sound and healthy. November 4, 1833, he had a great run from Campsall Park, of one hour and thirty-five minutes, without a check, by Ackworth Park, Kirby, Stapleton Park, and Womersley, and killed him in the Went. At the death were Lord Hawke, Captain Hawke, Hon. Martin Hawke, Lord George Bentinck from Welbeck, Mr. Edward Copley of Nether Hall,

‘ Mr. John Gully, Captain Adams, and Mr. Leatham. Richards left in 1835, and died, after being out of place for some time.

‘ The next huntsman was William Foster, who came from Lord Fitzhardinge, with Ben Boothroyd, a good horseman and smart fellow, as first whip. During his time they had another brilliant run, on January 7, 1836, after a grand breakfast at Mr. T. Charlesworth’s of Chapelthorpe, of three hours and forty-five minutes, to ground in the rocks at Brelton Hall. Mr. Hawke, as usual, proved himself first rate, and was quite in the front rank throughout, also Mr. Pedley (owner of Cossack, who won the Derby in 1847), on his famous chesnut, Old Trojan. Mr. Pollard also went well, as did Mr. Holland.

‘ In 1839, William Butler, who began under John Ward, succeeded Foster. He whipped in eleven years to Mr. Foljambe, then went as kennel huntsman to Lord Ducie, and from thence came to the Badsworth, where he was in his glory, and showed excellent sport. He could not bear the horn to be blown—would say, “Damn that horn! my lord, I’ll tell you when to blow that horn.” He was as fond of feeding his pigs as his hounds, which he treated the same; and he would say to them at feeding time, “If Lord Henry can’t keep you, I’m d—d if he will keep me.” He was a kind-hearted man.

‘ In 1848 a dinner was given him at Doncaster, so much was he respected. He left Lord Hawke to go to Lord Southampton, and from thence to Lord Fitzwilliam, where, unfortunately, on his first entrance to the field, he broke his thigh, and had to retire. In 1854 Ned Owen, who had whipped in for five years, took the horn; and in 1857, Dan Berkshire was first whip, and went from thence to the Quorn. For a short period, about this time, Mr. Henley Greaves, when out of commission as a master of hounds, lived with his father at Empsall Lodge, and assisted Lord Hawke by managing the horses.’

‘ Of course, during his lordship’s long reign there were many celebrities going with the Badsworth?’

‘ Yes, in the beginning of it. Mr. J. Fullerton of Thrybergh, Mr. C. Walker of Blythe, Mr. Brown of Rossington, and the Rev. J. Armytage, earlier spoken of. Ten years later, we come on Dr. Buchanan of Pontefract, Dr. Hobson of Leeds, Capt. Empsall of Woodlands, T. Sykes of Norton Priory, and, about 1843, Mr. Gully, then in the zenith of his career, lived at Ackworth Park, and was a stanch supporter of the pack. This extraordinary man fought and beat Gregson at Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, for the Championship of England, was at one time Member of Parliament for Pontefract, and won the Two Thousand and Derby, in 1854, with The Hermit and Andover, and previously carried off the latter race with Pyrrhus the First in 1846, and the Oaks with Mendicant in the same year. John Day said he was the best judge of condition he ever knew.

‘ In 1857 Mr. Godfrey Wentworth of Woolley was going, and

‘also his son, Mr. Wright of Bilham, Mr. Lee of Grove, Mr. R. Jones of Badsworth, Mr. Hugh Jones of Elmsall Lodge, Lord Halifax of Hickleton. Mr. Resler, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Cuttle were all good farmers hunting at this time.

‘In 1863 and 1864 the Hon. Stanhope Hawke was the crack man, Sir Lionel Pilkington of Chevit Hall, Sir William Cooke of Wheatley Hall, Mr. J. D. Bland of Kippax Park, Mr. J. C. D. Charlesworth of Chapelthorpe, Sir John Ramsden of Byram Hall, Mr. D. Nielson of Hundhill, Mr. Bentley of Rotherham, Mr. Thelluson of Brodsworth House, Mr. Micklethwaite of Ardesley Hall, Miss Newton of Womersley, who always wore a black velvet hunting-cap, Mr. Charlesworth of Hatfield Hall, Stanley Wakefield, Mr. F. Fisher of Doncaster, Mr. F. Day of Felkirk, Mr. Jackson, Mr. R. Day of Holroyd Hall, Felkirk.

‘Lord Hawke’s death took place in 1869, and was occasioned by a sad accident, from his horse getting entangled in a sheep-net. He was the oldest master in England, having killed his first fox in 1826, when he succeeded Mr. Petre.’

‘Who took the hounds at his death?’

‘Mr. J. Hope Barton of Stapleton Park acted as master in the field for the season, and then took them entirely. He is a very keen sportsman, understands hunting, and is a first-rate horseman. Ned Owen still carried the horn, with Richard Hepworth and David Dalby to turn them to him, but retired this year (1871), when a hundred and fifty-six of his friends presented him with a testimonial, consisting of a tankard and 300*l.*—his third during a career of twenty-two years. During that time he had several different whips under him. In 1858 Joshua Wheatley was there, who then went to the V.W.H. In 1860 he had Joseph Outhwaite, and Charles Orvis, now hunting the South Warwickshire. Tom Morgan, brother to John, who is with the Grove, succeeded to the place, and is of the wear-and-tear sort, has his hounds in fine form, and has plentifully blooded during cub-hunting, so the promise of sport is good.’

‘Who are the men now going with the Badsworth?’

‘Mr. Hugh Jones of Elmsall Lodge, Lord Halifax of Hickleton Hall, a rare old sportsman, and very cheery, Hon. G. and H. Fitzwilliam of Wentworth, Mr. H. L. Jones, who owned the celebrated Twilight, of Badsworth, Mr. Green of Hemsworth, Mr. Cooke of Alverley Hall, Mr. J. D. Charlesworth of Chapelthorpe, Mr. George Ann of Burghwallis, Mr. Holdsworth of Wakefield, Mr. F. H. Taylor of Burnt Wood, Ringstone Hill, Mr. R. J. Lee of Grove Hall, Pontefract. Mr. Lowther, brother to the Member for York, is also pretty regular with them, as well as the two Mr. Nevilles of Skelbrooke, Mr. Hartopp, who I remember seeing on as clever a chesnut as ever went into a field, Captain and Mrs. Clarke of Noblethorpe Hall, Mr. Camm of Rotherham, while few go better than that genuine British farmer, Mr. Stubbs of Wheatley.’

‘What style of country is the Badsworth?’

' Were I to speak from personal experience, I should say that it is in some parts heavy, blind and bad, with straggling, overgrown fences and blind ditches, while towards Askern it is boggy and divided by wide, rotten drains. They have, however, some much nicer country than this, which is also cut up by railroads, parts resembling the Wolds. There is a nice bit about Daws Lane, a remarkably pretty covert not far from Doncaster, which generally holds a fox.

' The Badsworth is not a large country; from north to south it is about eighteen miles, from east to west about twenty-three, and the River Don is the boundary on the south-east.

' By Barnsley the country is open.

' Round Fenwick there are some big woods, which hold plenty of foxes; but here the country, which is chiefly clay, is very heavy; but there are not many drains.

' The best scenting part is between Pontefract and toward Wakefield, where the land is strongish.

' The best fox-preserved portion is Womersley and Stapleton.

' Mr. Montague is a thorough preserver, as is his brother James, so that Melton Wood is never without foxes; the covers of Sir Joseph Copley are also sure finds, as are those of Mr. W. B. Wrightson of Cusworth; and Mr. Walker of Woodlands takes good care of them. Lord Halifax, Mr. Thelluson (who has a beautiful gorse), Mr. Bacon Frank, Mr. George Ann, the Nevilles, are all good men and true. While in the western part of the country we find the names of Sir Lionel Pilkington, Messrs. Day, Holroyd, and Winn in the front rank as fox-preservers.'

' Does Lord Fitzwilliam's country resemble the Badsworth?'

' Not particularly; it is a small, narrow country, lying, as it were, in a triangle between Barnsley, Sheffield, and Doncaster. It is bounded on the north by the Badsworth, on the south by the Grove, and on the west by Sheffield and a district that is not hunted.'

' Is it an old pack?'

' It was raised by the fourth Earl before 1776, and for many years what is now the Wentworth country was hunted only during the cub-hunting season by the Fitzwilliam family; but when the regular season commenced the hounds went to Milton, where they have been for over a century. Still, until the first Monday in November these hounds hunt the lower part of the Badsworth country. A year or two ago Lord Fitzwilliam took his pack to Ireland for the cub-hunting season, and had very good sport. In 1845 Lord Fitzwilliam gave up the Wentworth country and was without hounds for a time, but returned in 1858 or 1859, having bought several couples of good hounds at Captain Percy Williams' sale, when he retired from the Rufford, an arrangement having been made for him to resume the country south of the Don, Lord Galway having agreed that his occupation should not be considered a permanent one. In 1854 the great Tom Sebright was

‘huntsman, then Will Butler, from the Badsworth, came, but soon left on account of an accident, and after farming five or six seasons returned and took charge of the hounds. The principal men of that time were Mr. Edmonds of Warmsworth Hall, Mr. Woodyeare of Crookhill, Mr. Fullerton of Thrybergh, Mr. W. Wastneys of Conisbro’, R. J. Armytage Hickleton, an extraordinary character, Mr. Athorpe of Donnington, Mr. Childers of Cantley Hall, Sir J. Copley of Sprotborough, and a host of other determined ones.’

‘Who is the present huntsman?’

‘The Earl himself handles the horn, and old Joe Orbell, from the South Wilts, manages in the kennel; the hounds standing at Wentworth House, than which there is no finer place in the West Riding.’

‘Are not the men very well mounted?’

‘Especially so; and his lordship’s own stud is nearly perfection. A brown horse called Mexborough, that he rode a few years ago, was a perfect specimen of a weight-carrying hunter. I have also seen him on Vanguard and Q.E.D., at one time thought something of for the Derby, so, of course, thoroughbred, as is Vanguard. Both are as fine heavy-weight horses as a man need wish to throw his leg over, and carry the Earl as straight as a bird. At one time John Hickman, formerly with Mr. Tailby, had the riding of the young horses. The hounds have a somewhat curious appearance to a stranger from not being rounded, as most packs are.’

‘What is the character of the country?’

‘A great deal of it is heavy, being plough, with fair fences, but parts are hilly and light, and, I have heard, divided by stone walls. Some of it is cut up by railways, the Midland and South Yorkshire running right across it. There are some capital coverts amongst them, one with the curious name of Hail Mary, and gorses have been planted in various places. Maltby Wood, on the Sandbeck Park side, is a remarkably fine cover, with such ridings as I have never seen except at Brocklesby, in the Pytchley Woodlands. The fields with them are generally small, and composed of Doncaster, Sheffield, and Rotherham men, few being seen at the covert side in pink.’

‘Going in 1866 were Mr. Simpson, Captain Douglas, R.N., Lord Aberdour, a fine horseman, and his mother, Lady Morton, Mr. Prothero of Hooton Roberts, Mr. Wright of Kirby and Mrs. Wright. Going at the present time are the Hon. Tom Henry and George Fitzwilliam, who come out regularly and ride pluckily, Captain Hoole of Ravenfield Park, and his brother, Mr. Percival Hoole, Mr. Wright of Kirby, who is a good preserver; and in 1869, on his bay horse Middleton, led them in a great run from Tinsley Park to Droxfield, while close to him was Mr. Sharman, the Mayor of Sheffield, and Miss Moore. Mr. Wood of Ravenfield, and Mr. Story of Hooton Roberts, are farmers friendly to the sport. Mr. Hartopp also hunts with these hounds, as does Mr. R. J.

‘Bentley of Rotherham, Mr. Brown and his Nephews, Mr. Rowe, who has some capital horses, and is well known with the Queen’s Stag Hounds.

‘The following are good men and true as fox-preservers: Mr. Foljambe of Osberton Hall, Mr. Judd of Moorgate Rotherham, Mr. Fullerton, Thrybergh; nor must we forget Miss Egerton of Aldwark Hall; but Lord Fitzwilliam owns many of the coverts himself.

‘Farmers who hunt are Mr. William Wood, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Milward, Mr. William Waring.’

‘Now where are the best quarters for these hunts?’

‘For the Bramham, York on one side, though a little wide for most of the country, is the best, as Leeds on the other is a dirty, smoky place, where no one would stay if they could help it; moreover, the hunting in its immediate neighbourhood is indiffer-ent.

‘Tadcaster is central, but no one but a lunatic would stop there. Thorp Arch is good, and close to that station on the Church Fenton and Harrogate Line is Dalby’s Hotel, a nice quiet spot. This situation is good for a man who wants to make the most of a small stud, as the Bramham Moor and York and Ainsty are always near at hand, and it is rapidly becoming popular.

‘For the Badsworth, Pontefract, where the Red Lion is good; and Doncaster is capital for that pack, Lord Fitzwilliam, and the Grove. Askern is also good for the Badsworth, where there is a good old-fashioned inn, kept by Pettat, late stud groom to Mr. Henley Greaves; the place is noted for sulphur baths, which has given rise to the following quaint rhyme:—

“As the devil flew over Askern,  
He was asked what he thought thereon.  
Quoth he, “From the sulphurous stink,  
I cannot be far from home, I think.”

‘At Doncaster, the Angel and Royal, which was the old Royal, has recently been done up; but the attentive and amiable Miss Pye is now married; formerly this house had no stables. The Reindeer, we think, might be improved. The Salutation has plenty of accommodation for horses, and they are there well fed and looked after. Moreover, race prices don’t prevail all the year round. The Elephant also has good accommodation for horses; and a year or two ago they were well looked after there, and doubtless are now, as Mr. Fisher, the landlord, is himself a hunting man. The house is comfortable and cheap, the cooking beyond what is generally found in country towns; and those who appreciate a pinch of good snuff would do well not to let the handsome ram’s-horn box, with the elephant on the top, go past them untried. If the visitor is there on a market-day he will see more Yorkshire belles at the Elephant than any house in the county.’



## WOLF-HUNTING, AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

## NO. V.

THE principal towns of Lower Brittany, such as St. Brieux, Brest, and L'Orient, are in no respect deficient in the accommodation required for the comfort of travellers sojourning in that country; but, as a general rule, the smaller towns, especially those out of the beaten track, are sorry quarters even for men able and willing to undergo considerable discomfort in quest of sport: for ladies they are simply unbearable. At Carhaix, as I have said before, there is, fortunately, a very fair provincial hotel, La Tour d'Auvergne, the host of which, M. Marseillier, having once been *chef-de-cuisine* on board King Louis-Philippe's yacht, has seen more of the world than hosts in general; and, still proud of his white cap, doing duty at his charcoal stove, chatting, singing, frying omelettes and concocting the most delicate and savoury dishes, he does all a man can do to make his guests comfortable and his house popular. Madame, too, is a rare manager, looking sharply after the housemaids, famous for her snow-white linen, and particular, as regards the sleeping apartments, as any woman in Brittany.

But Marseillier's qualifications as a cook and a landlord are not his only good points; he is also devoted to the chase; and if, perchance, a foreigner, wishing to see a little wild sport in that country, take up his quarters at the Hotel la Tour d'Auvergne (and nowhere within reach of the Black Mountains could he be better located), Marseillier, whether he had a houseful of guests or not, would shoulder his 'Faucheux' and show him the favourite rocky ground of the red-leg, the best dingles for cock, and the deep covers around, in which the fox, the wolf, or the boar would always be a sure find. The very first day I shot in the neighbourhood of Carhaix I won Marseillier's heart by disclaiming any share in the honour of killing a hare, which had jumped up between us in a field adjoining the town, and which we had both fired at simultaneously. He was a very poor marksman, and his delight on receiving my assurance that the hare fell to his gun was unbounded; away he went, promising to be back in two minutes, straight for the hotel, where, as I afterwards learned, he pleasantly described his superior skill, and instantly set to work to prepare the hare for a ragout intended for our dinner that very day: so it was close upon two hours before he joined me again.

One word about his hare-ragout, in the concoction of which few were his equals, and none surpassed him: it was somewhat similar to our English jugged hare, but far superior in its delicate flavour and rich gravy. However, he professed to have learned the secret of making it from the *chef* on board H.M. the Queen of England's yacht, when, as Queen of the Ocean, Her Majesty paid that memorable visit to Louis-Philippe, and so delighted the French monarch with her affability and queenly dignity. Old Neptune, however,

is a God who does not respect earthly powers, be they never so exalted or never so puissant; and it so happened that, on that occasion, he rolled and heaved in a most independent and restless fashion 'neath the keels of the royal yachts; and, as Marseillier always relates the story with great humour, it was his especial duty to mix hot brandy and water for the Queen of England, who, owning the power of the great god, was in imminent danger of paying the same tribute to him as the weakest of her subjects, but, happily, was saved from doing so by French eau-de-vie and Marseillier's care.

After one day's diversion in the covers of Ty-meur—a day that especially gladdened Marseillier's heart, for he it was who chiefly profited by the bag—both Keryfan and myself hoped St. Prix would bring out his pack and draw M. Gourdin's plantations and heather-brake, so short a distance from Carhaix, and a sure find at all times. But *dts aliter visum*; and so thought the Louvetier. 'The hounds,' he said, 'required more than one day's rest after their unusually hard work; and it would never do to bring a slack pack into such large covers, bristling with furze, and matted with heather from one end of them to the other.'

Accordingly, as an idle hand comes to no good, we, the four shooters of the previous day, made immediate arrangements for a day at Locrist—a heather and buckwheat district, in which, if Marseillier was authentic, the partridges, red-leg and grey, swarmed *en masse*. So, at break of day, just as

‘The feathered songster chanticleer  
Had wound his bugle horn,  
And told the early villager  
The coming of the morn;’

Kergoorlas' coach rattled over the rough paving-stones of the old town, and brought many a pretty *bonnet-de-nuit* to the open windows, as it cracked along towards the modest 'place' in front of the La Tour d'Auvergne. It was a cold, shivery morning, the ice in the shallow puddles crackling 'neath the horses' feet, and the grass and fallen leaves sparkling with hoar-frost. The sun was affecting to shine; but, in point of heat, its effort was a mockery, so keen was the north wind and so raw the damp exhalation arising from the foliage withering on all sides around us. About a league from Carhaix, I was in the act of fastening up the last button of my great-coat, when my eye caught sight of an object, the recollection of which even now brings a shudder to my bones. It was the figure of a man, naked to the waist; he was leaning against a rough upright stone that marked the kilometres of the road, and was engaged in vigorously rubbing his back and shoulders against it; and then, to cool the irritation produced as well by this process as by the parasitical company of which he was endeavouring to rid himself, he rolled fiercely in the crisp, wet grass, to allay the feverish pain that seemed to madden him. Had his skin been less thick than that of a badger, he must have torn it into strips against the surface of that rugged stone, as again

and again he rose from the ground and applied himself with renewed vigour to the disgusting labour in which he was engaged. As Kergoorlas, hearing my exclamation of horror, slackened his horses' pace, we all recognized the man who in Carhaix was well known as 'Le Grand Loup,' a huge, sturdy vagrant who never had done an hour's work in his life, but subsisted on plunder and the misplaced charity of strangers, who, seeing him in the garb of Lazarus, lying from morning to night at the doorpost of the hotel, soliciting alms or tobacco from all who entered, only encouraged by their gifts the idleness and vagrancy he had so long practised, and which was so prevalent in that country. Keryfan tossed him a few sous, telling him to buy a piece of soap, and that its application to his skin would do him far more service than all the *menhirs* of Carnac.

As he rolled from the grass and clutched at the coin in the dirty road, he poured forth a string of blessings, long as that of an Italian mendicant monk, and probably quite as beneficial; then, looking up with the expression of a hungry wolf, he said: 'Ay; but the soap won't fill my empty stomach; that is my first want.' Keryfan's sympathy was touched again, and so unmistakeably earnest was the vagrant's appeal, that a loaf and sausage were at once pitched into his upraised hands.

Locrist lies in a valley, and is charmingly situated at the confluence of a small stream with the Carhaix river, the fine overhanging woods rendering it one of the most picturesque spots in that neighbourhood. The little hamlet, however, boasts but of one mill and a couple of poor cottages; so that accommodation there was none, much less 'good entertainment for man and horse,' in any of those buildings. It was found necessary, therefore, to send on the team and coach to Callac, a small town near the Forest of Dault, about two leagues beyond Locrist, and on the eastern road between that place and Guingamp.

Our arrangements for the beat were soon made: St. Prix and Kergoorlas, who were bent on having their revenge, taking the hill on the right bank of the brook; while Keryfan and I worked the rough ground on the opposite side of the valley. By this plan we mutually derived immense advantage, as we were able not only to mark for each other, but to save our legs from the labour of following the coveys that continually, in their first flight, crossed and recrossed the deep ravine that lay between us. The red-legged birds were especially addicted to this manoeuvre: when sprung on one side, they almost invariably crossed to the other; and then, taking advantage of some intervening knoll—just as a fox would place a line of hillocks or the screen of some undulating ground between him and the eyes that would tally him—they recrossed the valley, and perhaps dropped into a strong piece of gorse within a field or two of the spot on which they were just found. But, by drawing both sides of the valley simultaneously, we completely out-manoeuvred their tactics; and this, too, without shouting or disturbing the ground otherwise than by the report of our guns and the legitimate work of our dogs.

When birds were marked down, a hat waved in the direction served as the simple but effective semaphore to indicate their exact whereabouts; then not a word passed between us, so that the running propensity of the red-leg received no stimulus from our babbling tongues.

No country in the world can surpass this rough ground of Brittany in point of scent. It carries in its long grass and heather both a foot and a side scent; while the humid air is highly favourable to its long duration on the soil or vegetation with which the game has come into contact. It is no exaggeration to say that I have seen a Brittany pointer, when down-wind, find a covey of birds, feeding on green wheat, at least five hundred yards up-wind from the spot at which he first winded them. On the present occasion it was a grand treat to witness the way in which a fine old-fashioned dog, called Mars, found his birds at certainly that, if not a greater, distance. With nose high in air (the Brittany pointers never rake), he stepped along, straight as a crow would fly, across a large field, stood a moment on the bank, drew rapidly across the next, again stood on the bank, crossed a third and a fourth field; and at length, on the top of the fifth bank, came to a fixed point, his head erect, and his tail level with his back, stiff as a hackney whip, as John Ford of Flete used to say, and his whole attitude worthy of Phidias' chisel. A covey of ten red-legs were lying close hid in the buckwheat stubble not twenty yards from his nose. Keryfan got a brace; but, as I was somewhat blown by the exertion of following the dog, my foot slipped at the fence, and before I could recover myself the birds were out of range.

I was not, however, doomed to long disappointment; for in less than two minutes Kergoorlas' hat was waving steadily downwards; and we soon learned from the signal that the covey had dropped in a thick hanging cover in the vale below us. Thither we quickly sped, and had only just time to mount the bank commanding the wood, when Mars and Diane began to draw, and almost immediately came to a steady point within a few yards of the fence. Both dogs had been trained to break point when encouraged to do so, and Keryfan's one word was quite sufficient to send them headforemost into the dense mass of gorse, bramble, and scrub wherein the birds had taken refuge. At once there was a whirr, and again Keryfan knocked down a brace, while I only managed to floor my second bird.

There was a good deal of high, branchy timber, chiefly oak, too, with the leaf still on, standing in the cover; and, as Keryfan announced a brace down to his barrels, I could not resist a few words of applause. 'Bravo, Baron!' I exclaimed; 'I never saw man and dogs do better work.'

'Hold hard, Frank,' said he; 'wait till they're gathered. Both my birds, if I mistake not, are runners; and if so, the dogs' hardest work is yet before them. Red-legs, in such a cover as this, are far more difficult to stop on foot than they are on wing.'

He had scarcely finished speaking, when Diane, with her short,

stumpy tail eloquently expressing her satisfaction, sprang on the bank, bearing aloft my dead bird, its head and legs dangling from her jaws, but not a feather crushed by her tender mouth. She dropped it gently into Keryfan's hand.

Again, away she flew at her master's command, as if she was well aware, too, there was more game still to be recovered. I could hear Mars in hot pursuit, as the dry sticks crackled in his track; but Diane knew her business far too well to interfere in his work. She had her own to do, and seemed to understand it instinctively—the result, doubtless, of careful training and high sagacity. Battues and beaters are abominations! ‘Procul, O procul este, profani!’ Give me one hour with such dogs as Keryfan's, and pleasantly will my memory dwell on it to the day of my death.

In a little more than two minutes both dogs appeared on the bank, each with a red-leg alive in his mouth. As before, Diane trotted directly up to Keryfan, and literally put her bird into his hand; but Mars was not so complaisant. He, proud of his capture, and carrying his head high, marched round and round his master, indicating, with all the signs of which he was capable, his extreme delight in the successful chase. Never did I see better work, nor a prettier sight. Well might Keryfan be proud of such a brace of dogs, and fairly might he be pardoned for believing they were faultless in their work as any man's dogs in Brittany.

A year only afterwards Mars and Diane became my property. Keryfan had sustained a shock which made him renounce the gun for the rest of his life. His confidential servant, Pastor, keeper, *piqueur*, henchman, and friend to him, had his head blown to pieces by a blundering Englishman, who, in shooting at a covey of birds, missed them, and killed the man. Knowing well my appreciation of his two dogs, he wrote me the following letter after that sad event.

‘DEAR FRANK,

‘You will be grieved to hear the bad news this letter conveys. Yesterday poor Pastor was killed in the field. He was out shooting with a novice, who, bungling with his triggers, shot him instead of his bird. I am greatly distressed by the accident, for, as you know, Pastor was my right hand in all things, an honest man, and a friend I could ill spare in these times.

‘I have made up my mind never to shoot again. So if Mars and Diane will be of any use to you, pray accept them from !

‘Your old Friend,

‘KERYFAN.’

There is one especial feature in which the Brittany pointers far excel all I have met with in other countries; they will face the strongest gorse cover without hesitation, and draw it for birds, as a foxhound would draw it for a fox. They certainly are not so fine in their skins as the Spanish or English pointers; but, although they do not carry long-haired jackets and feathered sterns like setters or

spaniels, their coats are thick and close-set, and well adapted to the rough country in which they do their work. They have probably some admixture of hound blood in their veins; their long, pendant ears, high crowns, and the almost universal habit of throwing tongue when in hard pursuit of a hare, would indicate affinity with the hound race; and if thus descended, their courage in drawing gorse and thick cover is readily explained.

It may be a natural, and is decidedly a patriotic feeling, to believe that no nation in the world understands the breeding and management of dogs as we do.

‘Hounds, and their various breed,  
And no less various use.’

Yet the poor, uneducated peasant of Lower Brittany, the *braconnier* who gets his livelihood by the chase, shooting seven days in every week, and shooting *partout*, breaks a pointer for his own use immeasurably superior in many respects to the highly-trained dogs so often met with in our turnip fields and grouse moors. The former will break fence, it is true, and will foot a hare like a very hound; but this he has been taught and encouraged to do—it is a qualification essential to the bag. On the other hand, he will, as has already been stated, face the thorniest brake, never rake in drawing for his birds, and, above all, will retrieve his wounded game by land or water perfectly. Without these accomplishments, especially the first and last, he would be valueless to the *braconnier* in that land. However, *suum cuique* is doubtless the fair conclusion: certain it is, the thin-skinned, highly-bred, and highly-broken English pointer is found to be utterly useless in Lower Brittany; while probably the coarser-bred dog of that country would be unequal to the quick stubble work and fine style required in this.

There is a sad disfigurement practised on Brittany pointers, which, considering the gorsy nature of the covers they draw, has doubtless its advantage; but, on the other hand, it detracts largely from the good looks, and even the dignity of the dog in action; the tail, that indicator of all a dog's thoughts, that silent tongue that explains all he means, is chopped off in puppyhood, and a mere stump is left, scarcely longer than that of a Salisbury sheep-dog. Shame on the *braconnier*, for his utter disregard of the pointer's beauty and graceful movement! Better might he have rounded his ears, as we do those of the fox-hound, than mutilate the tail in such barbarous fashion. The former operation would be far more serviceable, and, at the same time, less disfiguring to the appearance of the dog. What a sorry object a stump-tailed pointer would cut side by side with those grand animals exhibited in that class at our National Dog Shows! And yet, over and through the rough cover-land of Brittany, the latter, as I have abundantly tested, will bear no comparison with his coarser congener. He is worth a parish pound full of the other for the scrub work required of a pointer in that country.

But to the sport. It was our turn now to hoist the hat; the

five birds escaping had dropped in a *genêt*, a plot of broom, on the opposite side of the valley; but before Kergoorlas and St. Prix could reach the spot a sturdy peasant, accoutred in a brown, shaggy goat-skin jacket, shambled up from the valley below, whence he had doubtless been watching our operations, and, with the aid of his stump-tail dog, kicked the birds singly up, and actually bagged four out of five of them before our friends gained the enclosure. This is a land of freedom and equality—at least so say the modern French songs; and certainly if a poor peasant *braconnier* could take this liberty, as he did with impunity, there must be some ground of truth in their burden. He had just knocked over his fourth bird as Kergoorlas and St. Prix topped the fence close to him; and, so far from being either surprised or even conscious of doing what he had not a perfect right to do, he lifted his broad-brimmed hat, and at once commenced chaffing St. Prix, whom he evidently knew, with coming too late to share the sport he had just been enjoying. ‘But come,’ said he, with infinite coolness, ‘you shall not be disappointed; there are red-leg and grey partridges *en masse* in this valley, and if you follow me you’ll burn all your powder and fill your *carnassier* before midday.’

St. Prix, one of the proudest of the old Breton *noblesse*, whose mother was maid-of-honour to Marie Antoinette, and he a Legitimist to the backbone, could ill brook the peasant’s familiarity. ‘Follow you,’ he said, deliberately; ‘no: we neither require your leadership nor your company. You go your ways and we’ll go ours.’

In no wise discomfited by this rebuff, the man, who was really a good-natured fellow, said pleasantly, ‘Well, M. de St. Prix, if you won’t take a good offer, I’ll quit you, certainly; but mind, if you require my service in any way, I shall be within easy reach of you for the rest of the day.’ So saying, he lifted his hat, whistled to his dog, and disappeared over the adjoining fence.

These, as we afterwards learned, were his usual tactics, by which he filled his bag at the expense of others’ labour; ‘Living,’ as he was wont to say, ‘like the lion, on the prey hunted down for him by the jackalls that came into the Locrist valley.’ On future occasions, whenever I went shooting alone into that neighbourhood, I generally found that my first right and left shots brought the lion out; and, being always well provided with tobacco, I had no difficulty in securing his good services and getting him to show me the *remise* of every covey sprung on the adjoining hills. That is the name given to the cover, whatever it be, into which the game, when disturbed on feed, immediately flies for concealment; and as the whole face of the land, barring a patch of oat or buckwheat stubble here and there, is one mass of gorse, broom, heather, and brushwood, a single chasseur, without a knowledge of the *remise*, and without a marker, might as well stay at home; he sees a covey once, and never sees it again. He might far better hope to recover a blackcock in the ravines of Benvoirlich, than a red-leg under such circumstances.

Kledan, or Kledan Kam—for, owing to a lame leg, the *braconnier*

was thus surnamed—had arrived at this knowledge by a plan clever enough and peculiarly his own. Being physically unable to work hard for his game, it was his habit, in default of less natural jackalls, to send his wife and dog to scour the surrounding hills and feeding-ground; while he, mounted on some knoll that commanded the whole valley, took the bearings of every covey disturbed by them, and thus ascertained the *remise*, far or near, to which it winged its flight. Hence, as a guide to the game, he was more effective than a dozen dogs would have been in that district; and if, at the end of a day, a franc piece and a brace of birds were added to the two ounces of tobacco which at least in a few hours he converted into smoke and ashes, poor Kledan was made unspeakably happy. We gradually became great allies; insomuch, that if I failed to pay the valley of Locrist a weekly visit, he would loudly complain of my long absence; and when, at length, the time came for my departure, a stranger would have supposed Kledan was about to lose the dearest friend he had upon earth. ‘But for my wife and dog,’ he said, despondingly (he always bracketed them together, and it often puzzled me to know which of the twain he loved the best); ‘but for my wife and dog, I would cross the sea to-morrow, and be your *garde-chasse* in England for the rest of my days; but they would soon want bread if they lost me; and that chains me to Locrist.’

Poor Kledan! little did he know what a fish out of water he would have been as an English gamekeeper: the night-watching would scarcely have suited him so well as killing red-legs and playing the lion over the jackalls that visited his native valley. His thorough independence, too, would have astonished a stranger at the cover-side. I turned my back on him soon afterwards with infinite regret; but my memory often reproduces him before my mind’s eye, a fresh, earnest, and manly Breton peasant as that country ever produced.

About twenty brace of birds, red-leg and grey, six woodcocks, and a hare or two, had fallen to our guns on both sides of the valley, when an incident occurred that somewhat marred our sport, and set St. Prix in a blaze for the rest of the day. Kergoorlas’ favourite pointer, in jumping off a bank, pitched exactly on the bridge of a huge wolf-trap, which, instantly springing, caught him with its iron jaws by both forelegs. They were broken on the spot; and a merciful shot from his master’s gun, there being no alternative, released the poor brute at once from further suffering. We all grieved for the dog; but St. Prix’s trouble, as the Louvetier of that district, arose chiefly from the trap: not even Sir Watkin, nor Russell, nor Meynell of old, could have been more jealous for the fair life of a fox than he was for that of a wolf; his vexation, then, in discovering that foul play was practised in this, his favourite hunting-ground, burst forth at intervals for the next day or two, like the fiery eruptions of a disturbed volcano. Kledan, who suddenly dropped over the fence and joined us at this juncture, naturally aroused St. Prix’s suspicion; and bitter were the invectives he levelled at the *braconnier*’s head. He, however, stoutly



denied all knowledge of the trap ; and, to show his sincerity, at once volunteered to carry it and throw it into the deepest pit of the river below ; a proposal St. Prix derisively scoffed at, saying to the *braconnier*, ' You may do that if you please ; but you'll fish it up again ' before the sun rises to-morrow morning.'

' I never have trapped, and never tried to trap a wolf in my life,' said Kledan, fiercely ; ' but there's no knowing what I may do for ' the future, when, on my oath, you refuse to believe my word.'

St. Prix had fairly exasperated him, and, I believe, did him great injustice ; for, as I afterwards discovered, Kledan feared no man, and would speak the truth in the face of death itself. How this altercation would have terminated, it is useless now to conjecture ; but, just at the moment it bid fair to culminate into violent action between St. Prix and the *braconnier*, a peasant opportunely appeared in the field, hastening towards us, and bearing by his manner some tidings of import to some of the party. He walked straight up to the Louvetier, and, lifting his hat respectfully, intreated his immediate help at Trefranc. ' For,' said he, ' the wolves are eating us up there ; ' two days ago they killed my cow by daylight ; and last evening they ' seized my horse by the gullet, and would have killed him in half a ' minute, if I had not rushed to his rescue and scared the brutes away ; ' as it is, they have stripped his skin down from the throat to the chest. ' So pray, monsieur, don't delay.'

St. Prix at once slipped a five-franc piece into his hand, and gladdened the poor fellow's heart further by saying : ' To-morrow morning my hounds shall be at Trefranc Rocks at eight o'clock ; and if ' he prove to be the Loup-garou himself, let him look to his skin.'

## SLANG TERMS AND ORIENTAL ROOTS.

### A SEQUEL TO SLANG TERMS AND THE GIPSY TONGUE.

' Ne velut innatus trivis  
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.  
*Quem fricti cicoris probat et nucis emptor.'*

*Horace.*

IN Slang, we say of a person who exalts himself above his proper position, and of whom we have a low opinion, that he is no great shakes ; and this term is explained when we know that in Hindostanee *shaks* signifies to raise one's-self, to be borne on high. Hurra, in the same language, is a general jail delivery, and this word, being shouted in front of the prisons when the prisoners were liberated, gave rise to our word hurrah ! which is now shouted on all joyful occasions. When we say that a man is taken aback, we do not mean that he is out-manceuvred, but that he is taken speechless ; *abak*, in Hindostanee, signifies dumb. When we say that beer is hard, we do not mean exactly what we say, we really mean that it is sour ; in Hindostanee *hadd*, pronounced like our word hard, signifies acrid, sour. Shakes-

pear's commentators, following one another like a flock of sheep, explain the expression 'miching mallecho,' which Hamlet used when the players represented the poisoning of the king, by 'it means mischief;' mich, they say, means to filch, and mallecho, mischief, in the Spanish language; unfortunately, however, there are no such words as mich and mallecho in that language; nor is it likely that Hamlet would have used a phrase containing a hidden meaning, and then have translated it for the benefit of his audience. In reality, he used an Oriental phrase, which we may suppose he had learned at the University of Göttingen; and he used it not to explain but to conceal the thoughts of revenge which rankled in his bosom. He was fully aware that neither his mother nor his uncle, nor any of the courtiers, would understand the meaning of his words, which signified that death and a place of destruction awaited the foul murderer of his father: mich, in Hindostanee, is death, and mahlaka a place of destruction. When we know that in the same language janglâ is a wild musical mode, we appear to have some light thrown on the beautiful passage in which Ophelia describes the state of Hamlet's mind:—

‘ And I of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason  
Like sweet bells *jangled* out of tune and harsh.’

Ragamuffin has puzzled the lexicographers completely, and Richardson, one of the most learned of them, abandons the word as inexplicable: we think we have discovered its origin—in Hindostanee rag is a cloth in which the threads are uneven, in fact, a coarse rag, and muffis, in the same language (as we explained in a previous chapter), are mean wretches. Ragamuffins are, therefore, muffs clothed in rags. There is no necessity to refer to the father of the faithful for the origin of a Sham Abram-man, as bhram, to deceive, clearly explains the term, which signifies an impostor. Bhokas, a wizard, originated hocus; and the Gipsy word hokkany, a trick, and our word hoax, have the same paternity. A lurry is a low cart, on which goods are conveyed to and from the East and West India Docks; its original is the Hindostanee larhi, a small cart. When we fix upon bos, the act of kissing, as the original of a buss, we think we are nearer the mark than the lexicographers, who derive it from the French baiser. The word mez, a table, is evidently the original of the officers' mess. The importunity of a dun seems closely allied with the word dhun, diligence, perseverance. When a lady gets into a passion with her domestics, as the sweetest-tempered housewives sometimes do, she is said by them to be in a great pucker; and so she is, as pukar in Hindostanee signifies excitement. Dagh is a scar, and a dagger is an instrument by which wounds are inflicted. Wafâ signifies sincerity, faithfulness; and the use of a wafer is to preserve faith. A dandy is almost a term of the past: there are few such creatures in the present generation; the word signified a con-

ceited creature who placed all his wealth on his back, and swinging a malacca cane in his hand, which he styled his bamboo, strutted up and down Bond Street ; in Hindostanee, a dandi is a mendicant who brandishes a cane. Lather, ' the foam of soapy water,' which enables the skilful barber to mow—

' The fiercest stubble from the bearded chin  
Without abrasion to the finest skin,'

has sadly puzzled the learned ; and their guesses at its etymology are very remote from the truth ; it is from the Hindostanee lathernā, to besmear. Whilst we are upon this saponaceous subject, it may be as well to mention that sūda signifies ' things dissolved,' and has clearly originated soap-suds. Vahdo, in Gipsy, is a cart ; in Sanscrit, vah is to drive, to carry : the Latin veho, and English vehicle, and similar words in French and Italian, are clearly from the same root. The word shikar, a hunter, reminds us forcibly of the Old Shekarry, whose hunting exploits in jungle and on prairie have so often delighted the readers of ' Baily.' We apply chit as a term of endearment to a little girl, and we could not use a prettier word ; chitti is the young of the elegant little bird the averduvat. We think there must be some connection between the words chattā, a schoolboy, and chattering ; if chattā had meant a schoolgirl we should have had no doubt on the subject. We are inclined to believe that our vulgar word a louse is derived from the Hindostanee laus, impurity, defilement. The Slang term grabh, to seize, is a pure Sanscrit word. Farsh, in Hindostanee, signifies spreading carpets, which is a ceremony of great importance among the Hindoos, as each guest when he enters a room has a carpet spread for him. The Europeans looked upon it as a troublesome formality, and applied the term farsh or fash to anything that was vexatious. Chirk signifies dirt, both in Hindostanee and Persian ; and in English he who shirks a bargain is guilty of a dirty trick. Chaft, in Hindostanee, is a prop, and the English word shaft is, no doubt, the same word slightly altered. Chikhuran is a weed ; our word chickweed would seem to have the same origin. We are not very remote from the derivation of to chew when we arrive at chau, the back tooth. Bhar, a lighter, has no doubt the same origin as a barge. Hakh, wages, explains hackney, a horse let out to hire. Bicker, in English, is to quarrel ; bigar, having the same meaning in Hindostanee, is nearer than the derivations usually suggested. The Gipsy word bokro, a sheep, and the Hindostanee bok, a he-goat, are very nearly allied with our buck. We give the name of honeymoon to the first month after marriage. The Hindoos call a place set apart for the reception of bride and bridegroom madha, honey-room. Madhu is their name for honey ; and our word mead (a preparation from honey) is from the same root. Garb, in Hindostanee, is vanity, pride. We give that name to the material substance in which these qualities clothe themselves. On board ship, to keep a tally is to keep an account. In Hindostanee tālika signifies an inventory. Menage derives our word to tan (to imbrown the skin), from casta-

neus, a chesnut—the first syllable being dropped. We think it is much more probable that it is from *tana*, to heat. Richardson can suggest no better origin for *tar* than the poetical one, that it is the tear of a tree. In Hindostanee and Sanscrit, *taru* is a tree, and we are disposed to believe, though our supposition is prosaic, that the name for a tree has been applied to one of its products. In Hindostanee, *jibh-i* is a bit (the portion of a bridle which enters the mouth of a horse); and in Slang, a *jibber* is a horse that will not face the bit. *Jumla*, the aggregate, is evidently at the root of a jumble. In Sanscrit, *svap* is sleep, whence the Latin *sopio*, I sleep, and our word *sop*, something which induces sleep. We have always considered the expression ‘to be cast in damages,’ as applied to losing a law-suit, to be a very curious expression. It is, in fact, a pleonasm, as the word *cast* in Hindostanee signifies damages, and it has no doubt found its way from the Indian law-courts to our own. We have scarcely patience to give the learned lexicographer’s explanation of *to bask*: ‘Perhaps,’ says Skinner, ‘from the verb to bake,’ and Richardson gives the sanction of his authority to the stupid conjecture. *To bask* is literally to sun one’s self, as *bhaskar* is an Hindostanee word for the sun.

*Sup* and *soup* (that which is supped) come from the Sanscrit *supa*, through the medium of the Anglo-Saxon. *Tankā* in Hindostanee signifies a tub made of stones; we make our tanks of iron, wood, or stone, whichever material may be most handy. *Gizzard*, the receptacle in which birds grind their food to prepare it for digestion, is a puzzle to the etymologists. We are inclined to believe that it is from the Hindostanee word *ghiza*, which signifies food, nourishment; the receptacle being named from the material which it receives; we are strengthened in this opinion by the fact that the domestic fowl, as well as the pheasant, came to us originally from India. The Slang term *to blab*, to let out secrets, is from the Hindostanee *ba-lab*, which signifies ‘on the lip;’ *labium*, the Latin word for a lip, is no doubt from the same root as the Hindostanee word *lab*, a lip. Our nursery words *babe* and *baby* have a strong affinity with the Hindostanee word *babu*, a child. In the Gipsy tongue, *pal* is a brother; in Slang, *pal* is a friend, a companion. *Mull* is wine in Hindostanee and Gipsy; and *mol* has the same signification in Persian; we call wine mulled when it is boiled, and no doubt spoiled, in the opinion of wine-bibbers, and hence arose the Slang term ‘to make a mull of it.’ We shall understand why a man is said to be boozy when he is intoxicated, if we call to mind that in Hindostanee *boza* signifies beer. In the absence of a better explanation of the origin of the word *ape*, we are inclined to think that it may be derived from the Sanscrit *āpās*, signifying activity. We should not be surprised to learn that we are indebted to the same language for a farthing *dip*, a miserable species of candle; but we are uncertain whether we should give the preference to the word *dîp*, to light, or *dipa*, a lamp, as its root.

There are many Oriental words in common use amongst us which

cannot be regarded as Slang terms, although some of them belonged originally to that category. The Anglo-Indian nabob calls not for his slippers and pipe, but for his *paposhes* and *hookah*, and smokes whilst his attendant fans him with a *punkah*; his wife shows him the *shawl*, *chintz*, *amber*, and *saffron* which she has bought in the *bazaar*; she sits down at his feet on a *hassock* whilst she melts the *candy* in his *sherbet*. The words which we have italicised are now household words in England, and are as well understood in Belgravia as in Calcutta; many of them are exactly the same as in Hindostanee, and the rest are but very slightly altered. J. C. M. H.

### HINTS ON SHORE-SHOOTING.\*

THERE must be few men fond of the gun who do not enjoy an occasional day upon the coast shooting plovers and sandpipers, or stalking the wary curlew over the ooze and sea-wrack. Sport of this kind furnishes so complete a change after the monotony of a month's partridge shooting, or a series of pheasant 'battues,' that we can only imagine a man to be deterred from it through ignorance of the charm which it possesses.

To those who would learn something of the sport—where to go, and how to go to work, we can cordially recommend the book now before us. The author evidently writes from his own experience, and endeavours to supply for others the wants which he has doubtless felt himself. The names and distinguishing marks of all the British shore-birds are concisely given; and whether a man shoots a plover, a sandpiper, a godwit, or a curlew, he has only to turn to Mr. Harting's little book to discover its proper name, and something about its food, habits, and changes of plumage. Not the least useful chapter in the book is that which is devoted to hints upon skinning and preserving birds. The want of a knowledge of taxidermy has frequently prevented sportsmen from keeping many a beautiful bird which they would have been glad to preserve, and Mr. Harting's practical hints on this subject may be read by such persons with advantage. The size of the volume is so convenient and portable that we shall be deceived if sportsmen and naturalists do not find it a useful form of pocket-book in their excursions to the coast.

\* 'Hints on Shore-shooting; with a chapter on Skinning and Preserving Birds.' By J. E. Harting, F.L.S., F.Z.S. Post 8vo. London: J. Van Voorst, 1871.

## CRICKET.—THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

WE publish this month the Cricket Averages of the great schools, those of the Charterhouse eleven being alone absent from the list. Commencing with Eton, we find that five of the 1870 eleven played this year for their school—namely, Messrs. Longman, Tabor, Cammell, Tollemache, and Ridley. Mr. Longman, who made an excellent captain, has increased his batting average from  $25\frac{1}{2}$  to nearly 28; and Mr. Ridley has made a still more striking advance from  $11\frac{1}{2}$  to 27. Mr. Cammell is nearly stationary; and Mr. Tabor's average, though still highly respectable, has slightly declined. In bowling, also, Mr. Ridley has made as signal improvement as in batting. Last year he was rather expensive, each wicket costing 16 runs; but this year he has got his wickets at an average of little more than 9 runs per wicket. Mr. Tollemache, whose services have not been so frequently required this season, has, nevertheless, materially improved his bowling average; and Mr. Cammell's stands at precisely the same figure as last year. Of the new members of the eleven, Messrs. Bruce and R. Lyttelton have rendered efficient aid in batting, and Mr. Bovill has been a tower of strength in the bowling department. Mr. Buckland, also, has been very useful as a bowler. Altogether, the Eton eleven of 1871, though in no way exceptionally excellent, were fully up to the mark; they were fortunate also in having to meet, in the great match of the season, the weakest team perhaps ever sent out by Harrow.

## THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

(NAMES.)	Innings.	Runs.	Times not out.	Most in a Match.	Average.*
G. H. Longman . . . . .	16	446	0	100	27.14
A. S. Tabor . . . . .	17	310	0	47	18.4
G. H. Cammell . . . . .	14	192	3	46*	13.12
M. A. Tollemache . . . . .	13	120	0	24	9.3
A. W. Ridley . . . . .	15	416	2	117	27.11
E. O. H. Wilkinson . . . . .	13	122	4	35	9.5
Hon. F. Bruce . . . . .	12	185	1	38	15.5
A. G. Bovill . . . . .	14	161	2	39*	11.7
C. N. Miles . . . . .	15	218	2	41*	14.8
Hon. R. Lyttelton . . . . .	16	265	2	71*	16.9
F. M. Buckland . . . . .	14	54	2	10	3.12

\* Not out.

## THE ETON ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maiden Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Runs for each Wicket.	Over.
A. W. Ridley . .	1047	70	381	42	0	9	3
A. G. Bovill . .	1403	83	338	31	16	10	28
M. A. Tollemache	275	34	91	13	6	7	0
F. M. Buckland .	478	62	249	29	0	8	17
C. N. Miles . .	170	13	62	5	1	12	2
G. H. Cammell .	136	13	55	5	0	11	0

Harrow was unlucky enough to have only two old players, Messrs. Baily and Macan, in the eleven, and neither of them was as good this year as last; Mr. Baily seemed to have lost his hitting, and Mr. Macan's bowling was twice as expensive as last year, the average of runs got off him for each wicket increasing from 7 to 14. Of the new men, Messrs. Hadow, Crawford, and Leaf did the most of the batting, and obtained—as will be seen—good averages. But the eleven were lamentably weak all through, and showed a deplorable timidity in batting, which of itself was quite sufficient to account for their hollow defeat by Eton. Let us hope that another year bolder counsels may prevail, and that the Harrow advisers may impress on the minds of their charges the maxim that, though it is a good thing to play the ball, to hit it, and that right hard, is a better.

## THE HARROW SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Number of Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Times not out.	Average.
A. A. Hadow . . . . .	10	13	151	34	54	6	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. E. W. Crawford . . . .	10	14	282	72	72	0	20 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. Leaf . . . . .	10	13	154	32	37	4	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
G. Macan . . . . .	10	13	166	33	35	0	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. J. Mitchell . . . . .	7	9	84	34*	47	2	12
E. P. Baily . . . . .	9	14	150	26	50	1	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. Blacket . . . . .	10	15	165	38	38	0	11
H. Carlisle . . . . .	10	13	125	32	32	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
C. G. O. Bridgeman . . . .	10	13	63	25	25	2	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. C. Welch . . . . .	6	7	24	12	12	2	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. A. Stuart . . . . .	7	8	87	12	19	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$

\* Not out.

## THE HARROW SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Balls.	Maiden Overs.	Runs.	Wides.	No Balls.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Wicket.
G. Macan . . . . .	1110	76	443	1	0	30	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. A. Hadow . . . . .	787	54	358	2	0	17	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
E. A. Stuart . . . . .	456	29	193	1	0	11	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. E. W. Crawford . . . .	243	11	103	0	0	8	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. C. Welch . . . . .	223	23	72	3	0	4	18
C. G. O. Bridgeman . . . .	177	12	82	0	0	7	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. Blacket . . . . .	45	2	18	0	0	4	4 $\frac{1}{2}$

At Rugby the old players were Messrs. Curry, Ashwell, and Nash; but, both in bowling and in batting, the new men have done the real work of the season, Messrs. Jeffery, Francis, and Bulpett being the leading bowlers, and the first-named gentleman and Messrs. Arbuthnot and Taylor conspicuous as batsmen. Mr. Jeffery, also, has made his *debut* this season for his county, Sussex, and so success-

fully as to get into three figures at his first batting essay. He is a fine clean hitter, and a good field, and bids fair to be of great use to Sussex, in which county some fresh amateur talent is urgently needed.

## FOREIGN BATTING AVERAGES OF THE RUGBY ELEVEN.

NAME.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average per Innings.	Over.	Times not out.	Least in a Match.
E. L. Curry .	15	23	237	42*	42*	11	6	2	2
A. T. Ashwell	10	14	174	55	66	12	6	0	1
E. H. Nash .	15	23	268	29	40	11	15	0	0
G. E. Jeffery .	13	21	377	54	77	17	20	0	2
J. W. Neston .	15	23	248	36	36	10	18	0	6
R. Arbutnot .	14	21	322	78*	78*	18	16	4	0
A. S. Francis .	11	17	126	42	48	9	0	3	0
C. W. Bulpett .	13	19	81	11	16	6	9	7	0
E. J. Taylor .	11	15	175	31	34	12	7	1	2
E. M. Micholls	14	21	170	23*	27	10	0	4	0
C. W. Crosse .	10	14	120	38*	38*	10	0	2	0

\* Not out.

## BATTING AVERAGES OF THE RUGBY ELEVEN.

NAME.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average per Innings.	Over.	Times not out.	Least in a Match.
E. L. Curry .	17	25	298	42*	42*	11	23	2	2
A. T. Ashwell	11	16	204	55	66	12	12	0	1
E. H. Nash .	17	27	337	39	48	12	13	0	0
G. E. Jeffery .	14	23	384	54	77	16	16	0	2
J. W. Neston .	17	26	307	48	48	11	21	0	6
R. Arbutnot .	15	19	355	78*	78*	18	13	4	0
A. S. Francis .	13	18	157	42*	48*	8	13	3	0
C. W. Bulpett .	14	21	84	11	16	6	0	7	0
E. J. Taylor .	13	18	267	41	81	14	15	1	2
E. M. Micholls	16	20	216	39*	42	10	16	5	0
C. W. Crosse .	12	15	162	38*	38*	10	12	3	

\* Not out.

## BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE RUGBY ELEVEN.

NAME.	Innings.	Balls.	Over.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs off each Over.	Over.	Runs for each Wicket.	Over.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average per Innings.	Over.
E. L. Curry .	16	932	233	385	60	35	1	152	11	0	59	0	2	3
G. E. Jeffery .	15	1500	375	588	118	50	1	213	11	38	1	2	3	5
A. S. Francis .	15	1236	309	510	106	32	1	201	15	30	6	0	2	2
C. W. Bulpett .	18	1396	349	584	116	58	1	235	10	4	5	0	3	4



Westminster retained no fewer than six old players, Messrs. Stephenson, Vidal, Jackson, W. Rawson, Northcote, and C. Noyes. Mr. Vidal is once again quite at the top of the tree, both in batting and bowling; his batting average is the same as last year (17), and his bowling has been only a trifle more expensive: he got his wickets for something over 6 runs each last year, and for something over 7 this. Mr. Northcote has increased his batting average from 4 to 16—an excellent advance—and his bowling average (and, to save trouble, we may say, once for all, that by bowling average we mean the number of runs for which each wicket falls) has improved from 9 to 7. As a bowler, he has pressed hard on the heels of Mr. Vidal; and it is worthy of note that, while Mr. Vidal has bowled no fewer than 22 wides in the season, Mr. Northcote has not bowled one. There are some creditable batting averages attached to the names of two or three of the new players, but Messrs. Vidal and Northcote have quite monopolised the bowling department.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
R. W. S. Vidal . . . . .	14	21	2	323	59	17'0
A. E. Northcote . . . . .	14	19	3	261	68*	16'5
W. S. Rawson . . . . .	11	16	1	235	41	15'10
F. Noyes . . . . .	9	13	3	142	35*	14'2
C. P. M'Keand . . . . .	10	15	2	181	81	13'12
H. S. Jackson . . . . .	14	19	3	201	38	12'9
C. W. Stephenson . . . . .	9	9	2*	85	29	12'1
W. S. Trollope . . . . .	7	10	3	84	34	12'0
F. G. Randolph . . . . .	13	19	1	193	38	10'13
C. Noyes . . . . .	13	18	0	135	23	7'9
J. F. Reece . . . . .	5	4	1	23	9	7'2
C. J. Boden . . . . .	6	5	1	25	10	6'1

\* Not out.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maiden Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Runs per Wicket.
R. W. S. Vidal . . . . .	1345	67	614	83	22	7'33
A. E. Northcote . . . . .	1039	41	374	48	0	7'38
W. S. Trollope . . . . .	555	15	283	11	0	25'8
C. P. M'Keand . . . . .	337	14	134	10	4	13'4
H. S. Jackson . . . . .	90	5	26	3	1	8'2
W. S. Rawson . . . . .	250	7	118	7	2	17'1

At Winchester there were five out of the old eleven, Messrs. Moyle and Raynor, the best pair of school bowlers in the kingdom, and Messrs. Bridges, Merewether, and Twemlow. For the third

year the College had the services of those fine bowlers, Messrs. Moyle and Raynor, and to their exertions is due the victory of Winchester over Eton this year. There is no very great batting strength at Winchester, but the bowling has been so good of late that the eleven are formidable antagonists anywhere. As last year, Messrs. Moyle and Raynor bowled all through the season, and improved their averages from 10 and a fraction to 6 and 7 respectively. Of the new men, Messrs. Dixon (the captain for 1872), Briggs—the highest batting average of the year—and Todd, have distinguished themselves in batting.

## THE WINCHESTER COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Runs.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
J. B. Moyle (Captain) . . . .	9	53	3	25	7·4
J. H. Bridges . . . . .	11	151	3	27	16·7
G. S. Raynor . . . . .	12	180	1	56	16·4
E. R. Dixon . . . . .	9	130	1	48	16·3
R. Briggs . . . . .	11	194	1	37*	19·4
F. R. Twemlow . . . . .	10	86	0	31	8·6
W. A. S. Merewether . . . .	11	109	2	22	12·1
A. A. Rawlinson . . . . .	7	53	2	21*	10·3
J. D. Todd . . . . .	8	102	2	67*	17·0
J. Shuter . . . . .	11	124	1	23	12·4
F. S. Hewson . . . . .	6	42	1	14	8·2
S. C. Collin . . . . .	4	24	0	12	6·0

\* Not out.

## THE WINCHESTER COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.	Runs for each Wicket.
G. S. Raynor . .	12	1017	111	342	57	1	2	6
J. B. Moyle . .	12	1019	94	415	52	7	0	7·51
R. Briggs . . .	5	151	19	34	10	2	0	3·4

At Marlborough, Messrs. Faber, Prothero, and Leach represented the old members of the eleven; and perhaps the most remarkable feature of the school cricket of 1871 is the extraordinary advance of Mr. Leach's batting average from 9 and a fraction in 1870 to 34 and over in 1871. Among his scores—and against good elevens, too—for this season are found such figures as 106 (not out), 91, 77, 76, 55 (not out); and his aggregate of runs is no less than 732. One of the new importations into the eleven, however, Mr. Richardson, has the honour of being the largest aggregate scorer of the year, having amassed 866 runs, with an average of 33 and a fraction. No other batsman comes near these figures of Mr. Leach and Mr. Richardson; but there are some noticeable averages, such as Mr. Owen's (21). Mr. Gay's (18 $\frac{3}{4}$ ), and three other batsmen with 17 or thereabouts

each. All through the eleven, in fact, there is evidence of unusual batting powers, and the remarks with which we have been favoured from the captain of the eleven confirm this impression. The bowling averages have unfortunately not been forwarded.

#### THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Runs.	Innings.	Not out.	Most in a Match.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
G. D. Faber . . . . .	201	22	3	29*	29*	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. E. Prothero . . . . .	268	15	0	58	43	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. C. Leach . . . . .	732	23	2	106*	106*	34 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. T. Richardson . . . . .	866	29	3	158	129*	33 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. H. Senior . . . . .	329	20	1	116	81	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. W. Pulman . . . . .	408	29	5	82	82	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
S. Morse . . . . .	390	21	2	52	52	15
W. S. Owen . . . . .	357	21	4	61	61	21
W. Gay . . . . .	357	22	3	55	55	18 $\frac{1}{2}$
S. D. Smith . . . . .	114	23	9	24*	21*	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. H. Milton . . . . .	283	23	2	51	51	13 $\frac{1}{2}$

\* Not out.

The average bat for the first half was gained by R. C. Leach. Average 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ .  
For the second half by R. T. Richardson. Average 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING ANALYSIS.

NAMES.	Innings bowled in.	Balls.	Overs.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs per over.	Runs per Wicket.	Wickets per Innings.	No Balls or Wides.
G. D. Faber . . . . .	11	1143	254	510	97	40	2'2	12'37	3'7	7
R. E. Prothero . . . . .	11	808	179	437	56	25	2'79	17'15	2'3	3
R. C. Leach . . . . .	11	723	160	408	28	32	2'88	13'3	2'10	11
W. S. Owen . . . . .	17	1060	235	466	68	19	1'231	24	1'2	0
S. D. Smith . . . . .	22	1575	350	692	116	29	1'342	24'6	1'7	10

#### REMARKS ON THE ELEVEN.

- G. D. Faber* (10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). Captain for 1871. Has been an energetic and excellent captain. Is a straight and sometimes difficult medium-pace round-arm bowler. As a bat has a very strong defence, but should hit much more. A quick field and sure catch. Has left.
- R. E. Prothero* (17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). A medium-pace right-arm bowler; straight, and often hard to play. An exceedingly useful bat, always making runs when wanted. A safe catch. Has left.
- R. C. Leach* (34 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). Plays in perfect style. Nervous at first, but a dangerous bat, and hard hitter when well in. A fine lob-bowler. An improving field. Has left.
- R. T. Richardson* (33 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). Possesses wonderful powers of defence, which have often procured him long scores. Plays in pretty style, and can hit well. A capital long-stop. Has left.

- J. H. Senior* (17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). A dashing bat. Careless at first, with not sufficient regard for defence, but hits hard and well if allowed to stay in. A good field and fine catch. Has left.
- W. W. Pulman* (17). Combines a good defence with hard hitting. Has scarcely done himself justice as a bat. An improving wicket-keep. Has left.
- S. Morse* (15). Has a nice style, with a good off-drive. Must learn to vary his play, and take more pains with slow bowling. A quick field.
- W. S. Owen* (21). A useful all-round cricketer. Invariably makes runs. A serviceable slow round-arm bowler. Active in the field, but seldom to be depended upon as a catch. Has left.
- W. Gay* (18 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). A useful bat and hard all-round hitter, but must learn to play straighter. A good field.
- S. D. Smith* (8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). A steady medium-paced right-arm bowler, with a pretty delivery; must try to pitch his balls further up. An improving bat. A safe catch.
- W. H. Milton* (13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ). A brilliant field, and throws in beautifully. Wants more confidence as a bat.

The Cheltenham averages do credit to that famous cricketing school, though there are no figures so high as those of Mr. Leach and Mr. Richardson, nor does any Cheltonian approach those two gentlemen in the aggregate of runs obtained. Messrs. Borrowes, Browne, Francis, Collins, and Mallam, were the old players of the eleven, and the first four of these largely increased their batting averages of last year. Mr. Borrowes rose from 11 to 22, Mr. Browne from 9 to 24, Mr. Francis from 8 to 24, and Mr. Collins from 17 to 22. In bowling, also, Mr. Browne and Mr. Mallam improved their averages from 17 and 16 to 8 and 11, respectively; and even Mr. Collins's extraordinary bowling average of 29 for 1870 was this year changed for the better, to 15. Of the new men Mr. Watts has a good batting average of 21, and appears to have bowled a good deal, though somewhat expensively. The remarks of the captain will, however, give a far better idea of the merits of the Cheltenham eleven than anything we can say.

## THE CHELTENHAM BATTING AVERAGES.

(Only in Foreign Matches.)

Names.	Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Most in a Match.	Runs.	Average.
K. Borrowes . . . . .	26	0	116	116	580	22'8
E. Browne . . . . .	23	2	100	100	568	24'16
F. W. Francis . . . . .	12	0	82	82	289	24'1
W. Collins . . . . .	13	1	71	74	298	22'12
G. K. Watts . . . . .	25	0	68	71	535	21'10
E. Young . . . . .	16	3	52	62	286	17'14
H. Tremeneere . . . . .	17	3	48	48	269	15'14
L. Steele . . . . .	20	1	77	77	262	13'2
W. Matteson . . . . .	16	2	41	41	132	8'4
T. Mallam . . . . .	16	2	50	50	131	8'3
F. Mellor . . . . .	19	5	17	22	148	7'15
*G. Garnett . . . . .	13	0	63	63	194	14'12

\* Got his colours towards the end of the season.

## THE CHELTENHAM BOWLING AVERAGES.

(Only in Foreign Matches.)

NAME.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wides.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.
E. Browne . . . . .	1426	583	127	7	68	8.39
E. Young . . . . .	79	345	86	0	32	10.25
T. W. Mallam . . . . .	338	191	15	0	17	11.4
H. Tremenheere . . . . .	280	158	23	0	12	13.2
W. E. Collins . . . . .	181	108	11	2	7	15.3
G. K. Watts . . . . .	920	426	69	0	26	16.10
F. W. Francis . . . . .	723	328	54	5	16	20.8

## REMARKS ON THE ELEVEN.

- W. O. Matteson* (8.4). Early in the season promised to be a good field and a very powerful bat, but fell off unaccountably in both departments. Has cricket in him, and will no doubt come on again.
- L. L. Steele* (13.2). A neat bat, and improved a good deal latterly: wants a little more power and freedom in hitting. A very fair field.
- E. Young* (17.14). A good all-round man, with strong defence and good punishing powers when not too lazy to use them. A very fair, slow, sound bowler, but too careless. A very good field, especially at point. Good as he is, he might be much better in every point of the game.
- H. Tremenheere* (15.14). Promises to be a very fine hitter, and has some defence; inclined to be nervous at first. A really good field out far, though a little slow, and a safe catch. As a change bowler, has got wickets when wanted, but needs much practice.
- G. Garnett* (14.12). Got his colours towards the end of the season, but played in nearly all the principal matches. A very useful bat, with strong defence; a little stiff in hitting, but improved latterly in this and also in his fielding. Might bowl with care and practice.
- E. Browne* (24.16). A very dangerous man, hitting very hard to all parts of the field, though not always in correct form; is a very capital judge of a run. In bowling uses his head, and has a fair command of the ball; hence his success. As a field, quite first-class far out or near in.
- F. W. Francis* (24.1). On his day a dangerous bat, driving both 'on' and 'off' very well, but uncertain, disappointed us sadly in bowling, having lost all his former straightness and spin. A good field away from the wickets. Has left. Was unable to play either against Marlborough or in London.
- F. H. Mellor* (7.15). A good and sure long-leg, but a little slow in his return. Bats in good form, but never comes off. Ought to be good next year.

*G. K. Watts* (21·10). 'A very correct, sound bat, but a little wanting in hit; apt to play forward too much. A painstaking bowler, straight and useful on a lively ground. As a field there is plenty of room for improvement.

*K. Borrowes* (22·8). Captain, and gave general satisfaction. Much improved in his batting, having good driving powers and strong back-play; ought to practice leg-hitting more. On his day takes the wicket very well; is also very good in the field, working hard. Has left.

*W. E. Collins* (22·12). Perhaps less brilliant than last year, but more careful, consequently more useful; hits nicely all round; a very quick field, and pretty sure: occasionally took the wicket, and showed considerable promise. Useful at times as a change bowler. Has left.

*T. W. Mallam* (8·3). One of the quickest and most brilliant cover-points we ever saw, being equally ready with either hand, and having a straight and sharp return. As a bat, had some defence, especially on a slow ground, but deficient in hitting powers. Now and then was useful with his slow round hand. Has left.

In conclusion we may add, that the general results of the leading school matches—one against another, we mean—have been for 1871 as follows: Eton beat Harrow in a common canter; but Winchester, despite weak batting, beat Eton by eight runs. Marlborough beat both Rugby and Cheltenham; and Westminster beat Charterhouse by twenty-two runs. Looking carefully at the year's cricket we may venture to pronounce our opinion, that Winchester is entitled to the first place among the great schools for bowling, and Marlborough for batting; and that in both departments of the game Eton is a good second. To each and to all we wish a successful season in 1872.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—November Notes.

IN the 'good time' that we used to hear about a few years ago as always 'coming,' we forget if an act of the Legislature prohibiting racing in November was one of the blessings that the Music Hall singer of the period promised his applauding audiences; but if it was not included in the list it ought to have been. The month began with it at Worcester, and the frost put an abrupt termination to the sport at Warwick, just as the esteemed Mr. Samuel Merry was going to whip creation, including two or three brother C.C.'s; and the last act of the racing drama was about to conclude with extraordinary splendour. A harassing month, November, particularly to lessees and race committees, keeping them in perpetual dread of what it is going to do. Water was the enemy that threatened Worcester, where the unruly Severn looked as if it was going to flood Pitchcroft, and kept the excellent Committee on the tenterhooks of anxiety for twenty-four hours, while aggravating telegrams were said to have been received from Shrewsbury, stating that the river had risen fifteen inches

that morning, and consequently would be upon us at Worcester about the time the saddling-bell rang for the first race.

Aintree never much harasses Mr. Topham, however much it may do the unfortunate frequenters, who, alternately rained, hailed, and blown upon, enjoyed themselves very much during the six cruel days that that enterprising lessee exposed them to the mercy of the elements. Mr. Frail either squares his brother clerk of the weather, or defies him with tons of hay and straw, with iron rollers, and all other offensive and defensive weapons; and Mr. Merry, with supreme indifference, 'chances it,' and, having got us to Warwick, trusts to fate to get to the Winding Up Handicap without let or hindrance. The Fates were hostile, however, this year, and it looked as if the elements decidedly agreed with the Jockey Club, and were determined to do all in their power to put a stop to late racing. So Mr. Frail, in the battle with his clever opponent, got the best of it in every way, as we ventured a twelvemonth since in these columns to prophesy he would do; and when the Great Shropshire Handicap, with its good field of twenty runners, was decided, we might be said to have bid adieu to the season of 1871.

A rather awful season, too, it has been, alike disastrous and bewildering. No backers of our acquaintance have realized that fortune which the clever and unselfish gentlemen who date their communications from unpretentious abodes in the back alums of London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield, offer for their acceptance at the cost of such a small outlay; while all of us have had to eat much dirt, and swallow opinions diametrically opposed to those which we boldly announced in the spring and summer. No new stars have risen on our Turf horizon; but we have to regret the loss of one or two old ones that could be badly spared. From the time when Vulcan and Veranda ran their dead-heat at Lincoln, and the old horse commenced those extraordinary series of performances that were to be among the chief surprises of the year (two of the most extraordinary being, to our thinking, those one day in the Craven, when he won carrying 10 st. 2 lb. A. F., and an hour afterwards won a Plate, also carrying top weight, over the T.Y.C.), down to the time when Sterling showed himself to be about one of the fastest horses, over his own distance, probably ever foaled,—the luck may be said to have been pretty well all one way. Perhaps it would not be a very difficult task to prove that it always was, and that we go like sheep to the slaughter year after year, always waiting for that good time looming in the future, that continues to loom there, and never, alas! comes to the front. But we are not about to write a retrospect of the season; our task is with the doings of the last month.

Before, however, we get to the winding-up fortnight in the north-western district, we have some few words to say about Worcester Autumn gathering, where a capital three days' programme was got through; nor must we entirely omit mention of Lincoln and Chelmsford. At Worcester, Mr. G. F. Bentley's stable was successful in the first and last race on the opening day, and also carried off the Consolation Plate, the last event of the meeting. On the first day the racing calls for few comments now; but the locals turned out in great force, and appeared thoroughly to enjoy the sport, although the weather was not very propitious. On Wednesday brighter skies, and a couple of steeplechases induced a larger attendance. The flat races, of which there were four, caused none but passing interest; but the first steeplechase, the Severn Bank, gave rise to an objection and a little ill-feeling. There were five runners, all ridden by gentlemen, except Mr. Studd's *The Spy*, who was entrusted to the care of George Waddington; the Marquis of Queensberry and Captain

Herbert rode their own horses, Defence and Blue Beard, Mr. Crawshaw steered Hastings, and Mr. Thomas bestrode an unnamed steed. The race was run at a slow pace at first; and shortly after starting Mr. Thomas's mount came to grief, and Blue Beard refused; but they were both righted, and followed on in pursuit, but had nothing to do with the finish. After waiting for more than half the journey, The Spy took up the running, and won in a canter. At the scale the Marquis of Queensberry, who was third, objected to the first and second—in fact, to all of his opponents—on the ground that they had gone the wrong course; the matter was thereupon investigated by Lord Coventry, who proceeded to the spot where the horses were said to have gone wrong; and his decision was that Defence alone had traversed the proper course, whereupon all the others were duly declared distanced. This was the only drawback; and as there is some doubt as to whether the flags were properly placed when the riders were shown over the course in the morning, it is to be hoped that the promoters of steeplechase meetings will hereby take a lesson, and be more particular about that most important part, the flagging out of the course. The Free Handicap Steeplechase was won by Rose Young, a novice at the business, who made up a lot of ground just at the end, when she appeared almost out of it, and caught Corsair on the post, and won, to the astonishment of everybody, by a head. The Grand Annual Steeplechase was the chief dish in Thursday's bill of fare, little if any interest, further than that of the moment, being attached to any of the other races. Among the nine runners for the Grand Annual were Fervacques, the winner of the Grand Prize of Paris, in 1867; Aurifera, who gave weight and a beating to nearly thirty opponents in the Cork Park Plate of 500*l.*, last spring; The Spy, the disqualified winner of the previous day; Charleville, Wamba, Hippolyte, Black Prince, Helice, and Corsair,—and, strange to say, they all found backers. The Spy, who was favourite, made the running from start to finish, and all of his opponents, except Wamba and Aurifera, having cried enough long before home was reached, he shook them off and won easily, recompensing Mr. Studd in some way for his previous disappointment. The energetic Committee who conduct the meeting must not be forgotten, whose only aim is to provide good sport, and to command that success which they so richly deserve. It would be well for the best interests of the Turf if many other meetings we could name were carried out on the same liberal principles. There was plenty of sport at Lincoln, where a new race, the Great Tom Stakes, with 300*l.* added, was the chief feature in the first day's programme. Thesaurus, who was made favourite by the public for the October Handicap at Newmarket to such a tune that his owner was forestalled and scratched him, was backed against his eight opponents, Oxonian being the only one from whom danger was feared; First Foot and Marmora, however, proved most formidable in the race, but the favourite made the running and won all the way. The colt by Lacydes out of Fiction won the Blankney Nursery Stakes, and was bought by Captain Machell, who christened him Fib, and for whom he won the Innkeepers' Selling Stakes on the following day, when he again changed hands; and the results of the other races, with the exception of the Lincoln Autumn Handicap, for which the field dwindled down to three, and in which Verdure gave Thesaurus 10 lb., and the wretched Marmora nearly two stone, and beat them both easily, need trouble us now no more. There was less Sabbath-breaking than on the eve of a Newmarket Cambridgeshire Meeting on the day before Mr. Topham's great carnival on the banks of the Mersey commenced; and the maritime metropolis of the world was pretty nearly as dreary a place to a



stranger in the land as any other large town is on a Sunday. Somehow or other we have lived through the ordeal, but what manner of stuff racing men are made of is a mystery; in the name, however, of common sense, propriety, nay, even of business itself, let us protest against racing every day in the week, leaving only Sunday to travel on. To say nothing of the wrong of Sunday travelling, bookmakers and backers, trainers, owners, and all the various orders of men who make up the racing world, have homes like other mortals, where they prefer to spend their day of rest; while in a business point of view, racing on Mondays prevents a proper settlement of the previous week's accounts, or at any rate causes excuses to be made for engagements not being met. Next year let us hope that Admiral Rous' motion abolishing Monday racing will be carried, and then it will be a pleasure and not a pain to attend Mr. Topham's meeting. The above objections to meetings commencing on Monday was the chief cause of the beggarly array of empty seats in the balcony of the Grand Stand, and of the small attendance both inside and outside the enclosure on the opening day; for the weather, though bitterly cold, was bright and fine, and a well-filled card promised abundance of sport, which, however, was not fulfilled; and selling races being the chief order of the day, very little need be said on the subject. Tabernacle opened the ball, and commenced a series of victories by walking off with the Trial Stakes, which he won easily, and was sold to Captain Machell for 230 ga., and he proved to be a rare bargain before the week had grown much older. The Selling Nursery Handicap was won cleverly by Whip, and Oro was again backed for the Welter Cup, but was beaten easily by Bête Rouge. Miss Laura beat four others in the Monday Stakes; Cinderella, the worst favourite of all, defeated eight others for the Lancashire Hurdle Handicap; the filly by Glenmasson out of Bellona, and the sister to Rodomante, each won a minor race; and the last and most important race of the day was for the November Flying Handicap, for which St. Vincent had slightly the call, to which, on his Doncaster running, he was justly entitled; he found his conqueror, however, in Blenheim, who was second favourite. In the early part of the race St. Vincent did not appear to be able to go fast enough, but he gradually overhauled all but Blenheim, who, however, was in sore trouble, and, swerving right across in front of the favourite, prevented him, in most people's opinion, from getting up. An objection was only to be expected, which was at once gone into, and the judge's decision—rather hastily, some thought—confirmed. There were many additions to the limited company of the previous day present when the bell rang for the first race on Tuesday; which Tabernacle placed to the credit of his new owner, beating Preston with ease, who, from having defeated Adonis at the last meeting at head-quarters, was backed against the field here, and six others. What a good thing Modena must have been for both Nursery Stakes at Newmarket was made more apparent than ever when she landed her 9 st. 1 lb., including 14 lb. extra, in the Knowsley Nursery Stakes. Chevreuse and Sergeant Bouncer added winning brackets to their names, and eight then weighed out for the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, for which Broadlea was favourite; and, as soon as they had settled into their places, he took the lead, which he maintained until he had got on to the race-course at the canal bridge, where he was joined by Bogue Homa, who beat him for speed on the flat, and won in a canter by twenty lengths. There were but two mishaps: Miss Banks failing to negotiate the obstacle that has so often proved fatal to Fan, when running in the same colours; and Purlbrook fell at the post and rails before reaching Valentine's Brook; it was at first feared that Marsh, who rode him, had sustained severe

injuries, but after a time, although severely shaken, it was found he had no bones broken. The Hurdle Sweepstakes was a most ridiculous affair, each of the three runners continually refusing; at last Playfair got round. Blenheim won the Stewards' Plate, and Defence, 5 yrs. (not the Worcester winner), the Huntroyde Hunters' Handicap, which brought the card to an end. The weather took a change for the worse on Wednesday, when Preston won the first race in a storm of rain, in which he beat Bruce and four others in a mile and a half spin over hurdles, and Tabernacle added another to his list of wins. A large field ran for one of those detestable three-furlong handicaps, which was won by a colt by Anglo-Saxon out of Mariana, almost the worst favourite of the fifteen starters, and Revoke won the Westmoreland Cup, after a splendid race with Lady Scarlet. Sylla came in first for the Bickerstaffe Cup, but having claimed an allowance to which, by the new rule, he was plainly not entitled, having won a race in France, he was objected to, and ultimately the race was awarded to Countryman. On Thursday the weather got worse and worse, and the sport declining in about the same ratio, the murmurs were both loud and deep. Sergeant Bouncer won a match; Cramondale, a Handicap Plate; Falconet, the Free Nursery Stakes; Classic, the Hylton Stakes; Sarcolite, the St. Leger Steeplechase; Sorceress, a Handicap Hurdle Plate; Æolus, the Thursday Stakes; Tocsin, the Downe Nursery Handicap; and the only event of any importance was the Croxteth Cup, for which eight ran, and Bothwell, who has been always going to do such wonders, but never has accomplished anything since he, by a miracle, defeated Sterling, &c., in the Two Thousand Guineas, being for the once in the humour, or at his own distance, won easily. The wet weather of Thursday was succeeded on Friday by a hurricane; the attendance was smaller than can be remembered, and no one would have supposed that one of our great Autumn Handicaps was about to be decided. With the exception of the Autumn Cup, the remainder of the races are not worth recording. Contrary to expectation, the good-sized field of eighteen ran for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, every one of whom, except Lady Henriette, was backed at the start. Owing to the extreme heaviness of the ground, the admirers of most of the top-weights began to betray their fears of the result; while, on the other hand, the chucked-in five-year old, Whinyard, who somehow or other had got in at six stone, became a better favourite every minute, leaving off decidedly the best for money. He took the lead directly after the flag fell, and squandered his opponents literally all over the course. Soon after starting, Ringwood rushed through his horses and caused a dreadful scrimmage, in which Annie Wood was knocked over, and several of the others interfered with; but the result would have been the same had it not occurred, for the winner was a long way in front when it happened. Lowe, a most promising light-weight, who was riding Annie Wood, was much shaken by the fall—in fact, at first it was thought he was killed; but he soon recovered, and was able to walk shortly afterwards. The meeting at length terminated on Saturday, when the racing was not worth staying to see. Lady Mashan won the Duchy Cup; Dunois, a Maiden Plate; Rose of Athole, the Northern Counties Handicap; Chickaleary Cove, a Hurdle Race; Lady Stately, the Saturday Stakes, and Sullie, a Handicap Plate. There was also, or rather there ought to have been, a steeplechase, for which three, Glenfalloch, John Bright, and Miss Banks, were weighed out; but the latter was found to be lame, and all the persuasive powers of 'Mr. Thomas' and Mr. Dalgleish failed to get the others over the country; and the race was therefore declared void.

Monday morning found all that was left of the racing world at Shrewsbury, whither they had been attracted by a most wonderful bill of fare issued by that energetic caterer, Mr. Frail. Nine races every day, on five successive wintry days, takes a good bit of doing, and so thought all of us; but somehow or other, in spite of the frost, in spite of the shortness of the days, in spite of Mr. Sam Merry's counter attractions at Warwick, the interest never flagged; the sport, in fact, grew better as we went on, and a most marvellous week's racing has to be recorded. An unusual sharp frost, for so early in the season, made it appear doubtful at first whether the jumping races could be brought off. The Autumn Steeplechase, set second on the card, was the most interesting feature of the programme; and, to give the sun as much time as possible, it was put off until 3 P.M., by which time the ground was pronounced to be in capital going order. Three for the first race; and two for the next, Her Majesty's Plate, was thought rather a tame beginning; but the encounter between two such mares as Agility and Verdure was better worth witnessing than all the plating business we have lately been surfeited with. Verdure was favourite; but, having nothing to make running for her, she succumbed at the distance, and was beaten after a good race by a neck. Another trio competed for the Selling Nursery Stakes, which Shifnall, the worst favourite, won easily. Blenheim was thought, on his Liverpool running, good enough to back for the Cleveland Handicap; but he was never in it, and Roedeer won by a head, beating Knutsford and seven others. The Foregate Stakes produced another tight fit, the filly by Camerino out of Emeute being only beaten by a head from Cramp; the others, Roué and Rose of Eltham, being a long way behind this pair. The Autumn Steeplechase attracted eight to the post, Moose, Fortunatus, Case Tête, Wamba, Scots Grey, John Bright, Fleuriste, and Tarantelle composing the field, a good many of which might just as well remained at home. John Bright performed very little better than he had done at Liverpool, Scots Grey was not at all in his element, as he would have preferred larger and more frequent fences, several of the others were not wound up, and the most prominent parts in the race were enacted by Wamba, who lay well up in front all through, but failed to stay home, Tarantelle, who ran away with Mr. Thomas, and made all the running until nearly home, when she was pumped out, and finally fell, fortunately without hurting her popular rider, over the last flight of hurdles; and Fleuriste, the winner, who was in reserve until grief and the pace had disposed of most of her opponents, when Rickaby brought her to the fore, and she won in a canter, much to the delight of the Duke, her owner, who had travelled all night in order to see her run. Two heads only separated the first three in the Carnival Nursery, for which nine ran, and Redlight, Kelchburne, and Hamilton came away from the others at the distance, and finished in that order almost together. Sophie scored her fourth win in six days when she won the Racing Stakes; and the Wynstay Welter Cup, won by Lady Salisbury, was the last race on the card.

It looked any odds against racing on the morrow as we left the course, but in an hour or two the wind went round to the south-west, a thaw quickly set in, and by breakfast-time next morning all traces of frost had disappeared. There were only small fields for the first few races on Tuesday; and until we got to the Column Stakes, the chief event, the racing requires no comment. Ten ran, of which Rose Blush was most fancied, but the race from the distance was confined to Westley and Border Knight, the former of whom waited until within a furlong of home, when he joined the leaders; and Border Knight, whose first appearance this was during the season, tiring under his weight,

Jeffery landed the rose-jacket cleverly by half a length; Lord Hawke was a bad third, and the others anywhere. Fitz Ivan, who dropped from the clouds some years ago, and very nearly beat Abergeldie for the City and Suburban, upset a supposed good thing in Phœbus in the Salopian Hurdle Race, two others only running. The Tankerville Nursery Stakes was believed to be at the mercy of Niocchi, but Modena, with all her weight, was not to be denied; and although she could not quite win, she made a dead-heat of it, and in the final 'who shall' won after a fine race by a head. The other races may be passed by. On Wednesday the racing was excellent; but we need refer only to the Shrewsbury Cup, as now possessing any interest. It is a handsome piece of plate, value 300*l.*, added to a sweepstakes of 20*l.* each. Nine ran; and Mr. J. Johnstone—for what purpose it would be hard to say—declared to win with Good Hope, who had no chance at all, while his stable companion, Stanley, won in a canter from Indian Ocean; Sylva occupying the third, the same place as she did in the Cesarewitch. The conductor of 'Our Van' cannot understand why Mr. J. Johnstone should try to gull the British Public. They knew better than he, however, and backed the winner; which of course he did too. The largest field of the meeting, up to the present time, was for the Anglesey Nursery Handicap, for which eighteen weighed out; and although the course is not wide enough to start a dozen, Mr. McGeorge was quite equal to the occasion, and got them off to a capital start; Arlesienne, who made most of the running, winning after a bit of squeezing by a neck; Queen of the Chase was second, and the favourite, Traitor, third. Oxonian won the Shobden Cup; and the curtain fell on Wednesday's racing. On Thursday, the bell was set tolling at both Warwick and Shrewsbury, but the latter having had first score held its own to the end. Little Annie, splendidly ridden by Captain Harford, won the Longner Steeplechase; Fleuriste, who had to give her 2 st. 2 lb., being unable to concede the weight, and Fervacques, her only other opponent, refused early in the race, as usual. A match between two 'locals' wasted a deal of time and caused much ridicule. One horse would not jump, the rider of the other could not have enough, for, not satisfied with going the course, he took a second journey round on his own account. Everybody was glad to see Jimmy Grimshaw win the Shorts Welter Handicap on Prosper; and Jimmy's friends will learn with pleasure that he is not going to turn steeplechase rider, but that he has taken a situation as trainer to a well-known foreign nobleman. Mitcham won the Longleat Nursery; and then twenty weighed out for the Great Shropshire Handicap, to which a monkey was added. Large as was the field, there is plenty of room at the bottom of the New Mile to start any number of horses; and at the first attempt they all got off in a line except Fisherman, who was attempting to back into a neatly-arranged garden, and Queen of the May, whose jockey was amusing himself with Fisherman's eccentricities instead of minding his own business. The race was a good one from end to end, and every one was delighted to see so splendid a race between two such supporters of the National pastime as General Peel and Lord Falmouth; and more pleased still when Cleveland's number went up, and the fiat declared that he had beaten Gertrude by a head. After the decision of the great race the interest began to subside, and the other events we need not dwell upon.

There were again nine races on Friday, when we had good fields and capital sport; but a lengthened detail of each event would now be out of place. Conspirator, on each occasion ridden by Mr. W. Bevill, won the first and the last races on the flat; Mitcham was again successful; Taymouth won the

Enville Nursery Plate ; Thesaurus, the Newport Cup ; Sylla, the Hawkestone Welter Cup ; Pitchfork, the Innkeepers' Plate ; and Snowden, a Hurdle Race Plate ; but the chief sensation during the afternoon was caused by Mr. S. Jacob's pair running first and second for the Wrekin Nursery Handicap, not exactly in the order in which he wished them, having declared to win with Blue Beard, whom Newhouse rode, but Loates, on Queen of the Chase, made all the running, and although Newhouse called to him to stop, he preferred winning, which he eventually did, easily, by a neck. At Warwick, Mr. Merry had very bad luck. On the first day the fields were small ; on the second the light-weights defied the starter ; and on the last, Jack Frost stepped in and stopped further proceedings altogether, and thus somewhat abruptly at last put a stop to the legitimate season of 1871.

Until the unkind enemy paid us such an early visit all was going merrily with hound and horn, cubbing had been satisfactory, and men and horses were settling down to their work. The difficulty in Mr. Tailby's country had been got over, and that most popular of masters had consented to abide in High Leicestershire. Melton was filling, and day by day new-comers were dropping in. The Duke had been doing well in the Vale ; and though snow had fallen in places as a warning, weather-wise people thought we should get through the month. But the frost, that played the mischief with Warwick Races, stopped 'the fun of the fair' for a little time, and sent many men up to town again whose faces would not have been seen at the club or in the Burlington for some time to come. Perhaps it was as well the frost came when it did, for the fences were very 'blind' in many places, and the list of disasters was already numerous. To begin with Leicestershire, we are glad to hear it is finally settled that Mr. Tailby continues to hunt the Harborough country, Colonel Lowther having claimed for the Cottesmore the remainder of the country, which Mr. Tailby had hunted for fourteen years. There was some talk of the right belonging to the Quorn to attach the Harborough country to the present Quorn, from which it has been for nineteen years separated, and hunted with greater success than under any former arrangement. On this subject we really think the laws of foxhunting require revising ; for it seems to us preposterous to question the right to a country that has been hunted for nineteen years in a manner that has given the greatest satisfaction to every one. In this case, too, it was the almost unanimous wish of every covert owner, subscriber, and tenant-farmer that their country should remain under the same management.

A large and influential meeting was held at Wiston, the seat of Sir Henry Halford, on the 15th November, when Mr. Tailby was urged to continue, in such an overwhelming manner by his supporters, that he revoked his decision to retire altogether, and consented to hunt the Harborough country only, after the present season. It was determined that nothing should be left undone to dissuade Mr. Tailby from breaking up his magnificent pack of hounds that have long been the pride of High Leicestershire. And that he may long continue to show such sport as they have enjoyed, is the wish of every man in that country.

The Cheshire Hounds have begun their season most brilliantly, and among other good runs they have had the following are worth recording : on Thursday, November 2nd, a large field assembled at Duddon Heath, one of the oldest and most favourite meets of the hunt. Stapleford was first drawn, and, contrary to custom and expectation, no fox was at home. They then trotted

on to Cotton Gorse, where they found immediately, and, after running for some time in cover, he broke, as though his intention was making for Crow's Nest, but turning to the right before reaching that cover, he crossed the canal, and Chester and Crewe Railroad, in the direction of Saughton, which he passed on his left and ran up to Saughton Towers; he then turned short to the right, and back again over the canal to Egg Bridge, where he was lost. Mr. Corbett then gave the order to go to The Gowy, a well-known cover about three and a half miles from Chester, which in former days always held a fox or two, but which for some time past, for some reason or other, has not been thought worth visiting, being on the extreme boundary of the country, until two or three years ago, when that good sportsman and first-flight welter weight, Mr. Ambrose Dixon, 'whose heart heaves a sigh when his gorse is 'drawn blank,' obtained possession of the shooting in the neighbourhood, since which time (dearly as he loves a pheasant, he loves foxes better far) he has taken such care of the parent stock that he has had plenty of cubs, and several very good gallops have been the result. On the present occasion, the hounds were scarcely in cover when they found in a moment, and after a short ring away they streamed towards Cotton; and bearing to the right, ran past Egg Bridge in the direction of Waverton, but before reaching the cover there they again changed direction to the right, crossed the canal and rail, and running past Saughton Gorse, which the gallant fox passed on his left, he made for the Eaton plantations, which he went right through and away for Carden Cliff, where he ran to ground just as it was getting dark; the field, which was a very large one at the meet, being by this time reduced to seven or eight. The next day they met at Highwayside, found in Calverley New Gorse, and after a capital ring of one hour and ten minutes, killed in the open, the first forty-five minutes being at racing pace; and the run altogether was, in the opinion of the master, one of the very best he has seen since he has hunted the country.

In the Cotswold country great satisfaction appears to prevail under the new *régime*, as Sir Reginald Graham, besides attaining great popularity as master, has also proved himself a most promising huntsman. During part of November, Tom Hills being laid up, the baronet came at once to the rescue, and is said to have handled his hounds uncommonly well, showing several days' capital sport, one of which at Pusedown, on the 6th, has been a good deal talked about, as something quite out of the common. It has since been announced that he will continue to hunt one pack himself, and that arrangement leaves but little doubt as to the right man being in the right place on the Cotswolds.

The Rufford Hounds have been showing some excellent sport since the commencement of the advertised meets; and although in some parts the ditches are very blind, the country is capital going; in fact, it was never known to be better at this time of the year.

There was a large meet at Ossington on the 2nd, found a capital fox at Cauntton Park, which gave a clipping forty-five minutes; he skirted Cauntton Village, straight for Muskham Wood, which he went through, then on to Averham Park, and was lost on the Southwell Road.

On the 9th met at Hockerton Toll Bar, found at Kelham, had a short gallop to Muskham Wood, where the hounds got on to a fresh fox, ran through Cheverill Wood, on to Hockerton Village, where there was a slight check, hit him off again, ran very fast to Winkburn Park, skirted Park Springs, on

through Cheverill Wood again, and nearly the same ring a second time, and, although the fox must have been dead beaten, was lost close to Knapthorpe. The men, horses, and hounds are all in first-class trim, and bid fair to have a very successful season, as the worthy master, Mr. H. T. D. Bayly, spares no trouble nor expense to have everything well carried out.

From Yorkshire we have news of the Cleveland and the Hurworth, which have both been doing well, though they might have done better. The former pack, indeed, early in the month, on the 2nd, were rather in an *embarras de richesse*, at Newby, so many foxes were afoot when they drew Seymour Whin, a fox being almost hunted out of the covert while other foxes were in it; and the whole country is full of them. On that day they ran through all the plantations about Thornton, Maltby, and Hilton, and through the Leven Banks into the Hurworth country, and back again. There was a lot of hunting, for the hounds divided, and were on one fox or another all day, but with no result. On the previous Monday these hounds had a good day in their low country, killing a brace if not a leash of foxes below Kirk Leatham; and on the 9th they were at Marton, found five at Newham, afterwards at Seymour Whin, for the second time in eight days, but again did no good. The Squire is very keen.

Mr. Cookson has been more fortunate with the Hurworth, which pack, on the last day of October, met at the Fighting Cocks at one p.m., in consequence of the funeral of the late Tom Collings, a brother of that famous old sportsman John Collings of Neasham, and after an hour in covert had a nice gallop, but changed foxes. Then found again in Grey's plantations, and ran well over the road through Wilkinson's Whin, by Dimsdale Wood, with a ring round Neasham, and then to ground. On the 4th of November they were at High Worsall Wood, and found several foxes, getting away with the second viewed, and having a smart twenty-seven minutes, and killing at the west end of Beverly Wood. They went away immediately with another fox, and after one hour's good hunting gave up on a change. Tuesday the 7th, they met at Welbury, and had a good fast thing to the hills, and to ground. Saturday the 11th, at Elton Toll Bar, found in the large covert, and had a quick twenty minutes, but lost in Burnwood, in the Durham country, probably from their not getting away on sufficiently good terms, as some hounds were running a fox in covert, when the other was viewed away. Afterwards they found in Farrer's Whin, and drove him at a good pace to ground, in Newsam Banks in about twenty minutes. The stopping was all wrong, and the active secretary was rampant. Frost has interfered with them since; but they were out on the 21st, and had a fair run from Worsall.

We are sorry to hear that diphtheria of a serious character has shown itself in the kennels of the Durham County Foxhounds, and about ten couple have already died. A meeting of subscribers has been called by the committee, to take into consideration what course shall be adopted under these unfortunate circumstances.

A friend in the Pytchley country sends us the following. Nov. 1.—Met at North Kilworth, and after two hours' hard work with some strong cubs killed in the open. Found again in a small spinny near Welford, and had a first-rate gallop over the cream of the grass country, and killed at Stanford Hall; 35 minutes. Very few people were out; a great contrast to our usual Wednesdays, when, nine days out of the ten, every chance of sport is spoiled by gentlemen whose ignorance on all matters relating to hunting is only equalled by their ideas of liberality in the matter of subscriptions. Friday, Nov. 3.—

Met at Lamport, and found a capital fox at Clint Hill, who went away by Scaldwell, leaving Shortwood on the right and Draughton on the left, to Maidwell, across the high road, over the splendid grass country nearly to Hazleback, and then turning to the left, killed him at Creaton; 1 hour and 30 minutes. The hounds were without a huntsman the entire way, as Roake's horse slipped up on the stump of a tree on landing over the first fence, and rolling over him, rendered him insensible for some time. Saturday, 4th, Badly Wood. Took a fox a very fine line by Catesby nearly to Shuckburg, then to the right by Braunston and Stareston, and killed him within twenty yards of Stareston Wood; time, 45 minutes. Had he gained the wood he would have had a chance for his life, as we drew it afterwards and found several foxes. Tuesday, 7th.—Had a good hunting run from Hardwick Wood, and then a capital gallop from 'Blackberry,' 25 minutes as hard as they could go, and killed him. Monday, 13th.—Frost. Only got one day during the week, viz., on Wednesday, 15th, when we had a capital hunting run from the Hemplow in the afternoon, going by Elkington, Cold Ashby, Naeby, round by Sulby, and killed near Welford; 1 hour and 20 minutes.

In spite of one of the worst of Novembers for hunting, on account of so many frosts and badness of scent, the Hursley have had a very good share of runs, which have been chronicled in many newspapers by the graphic pen of one who writes under the signature of 'Magpie.' Col. Nicoll is determined to do the establishment in first-rate form, as he has added a second whipper-in.

Although Mr. Deacon, with the H.H., has been stopped the same as the other packs by the frost, he has had some very good runs. On Nov. the 4th, the last day of cub-hunting, he had a very fast run, finding in Penleigh, through Highwood, Sheephouse, Spotticomb, Speakem, by the Golden Pot, and lost on Weston Common, where several foxes were on foot and hounds divided. On Thursday, the 16th, a capital run from Preston Copse to Chilton Wood, Hogsdown, through Nutley Wood, Farleigh, by Ellisfield, through Ham Wood to Malt Copse, where they changed foxes and lost. Saturday, the 18th, was very bad riding. Found in the Marsh House coverts, run through Locks Grove, Farleigh to Sheephouse, on to Vinney by South Warnborough, through Dean's Copse, skirting Little Park to near Weston Village, headed there, and went on to Weston Common, where they gave up, the frost was so hard, and four or five foxes on foot. They have killed eighteen brace.

The Hambledon have been unfortunate in killing. They had a very good run on Wednesday, the 22nd. The meet was Upham Pond; trotted away to Fair Oak, where the frost was more out of the ground, and drew Park Hills, commonly called 'The Rough Ground,' where Mr. Bradshaw, of Fair Oak Park, has some good foxes; found a brace; went away directly through Marwell Coverts to Twyford Park; through it and to Hayely Copse, and lost on Owelbury Down; the first forty minutes very good. On Saturday, the 25th, they had a very long day, from Westmeon Hut, the scent very bad with the first fox. In the afternoon found a second fox in Peak Copse; went away straight for Henwood; through it, and through Duncomb, pointing for Highden, when it was getting quite dark, and the hounds were stopped: time, about 45 minutes. No county requires local knowledge more than the county of Hampshire, which is the cause of the huntsman not bringing his foxes to hand. After a short time, when he knows his country, he will show the Hambledon gentlemen some good sport, and kill his foxes.

A very noted character has disappeared from the roll of the hunting-field,



though latterly he was but rarely seen in his peculiar hunting costume—Mr. Steere Johnson, commonly called 'Jelly' Johnson, who died a short time ago. He was a Yorkshireman, and had some large property near Doncaster; but town was his head-quarters, and a particular window in the Conservative Club his daily resort. He was the picture of a country gentleman; and if he did not like port wine, his face was a libel on him. For many years he wintered at Weedon, and always took care to get together a magnificent lot of horses, though lately he only kept them to look at. He went well, however, once, and was very keen, if not a very hard-riding man. His get-up in the field was peculiar: a long, square-cut, dark-green coat, and high black boots coming up to his thigh, while a cap surmounted his jovial face and big black whiskers, to which art had imparted a youthful bloom. At a meet of the Duke of Grafton's once, a well-known sportsman, in allusion to his get-up, said, 'Hallo, Johnson! are you going out fishing?' and his summer costume had a character about it there was no mistaking. Last season he did not hunt more than once, and spent a great portion of the winter in his bedroom, living chiefly on rum and milk. He was an old member of the M.C.C., and never missed a match; and the last time we saw him we stood by his side under the elms at Middle Park last year. 'Jelly' was quite a character, and he will be much missed.

And a young one, or one comparatively young, has followed the Nestor of the hunting-field. 'Young Jack Story of Lockington,' a name well known in Leicestershire (where he was a regular man with the Quorn) and other places, has departed at the early age of thirty-seven. His name recalls the Hastings era, when 'poor Harry' was in the heyday of youth and spirits, and Jack Story was his companion in the frolics of his youthful days. He was a general favourite, and his loss will be mentioned with regret in many a smoking-room and by many a covert side.

Sir Joseph Hawley's sale gave an unusual fillip to the proceedings at Tattersall's on the 13th, and faces were to be seen in the yard not generally to be met with there at this season of the year. Pero Gomez, The Palmer, and the brood mares had seduced Lord Portsmouth from Eggsford, and Mr. Cavaliero from Vienna, while the Squire of Neasham had left the Hurworth to the care of George Dodds, and Count Renard, taking up conspicuous position near the box, looked big enough to buy the whole draft. Speculation as to who would buy Pero Gomez was rife, and he was sent to Austria, America, and Australia by different groups in every part of the yard, scarcely anybody suspecting, least of all the auctioneer himself, we believe, that the reserved and taciturn Secretary, who stood quietly ready to catch Mr. Tattersall's eye, had a commission in his pocket which warranted him in considering the horse as already disposed of, and who, when Pero Gomez fell to his bid of 3000, was quite ready to have gone on. Lord Portsmouth had a try for him, but gave in at 2800, or something like it, and Mr. Christopher was announced as the purchaser. As that gentleman chose to be a little mysterious about the horse's destination, of course there were more 'guesses at truth' than ever; and from Baron Rothschild and the Messrs. Graham, who at first ruled about equal favourites, down to Mr. Gee and Sir Joseph Hawley himself, the range was a wide one. But, however, it subsequently transpired that 'the owner of a select 'stud down Tamworth way' was the fortunate man, and curiosity was appeased. Why all the mystery, we cannot say; but as it amuses them and does no harm to us, they are welcome to their little play, only it made some of the press very angry.

A Hunting Club, a point of reunion for hunting men, in the leafy month of June, when the world of sport, pastime, and pleasure fills Pall Mall, and makes the desert of the Row to blossom as a rose! The scheme sounds a good and feasible one. In the winter, except during an inroad of Jack Frost, the ride to the meet, the covert side, the social board before which they recount their 'deeds of high emprise,' are all so many phases of club life, and the noble science gives the tone to the conversation. In the summer the hunting man, except he be a M.F.H., has no place where he may meet his brother sportsmen, no little gathering where two or three times in the season he may foregather before the same dinner-table, talk over the past, and look forward to the future. Emboldened by the success of the Coaching Club, started last season, and which hit the growing taste for the road in a manner its promoter could hardly have expected, Captain Goddard has projected the scheme of a Hunting Club, not at present or necessarily with a local habitation, but with the idea of its members meeting three or four times in the course of the season, and bringing together men from the four corners of the kingdom, many of whom, though united by the bond of a common passion, have probably had no previous knowledge of each other. Already Captain Goddard's idea has received the adhesion of many influential hunting men, including the Marquis of Queensberry, late M.F.H., the Marquis of Ormonde, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Aylesford, Lord H. Paget, M.F.H., Lord Berkeley Paget, Lord William Beresford, Lord Rossmore, Prince Sapheia, Sir William Throckmorton, M.F.H., Hon. H. Fitzwilliam, Sir Charles Legard, Sir George Chetwynd, Lord Churston, Mr. T. Coupland, M.F.H., Sir W. Gordon Cumming, Lord Macdonald, Lieut.-Col. Wombwell, Lieut.-Col. Knox, Mr. G. Lowther, Lord H. Somerset, Hon. Hugh Boscawen, while the number is almost daily increasing. Another idea is, that on the days when the C.C. meet and drive down to Richmond or Greenwich, the H.C. should join forces and fill the drags that last season, when twenty-two on one occasion turned out of Hyde Park, caused such a sensation in the Drive. This is really 'a happy thought,' and, if the proposed Club is floated, one that would commend itself, we feel sure, to every member. As the Arlington Club was a sort of point of departure for the C.C., so the idea of the Hunting Club has first dawned within its walls; and any communication from M.F.H. and other hunting men, sent to Captain Goddard at that address, would, as the tradesmen's circulars say, 'receive immediate attention.' As we have before said, the scheme sounds well, and 'Baily' wishes it success.





*W. E. Pakeney*

*William E. Pakeney.*

*W. E. Pakeney, 1840-1890*

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

or

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. W. E. OAKELEY.

ETON and Oxford, good nursing mothers of good fellows yet to be, who that gazes on the playing fields of the one, or joins in the roar of contending eights, and larks over Bullingdon hurdles, in the other, but recognizes the blossoming of many a young tree, destined to bring forth good fruit in 'the future'? 'Baily's' hunting records, the slight notices accompanying the portraits which adorn its pages, have, indeed, an almost 'damnable iteration' in this respect, for it is quite six to four on the M.F.H. who makes such a pleasant frontispiece having been at both; with just perhaps a year or two in the Blues, or some cavalry regiment, thrown in. And are not all these excellent schools for the followers of 'the Noble Science' to graduate in?

The subject of our present sketch, the Master of the Atherstone, —a grandson of Sir Charles Oakeley—has fulfilled two of the requisites that go to make up the education of an M.F.H. Born in 1828, Eton was his first 'mother,' and to the quads of 'quiet Corpus' the young gentleman commoner migrated in 1846, bringing with him a great taste for hunting, to which he had been entered early by his stepfather, Mr. Pole Shawe, who had previously kept the South Staffordshire hounds (the country now hunted by Lord Henry Paget), and had Joe Maiden for his huntsman. At the feet of such Gamaliels, how could the pupil fail to acquire knowledge? and Mr. Oakeley was an apt scholar. There were hunting men and hunting men in those days at Oxford, as we suppose there are now,—that is, if the promising young gentlemen who howl themselves hoarse at Commemoration time can condescend to such pastime,—and Mr. Oakeley showed his form in those young days. We do not think he took much to the drag, nor did Bullingdon see him often; but he went in for regular hunting, and was a constant attendant with Jem Hill and Tom Wingfield, not forgetting Mr. Morrell; and the quiet, sportsmanlike way in which he and his friend, Mr. Fulbert Archer, turned out on their own horses, so different from the showy gets-up of the youth of the period, with his heart more in

Randall's ties and Embling's breeches than in the work before him, is remembered by many of their contemporaries.

Mr. Oakeley has been for some time connected with the Atherstone country, having gone there soon after his friend, Mr. Anstruther Thomson, made it his abiding-place, and he was the very efficient secretary to the hunt in Lord Curzon's time; but it was not until 1870, when Lord Curzon gave it up, that he, in conjunction with Mr. Anstruther Thomson, took the hounds. The latter gentleman became, as is well known, the master in the field, and hunted the hounds, while Mr. Oakeley made himself useful by keeping back, as well as he could, an occasionally impetuous field, and always setting a good example by riding to hounds, and not over them, in a sportsmanlike manner. This season Mr. Thomson has been compelled, on account of the ill-health of his family, to winter at Torquay, and the sole mastership has devolved on Mr. Oakeley. At first he was reluctant to assume the responsibilities of a Master, for fear he should not be able to devote the autumn to his Welsh property at Tan y Bwlch; and on that account he is not able to be in Leicestershire during the early cub-hunting. Always attentive to his hunting, and always riding like a sportsman; very keen, as those who have seen him on his hands and knees, with his head and shoulders up a rabbit-hole, trying to mark a fox to ground, can testify; of most prepossessing manners, with a happy combination of the *fortiter* and the *suaviter* in the management of his field, Mr. Oakeley, it may be safely said, is a great favourite with all classes. John, generally called 'Jem,' Bailly is his huntsman. He came last from Lord Middleton, but lived many years with Mr. Tailby as his first whip—a good school, in which he learned to love his work, to be a clever and good horseman, and to make his hounds love him. Sixty couple, divided into three packs, hunt five days a week, and, despite very trying weather, have had up to Christmas their full share of sport.

Fond of all out-door amusement, Mr. Oakeley is a good coachman, an enthusiastic fisherman, and, in the words of a great admirer, 'can do a bit of everything.' He was about the earliest of the Norwegian explorers; and he was the first man who ever fished the Stordall, which has since turned out such an excellent river, and also had the Alten previous to the Duke of Roxburghe renting it. What we may term the peaceful arts, also, have a votary in the Master of the Atherstone, as the oak furniture in the dining-room of Cliff House, carved and turned by the hands of himself and his wife, can testify. Mr. Oakeley married in 1860 the Hon. Mary Russell, the youngest daughter of Baroness De Clifford and Captain John Russell, R.N. (son of Lord William Russell), who formerly kept the Warwickshire hounds, before that county was divided into North and South. Mrs. Oakeley is well known in the county as a most accomplished horsewoman, and one of the ornaments of the Atherstone field.



## A CHESHIRE SONG TO AN IRISH TUNE.

DEDICATED TO JAMES HUGH SMITH BARRY, ESQ., BY  
R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

O! are they not a canting lot  
To whom we now submit?  
The gamecock now by law forbid  
To battle in the pit;  
A stubborn screw! what shall we do  
To make the rebel stir,  
When there's a straitlac'd law agin  
The wearing of the spur?  
-I ask'd George Orvis t'other day,  
What sport his kennel had?  
His hand I took, for I saw his look  
Was sorrowful and sad;  
'It's the most distressful country,  
Though with foxes it abounds,  
They're a fining men and masters there,  
For riding up to hounds!'  
If black, instead of scarlet,  
Be the cloth that we must don,  
It shall be the garb of mourning  
For a pastime dead and gone!  
When, spurs pluck'd off from every heel,  
At cover-side we meet,  
Then, fast or slow, we all must go  
A hunting on our feet!  
When laws can check the Autumn leaves  
From falling as they die,  
When fences in November  
Are as blind as in July,  
We then will strip our collars off—  
But till that day be seen,  
We Cheshiremen, we'll stick till then  
To wearing of the Green.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

## THE HOLDERNESS.

ON resuming the conversation about Yorkshire Country Quarters, our friend observed:

'The Holderness is considered the best country in Yorkshire, is it not?'

'Yes; and deservedly so. It is situated on the promontory of

‘ the North Sea and the River Humber, as far as the towns of Howden and Selby, and it usually carries a good scent, although it is nearly all plough. It is bounded by the North Sea, then goes in a line from Howden to Pocklington on the west, and so to Bridlington on the north. It is about forty-five miles from north to south, and thirty-six from east to west. One half of the country is Holderness; the other is the Wolds. It comprises not only the tract called Holderness, but the country north, west, and south of Beverley; and it is by no means a bad hunting country.’

‘ Is it not very stiff?’

‘ Decidedly so, especially in what may be termed Holderness proper, which is one of the deepest and wettest countries in England, intersected by wide, deep drains, many of them with rotten banks and rotten bottoms, easy to get into, but exceedingly difficult to get out of; and in the neighbourhood of Hedon and Preston they are impracticable. Perhaps the worst part is that commonly known as the Carrs, which being of a peaty, treacherous nature, the drains are more difficult to negotiate than in the sounder portions. This was, I believe, fen land, and reclaimed not very many years ago, hence its soft nature.

‘ It is useless to go into this side of the country unless you are on a good bold water-jumper, while, at the same time, he must be steady enough to creep, as where the drain is defended by a hedge, it cannot always be taken at a fly; but, after choosing a weak place, you must get over quietly as you best can.’

‘ Is the whole of this character?’

‘ No; they hunt a large portion of wold around Market Weighton and that side of the country. This is arable, and the fields are of immense size, so that, at times, you may see the hounds for miles should you not be with them. It is hilly, and the fences are quicksets, some of them fully five feet high, but most are much below that. They are trimmed every year, and kept wide and thick at the bottoms but narrow at the top—or what may be termed razor-backed, in contradiction to the hog-backed, which are found in many countries—and are very stiff, so that they will roll a horse over when blown by the pace hounds race across these great fields, should he make a mistake at them. There is a ditch occasionally in the bottoms, but not often; and when there is it takes some powder to get over. I have seen some of the highest of these fences round Neswick Hall and the coverts that are tried from that meet. One peculiarity I must tell you at times interferes with scent in Holderness, namely, the wild garlic, which abounds in Dalton Wood, near Beverley, and is scarcely so pleasant an interruption as the “stinking violets.”’

‘ What are the principal coverts?’

‘ They have few woodlands, and of these they rather feel the want in cub-hunting; but they have some capital gorses, though, unfortunately, a blight affected many of them a few years ago, and “the blooming evergreen” almost died away, so that it was some time

'ere it formed good lying again. Castle Hill is a capital covert, and so situated that a fox, after once leaving it, has little or no shelter for a considerable distance, so that he must go or die. There was, however, some nasty wire in the neighbourhood, which, it is to be hoped, is ere this done away with.

'Benningholme, a celebrated osier-bed, or holt, is nearly stubbed up; but a finer broom covert than Catwick Whin is seldom seen.

'Waghen or Wawne is a small wood covert, nicely situated, and seldom fails to hold a fox.

'Carlton Whin, Saltmarsh Whin, and Catfoss are also good.

'At Meux Abbey Mr. Richardson has some good coverts; but his favourite gorse suffered from the blight terribly. It is nothing unusual to find in his laurels.

'There are also Caterick Whin, Hatfield, Oustwick, and Daisy Hill Whins, Parson's Close, and Six Acres.

'James Wood, Humbleton Whin, and Low and High Linn are also favourite coverts.

'On the Carrs there is a famous stick covert, the property of Lord Londesborough, which is almost a certain find, and noted for the runs that have taken place from it. It is formed at the bottom of roots and trunks of trees sawn off short, and of anything, in fact, that will keep it hollow. On the top of this, to a considerable height, are piled up bushes and hedge-trimmings. These comfortable quarters are surrounded with fir plantations, and situated in a wild, thinly-inhabited country, so that it is no wonder they are in favour with the foxes. It is drawn with terriers, while the pack wait outside the plantation. Dringhoe is another favourite covert on the Barmston side of the country.

'Then there is Old Dale and Etton Westwood, on the Wold side, and the Bishops Burton Woods.'

'Who was the first master?'

'We know of none earlier than Squire Draper of Beswick, who died on the 18th of August, 1776, aged seventy-five, and is buried at Market Weighton; nor is it known precisely at what date he commenced to hunt the Holderness country, but conjecture points to an early period in the eighteenth century. He was succeeded by Mr. Darley of Alby Park, who hunted it for a few years with the country now known as Lord Middleton's, using the kennels at Beswick, when the Holderness came in for its turn. After this, Mr. Osbaldeston, the father of the Squire, of Hunmanby, carried it on some years with great spirit, his huntsman being Isaac Granger—a very celebrated man in his day. His whips were William Marshall and William Carter, father of Tom Carter, Sir Tatton Sykes's huntsman for so many seasons.

'Mr. Osbaldeston gave up about 1795, and the Duke of Devonshire, who then passed some of his time at Londesborough Hall, commenced keeping hounds, and built kennels for them in the park; and after him Lord Carlisle hunted it, with Lord Middleton's country, for some seasons. Then Lord Feversham succeeded him,

‘ and hunted it in the same manner for a few years. It also appears  
‘ that Mr. William Bethell, who lived at Bishops Burton, the younger  
‘ brother of Hugh Bethell of Rise Park, near Beverley, hunted the  
‘ east end of Holderness; and it was that gentleman that defined the  
‘ country as it is now recognised. After the death of his brother,  
‘ the establishment was moved to Rise Park. His huntsman was  
‘ Jack Robinson, the most resolute fellow in the world; he once  
‘ jumped the Driffeld Canal. He would invariably turn his cap  
‘ hind-side before when going at a very big place, so that people knew  
‘ there was something before them when Jack was seen putting his  
‘ headgear in order; and Mr. Bethell would then turn round and  
‘ say, “I won’t see thee killed;” and hence he was called “Hell-  
‘ “ fire Jack.” I believe he died in Lord Scarborough’s service at  
‘ Sandbeck. Some draft hounds were once sent by Mr. Bethell  
‘ from his kennels into Kent by a sailing vessel from Hull, but on  
‘ their arrival they refused to settle in their new quarters; they found  
‘ their way back as far as Lincoln, where they were recognized and  
‘ taken home.

‘ At Mr. Bethell’s death the hounds were sold to the late Mr.  
‘ Richard Bethell, the late Sir Tatton (then Mr.) Sykes, Mr. William  
‘ Hall of Packthorp, and Messrs. Arthur and Henry Maister of  
‘ Beverley, kennels being provided for them at Brands Burton. This  
‘ arrangement lasted until 1804. Sir Mark Sykes then bought Lord  
‘ Feversham’s hounds, and hunted the Holderness country himself,  
‘ together with his own, for two seasons; at the expiration of which  
‘ period an arrangement was entered into between him and Mr.  
‘ Richard Watt of Bishops Burton for hunting the two countries as  
‘ before. In 1811 the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Digby  
‘ Legard, who then lived at Etton Hall, thought there was a good  
‘ opportunity of re-establishing the old Bethell country, and was  
‘ liberally supported by Mr. Richard Bethell of Rise. Naylor was his  
‘ huntsman, and he held Holderness in such estimation as a scenting  
‘ country that he used to say a man might there kill a fox with a sow  
‘ and a litter of pigs. Mr. Legard was master until 1821, to whom  
‘ Dick Simpson of the Puckeridge was whip, when Mr. Hay of  
‘ Dunse Castle near Berwick-on-Tweed took them, and here com-  
‘ menced his career as a master of hounds, but he held it only for two  
‘ or three seasons; then he moved to the Woore country, which  
‘ comprised part of Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Shropshire, and was  
‘ formerly hunted by Sir Thomas Mostyn before he went into Oxford-  
‘ shire. In 1823 Holderness was not regularly hunted, and that must  
‘ have been the time that Mr. Osbaldeston took it before he went to  
‘ the Quorn for a second time; and then he only remained a few  
‘ weeks, as he could not get on with the farmers, whom, he found,  
‘ were men to be led, but not driven. He had not thoroughly  
‘ recovered the accident when his thigh was broken, and he gave  
‘ a man half a crown to carry him over one of the drains rather than  
‘ jump it. Notwithstanding being in the country such a short time,  
‘ he planted some gorse whins.

‘ During this season Mr. Hill of Thornton brought his pack twice into the country for the accommodation of the Holderness men for a month at a time, and showed capital sport almost unassisted, as his men either could or would not ride over it. They had a capital run on the 2nd of December, finding their fox in Wassand Wood; from there ran to Hatfield, leaving Mr. Wheateley’s farm to the right, and on for Catwick, thence to Sigglesothorne, past Catfoss to Nunkeeling, which he skirted, passed Billings Hill, through Dringhoe, and was killed at Rabbit Hills, on Mr. Brandom’s farm at Dringhoe, when Mr. Hill declared it the proudest day of his life. He also came the next season in the same way, a month at a time.’

‘ Do you know any of the men who were going at this time ?’

‘ Mr. Sheldon, who I think was a Warwickshire man, and a cousin of Sir Clifford Constable, hunted from Burton Constable, was a good man to hounds and a real good sportsman, also Mr. Lorimer of Tunshill, Mr. Weatherell, Leonard Earnshaw, who lived at Hessle, was a wealthy gentleman farmer, and had generally a good horse for sale, Jack Medford, another farmer of Carlton, who was always in front if possible, and beat every one on a bay mare. She afterwards bred him a still more celebrated grey one, which he sold to a gentleman who now keeps hounds in Surrey, and she jumped the deer-hurdles sideways in Burton Constable Park with her new master, because the hounds turned away from them. Mr. Sherwood of Rysom Garth, Mr. Bell of Humbleton. Peter Acklom of Beverley had a fine stud, which he spared no money in getting together; but at last he ran through his property, and went out of his mind. Mr. W. Barkworth of Beverley, who afterwards showed the Hampshire men with the Hambledon hounds how to bustle along, and once nearly lost his life by his horse falling down a chalk-pit, and with his brother saw all the sport and never interfered or spoilt it. Mr. Harland of Burton Pidsea, Mr. George Legard, whom Nimrod considered a shade better than his brother, Parson Legard also occasionally drove his grey by Sir Peter to the meet, and then led the field on him. Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. Watson, a banker of Hull, who lived at Hessle Mount, and Watson, a farmer of large property, who lived at Wandby, was a very quick man, Mr. John Smith of Hull, Mr. H. Fewson of Fitling, Mr. Thompson of Harpham, Mr. Locke, the son of a banker at Hull, who lived at Hessle Mount, The Rev. John Bower of Barmston, “ the best man who ever rode over this or any other country, the prince of horse-men,” as he has been styled by one who can himself give a few pounds to most men either in Yorkshire or the Midlands, Mr. Bower was also well known in Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, the late Lord Hopetoun, who kept his horses at Lord Macdonald’s at Thorpe, whose daughter he married, who, although a great weight, was a bruising rider, and his brother-in-law, the Hon. Alexander Macdonald, who Nimrod said was as quick as any

‘ man in England over a country, although by no means a light weight, and also Mr. Duncan Davison, who married another sister, Mr. J. Copley of Anlaby, whose son now lives at Potto, Mr. J. Baird, Mr. R. Watt of Bishops Burton, before mentioned, who owned Altisidora, Barefoot, Memnon, and Rockingham, all Leger winners, and Blacklock, who his trainer thought was a second Eclipse, Mr. Coulson of Cottingham, Castle, Mr. Maister of Woodhall, Mr. R. Johnson of Beverley.

‘ In 1824 Mr. Tom, or, as he was generally called, Tommy, Hodgson of Snydale Hall became master. His father once owned Stapleton Park, which he sold to defray his election expenses, to the Hon. Edward Petre. No man ever did so much with so small a kennel. Sir Bellingham Graham said he lived only for hunting, and for fifteen years he handled the Holderness himself, hunting four days a week with thirty-one couple of hounds, and a subscription of 800*l.* or 1000*l.* a year, on which he was entirely dependent, as his private income was very small. As a judge of hounds he was first-rate, and had a wonderful knowledge of the line of a fox, but was never a very good horseman; in fact, he has been described as about as ugly a man on a horse as was ever seen (he was six feet three, and by no means a dandy). Like Osbaldeston, he rode with very short stirrups, and his knees, which were covered with leather caps, right up to his nose; nor did a very long chin improve his appearance. “Never did his stalwart knees go without those good old caps.” But no better sportsman ever lived; and he well proved, as it was written, that hunting is not done by “breeches, bits of pink, and waistcoats prim, but heart and soul wore all for him.” From his kind manner he was exceedingly popular, and made the country quite fashionable; while his sport was excellent, killing in one season thirty-seven brace of foxes.

‘ During his management there was a Holderness Club, which consisted of twenty members, who dined together once a month at the Beverley Arms, and the following good men were going, Mr. Singleton of Givendale, Mr. Oliver of Darrington, and Henry Lord Mountsandford, who stayed with him, Sir Edward Dods-worth, Mr. Ellis Hodgson, Mr. Oliver Gascoigne of Parlington and Castle Oliver, in the county of Limerick, Mr. Jackson, a farmer of Whitecross, a most singularly hospitable man, who would put any fox-hunter up in his house, he bred the celebrated steeplechaser Lottery, and some of the blood is to be found there yet, Capt. Dowbiggin, a very quick man to hounds, and a man with rare nerves, Sir Francis Boynton of Burton Agnes, and his tenant Mr. Tom Hide, Mr. Francis Best of South Dalton, Mr. John Smith of Hull, Mr. Dan Sykes, who once beat every one across the Carrs from Lockington Whin, and picked the fox up alone, when they pulled him down in the open. He rode a little thoroughbred called Romney, by Raphael, not bigger than a mule, that was sold to Mr. Sprott for 300*l.* On another occasion,

‘ he and Mr. Hall saw the finish together, after jumping into the Driffeld Canal. Mr. Sykes changed his clothes at Edmund Johnson’s, of Frodingham Bridge ; and a few days afterwards, when he sent a hamper with a fat turkey, Johnson said to his wife, while unpacking it, “Gad, Mary, somebody must have sent a dead bane” (child), Mr. Frank Watt of Bishops Burton, who hunted a pack of harriers on the Wolds, Col. Thompson of Kirk Hammerton Hall, York, Capt. Haworth of Rolston Hall, Lord Herries, then Mr. Maxwell, of Everingham Park, Sir Clifford Constable of Burton Constable, Mr. H. S. Constable of Wassand, Mr. James Hall of Scorboro’, who was a great agriculturist, Mr. Edward Smith of Routh, Capt. Shaw of Brantingham Thorp, Capt. Davison of Pockthorp, Mr. Harrington Hudson of Bessingby, near Bridlington, who had a wonderful good horse called Forester that he used to run in hunt races, Mr. Hopkinson of Billingshill, the owner of Napoleon, the best cocktail of the day, as well as of a very good mare called Harriet, Mr. E. H. Reynard of Sunderlandwick, Col. Thompson of Lockington, Lord Macdonald of Thorpe, who lived there during the winter, and was more given to coursing, and his brother, who was quick as thought over the country, Mr. John Singleton of Great Givendale, Mr. Jonathan Harrison, Mr. T. Clough, who lived at York, Mr. Forster of Hull.

‘ The farmers then going were Flinton Medforth of Carlton, Mr. James Holiday of Oustwick, a capital fellow—one of Nature’s noblemen, whom it is a pleasure to meet, and Mr. Edward Walker, and Mr. Cayley of Burton Constable, Mr. Francis Best of South Dalton, Riby Nicholson of Beeford, Charles Wood of South Dalton, who generally had a good young horse, Tom Hide of Barmston, Mr. Withey of Middleton, Tom Sheppard of Bewholme, Mr. Cameron of Leven, William Brandom of Dringhoe, Mr. Gibson of Catwick, Richard Thompson of Harpham, John Jackson of Riston Grange, and his brother, Hugh Jackson of Leven, all of them first-class men.

‘ There were also several strangers in Beverley, as well as the country gentlemen, who came there for the winter amongst them, Lord Waterford, who was first-rate anywhere, Capt. Ramsden, Mr. Hope Johnstone, Mr. John Dixon, Mr. H. T. Thompson, Mr. Wainman, and Mr. J. Sprott, and Sir David Baird, and the officers of the 9th Lancers. Amongst them Capt. Percy Williams, so many years Master of the Rufford, Capt. Shawe, Capt. Brymer, and the present Master of the South Dorset, Mr. C. J. Radclyffe.

‘ At that time the Tiger Inn was kept by Charles Greenwood (a celebrated breeder of cocktails), and was much used, as well as the present Beverley Arms. Mr. Hodgson himself had his kennels at first in Beverley, and lived at the Rose and Crown, where, it is said, he could sit on his bed, stir the fire, and see his hounds through a hole in the wall, all at once ; or, as it has been differently told, lie in bed, open the window, shut the door, poke the fire, and rate his hounds. The kennels were subse-

‘quently moved to Bishops Burton; here they remained until he  
‘went to Quorn. At one time he used to feed his hounds  
‘according to the weather; on a hot day thin meat, on a cold one  
‘thick; but he soon found out that would not do for condition.  
‘When first he took the country his pack was quite a scratch one;  
‘and he said to a hard-riding gentleman, now settled in Hampshire,  
‘who knocked one down, “Pray don’t ride over them, although  
‘“they are d——d bad ones.” No man ever had three finer riders  
‘in his field than the late Sir David Baird, who I have heard sat so  
‘steady that he would place a sixpence on his stirrup under his  
‘boot, and keep it there all day, Mr. George Legard, and the  
‘Rev. John Bower, who were as good as any three in the kingdom.  
‘Will Danby was Mr. Hodgson’s first whip and kennel huntsman,  
‘and Jim Jackson, from Lord Harewood, his second. As I have  
‘before said, Will Danby afterwards went in 1837 to the York and  
‘Ainsty. He is a fine cheery old fellow, with all his wits about  
‘him, and still fond of a joke. Many a good story he tells about  
‘his old master, during their long association in Holderness. At  
‘the last Hound Show at York he was chaffed by some huntsmen  
‘present, and told he ought to have been drafted for his bow-legs;  
‘his answer was, “They were not so particular when I was  
‘“pupped; besides, I always had a good nose, and that is every-  
‘“thing.”

‘He says he first pulled on his top-boots in 1811, with the Duke  
‘of Leeds, who was one of the kindest men in the world, who hunted  
‘an immense wild tract of country from Hornby Castle, in Catterick,  
‘and round Wensleydale, and would even hunt their way down to  
‘Doncaster, and over old Mr. Foljambe’s country, as the Duke had  
‘property in that neighbourhood, and lived at Kiverton, where he  
‘had a fine house, which, however, he pulled down, stopping a  
‘month in one place and a month in another, and hunting fox and  
‘hare alternately; but Will says they had a separate pack for each.  
‘Kit Scaife was huntsman until the hounds were sold, and he then  
‘became head of the Duke’s racing stables.

‘When with Mr. Hodgson, they used to go immense distances to  
‘meet, and frequently came home thirty-five miles. The master  
‘used to say that “his men were made of cast-iron, his horses of  
‘“steel, and his hounds of india-rubber.” Neither master nor man  
‘went to covert in a brougham, as do some of the swells of the  
‘period. They were often short of horses, and never had more  
‘than thirty-six couple of hounds. Once they were advertised to  
‘hunt two days running. They took sixteen couple of hounds, and  
‘on the first day killed a fox. The next day, with the *same*  
‘*hounds and the same horses*, they rattled and killed another brace,  
‘and had eighteen miles to go home afterwards! “But,” added  
‘Will, “if I told the modern huntsmen this, they would say I was  
‘“a d——d old liar; but we used to go out to hunt in those days,  
‘“and often came home at twelve o’clock at night.”

‘Will rode one famous white-faced and white-stockinged, long, low



‘ chestnut, called Murphy (of which he now has the portrait), given  
‘ to Mr. Hodgson by Lord Mountsandford (who was killed in a row at  
‘ Windsor, on the 14th of June, 1828, by a blackguard, who kicked  
‘ him on the head); and this horse once carried him eighteen miles  
‘ from point to point in an hour and twenty minutes. He was  
‘ very bold, and when hounds ran fast would jump a gate rather  
‘ than stop to open it, and on another occasion went through a run  
‘ by himself. Another chestnut was the winner of seven hundred  
‘ in stakes; and in one of his races his then owner rode him with a  
‘ pipe in his mouth. He says, “Holderness is not nearly so good  
‘ “since it was drained. The wetter the better for that country.  
‘ “Still, I have known them run on the Wolds when you could not  
‘ “see them for the clouds of dust. White breeches would have  
‘ “looked funny in my day, for Holderness then took some getting  
‘ “across. On the Wolds there were double posts and rails, to  
‘ “protect the young quicksets. I saw more real sport in that  
‘ “country than any other. They were sportsmen there to a  
‘ “man, all staunch preservers, and most of them rare hard ones.  
‘ “Mr. Morris of Hatfield, on a snowy, frosty day, fell with his  
‘ “mare into one of the black drains. Those present offered to  
‘ “pull him out; but he said, ‘No; if one perishes, both perish!’  
‘ “and the mare turning over, they were both suffocated. Then the  
‘ “farmers were rare fellows, and always had a goose-pie or something  
‘ “ready for a huntsman to eat and drink coming home from hunting.”

‘ James Stabler of Catfoss had a fine breed of foxes not a  
‘ hundred yards from his house; and when the cubs were short of  
‘ food he would go into his yard and say, “Chuck, chuck, chuck!”  
‘ until he had got a lot of old hens together, when he would let  
‘ drive at them with a great thick stick, and kill half a dozen at  
‘ once. He was equalled by Mr. Whipp, another farmer, who  
‘ complained to Mr. Hodgson that a fox, a confirmed sheep-stealer,  
‘ had been killing his lambs, in spite of his having burnt a light, and  
‘ done all that he could. “Go and shoot him, Mr. Whipp,” said  
‘ the master. “No, never,” he replied. “It shall never be said  
‘ “that Tom Whipp shot a fox; but if you will come and hunt him  
‘ “I shall be much obliged.”

‘ Will had some curious runs while in Holderness, and once gave  
‘ them a good proof of the confidence he placed in his hounds rather  
‘ than in anything he may hear. Some men were standing at the  
‘ side of a covert, when they saw a hare come out and go away.  
‘ Almost immediately Levity, a badger-pied bitch, by the Duke of  
‘ Buccleugh’s Lexicon, came out and opened on the very line. On  
‘ Will’s coming up, those who were standing there said, “It’s a hare;  
‘ “we saw her go away. You had better stop her.” - “Yo-doit,  
‘ “Levity!” was Will’s answer; and away she went, with Will  
‘ getting the rest of the pack forward to her. Not long afterwards  
‘ they passed a hedger. “Seen the fox?” asked the unbelieving  
‘ ones. “No; but a hare is just gone along the very line you’re  
‘ “hunting.” “There, Will; stop them. We told you it was a

‘“hare,” said the same party. “Yo-doit, Levity!” was again the answer, as the old bitch feathered on the line. They then settled down to run hard, and at the end of fifty minutes pulled down a fine dog-fox, to Will’s intense delight, and the great chagrin of Levity’s detractors.

‘On another occasion they found a fox in Rooss Churchyard, and killed him in Patrington Churchyard as he was trying to seek sanctuary by getting through a little window into the church. One would almost imagine he must have been a clerical fox, or was in the resurrection line. Once they had several strangers out from the York and Ainsty and Bramham Moor; and, as many of the horses had got quite enough, they were asking the road to Beverley. Will said, “Yonder go the hounds; that’s the road to “Beverley!”

‘Perhaps the most noted day Will and Mr. Hodgson ever had together was when they killed their first fox in a thorn-tree near Gransmoor, when a hound called Rutland, from Mr. Codrington’s, got up a hurdle which happened to lean against the tree, and brought him down. Then Mr. Hodgson, moved with a spirit of prophecy, said :

“Will, this one we’ve killed in a tree;  
The next we’ll kill in the sea;  
That is how it will be.”

‘And so it turned out, for they found another, who took to the sea and rode out on the waves, with the hounds swimming after him. At length they pulled him down, and Will went in to the rescue, the waves coming over his head; and fifty times he was under water before he got his fox. Then Lord Hawke said, “Give me a pad, Will; this is the finest sight I ever saw.”

‘Talking of the fox going into the sea, were not some hounds killed in this country by falling over the cliffs?’

‘Yes; in 1838 they had run their fox from Burton Agnes to the Spreeton Cliffs, about four miles north of Flamborough Head. Being close to him, some four or five couple went clean over—a distance of two hundred feet. Some were dashed to pieces, while others escaped on part of the rock which jutted out. The whipper-in, Ned Oxtoby, with extraordinary pluck, went down in a basket, and brought up those that were alive; and when he was landed at the top there was only one whole strand left in the rope. On being asked afterwards how he felt when going down in the basket, he replied that “he was so anxious for the hounds, that he “never thought about it.” He was born and bred at Hesse, and had been valet to Mr. Hodgson, who, finding him a sharp lad, made him whip. He afterwards went to Fife, and died of consumption in 1858.

‘Save that wonderful man, old Billy Bean, whose surgeon’s bill must have been a yard long, few men have had more accidents than Will Danby; but he speaks lightly of most, from the time he was marked by the spur of a game-cock, when in petticoats, which

' belonged to old Tommy Swann of Bedale, a great racing man. His mother chopped the bird's head off; and Swann said he would not have had it done for fifty pounds. He says he has had his collar-bone broken three times on the left side, his head fractured, his shoulder lamed, with other broken bones and flesh-rents; and once had a yard of sticking-plaister on his thigh, which he said was awkward for hunting. But he says it was a serious business when his mare went "tip over tail," and broke all his ribs, as then he fainted, but contrived to get home; and his doctor said, "Will, what be the matter with thee? Thou'st all the ribs off thy breast-bone!"

' Another character in the hunt was the earth-stopper, old Bob Darling, or Dog Bob, as he was generally called. Originally a ploughman, the love of the chase was so strong in him that he could not resist the temptation of unyoking the fore-horse from the team when the hounds passed. For this he was dismissed from service, and set up as a horse-dealer in a very small way, but failing, became the regularly-recognised earth-stopper of the Holderness, which office he held until past seventy. Another well-known individual was Boot-and-shoe Jack, who ran messages and made himself generally useful. Those who had hunted fifteen seasons with Mr. Hodgson presented him with a silver breakfast service before he went to Quorn, when sixty gentlemen and farmers dined at the Red Lion Inn, Driffield.'

' When did Mr. Hodgson leave Holderness for Quorn?'

' In 1839, when he gave up hunting the hounds himself, and came out disguised in a plum-coloured coat, that they might not know him. It was, however, useless; and the pack, taken from the good scenting grounds of Holderness, and the orderly sporting-like fields, could not stand the more impetuous riders of Leicestershire, and they got on but middling; so that, in 1841, Mr. Hodgson returned to his old love, and once more reigned in Holderness.'

' Who was master in his absence?'

' Mr. Robert Vyner, author of "Notitia Venatica"—a very gentlemanly, thin man, who hunted the hounds himself—but the subscriptions fell off considerably, and the sport was only indifferent. Mr. Vyner, in contradiction to Danby's opinion, held that hounds ran best here when the ground was merely moist enough to show the impression of the ball of the fox's pad, but when, as old Will Carter said, "it was deluded with water," there was little or no scent. He only held the country one year, and the second it was without hounds altogether. Mr. Hodgson was associated with Mr. Carrington on his return, but hunted the hounds himself the first season; then, owing to some unpleasantness, Mr. Carrington hunted them a little time, and Ned Oxtoby (whose proper name was Tom) finished the season, old Sam Burkett, the earth-stopper, whipping-in to him. The subscriptions continuing to fall off, and Mr. Hodgson being appointed one of the Registrars of the West Riding, he sold his hounds and horses to a committee consisting of the late Sir Clifford Constable, the Hon. Mr. Constable Max-

' well, now Lord Herries, Mr. James Hall of Scorboro', and Mr. E. H. Reynard of Sunderlandwick, who, Danby says, then "wanted a bit of looking after," but who kept diaries of the doings of the pack, which were regularly published by Mr. B. Fawcett of Driffield; and the country was in their hands for four seasons.

' While amongst the gentlemen of this period we find: Mr. George Legard of Watton Abbey, Rev. C. Sykes of Rooss, Mr. T. Grimston of Neswick, Mr. Foster of Hull, Lord Hawke of Womersley Park, Mr. J. Smith of Kirk Ella, Mr. Ellis Hodgson of York, noted for his loud "Tallyho," Mr. George Thompson of Beverley, Mr. E. H. Hebden of Scarborough, who has seen a great deal of hunting, Mr. J. Harrison of Benningholme was a regular attendant, as was also Mr. G. R. Dawson of Driffield, Mr. Jackson of Riston Grange, and Sir Clifford Constable, when his own hounds did not go out.

' Some good hard-riding farmers in Mr. Hodgson's time were: John Fewson, father of the present W. Fewson, who went like great guns, and came out regularly, and did a bit of steeplechasing. Mr. George Wray, Mr. Riby Nicholson of Beeford was one of the hardest riders in Yorkshire, and John Lamplough, a first-class man with hounds, who also rode many steeplechases. He rode thirteen for Mr. John Holiday of Barmston, and won every time. The Danbys of Routh were then tremendously hard riders.

' In 1847, Mr. James Hall of Scorboro' took the entire responsibility of hunting the Holderness country, and at once set about the task of improving his hounds. For this purpose he went to the Belvoir, Brocklesby, Mr. Hill's, and the Grove, while a look at his hound list shows that he was partial to the close-hunting blood of Lord Henry Bentinck. He has now as nice a lot (of bitches especially) as any man in England. It is said that he once sent two of his very best bitches in a draft to Lord Henry, and when Backhouse remonstrated with him, remarked, "We must send them, just to let him see what our sort is like." He is quite as celebrated in the stable as the kennel, and his stud of thoroughbred weight-carriers is known through the length and breadth of the land; and I believe the late Sir Richard Sutton bought principally of him. At one time he bought a good many young ones from Sir Tatton Sykes, who said when he liked them he was a very liberal buyer. Amongst them were Lidsdale by Cervantes, Sprit by Young Phantom (the same blood as that prince of half-breds The Lawyer) a very grand Velocipede horse whose name I forget, Courtier by Hampton, Cricket Ball by Stumps, Sir Tatton's first venture in sires, who was noted for his aptitude to run heats, and his melancholy end caused by taking a chill after getting away from his groom, and ranging the fields all one wet night. Then there was Dice Box, Wrangler, and a host of other good ones from the Slidmere pastures. Latterly, he has generally had some of Sir George Cholmondeley's slashing white-legged chestnuts in his stable. No man ever exhibited four finer horses than he

‘ sent into the show-ring at Beverley a year or two ago, in Stomach  
‘ Ache, bought for a little money from an Irish drove, the Doctor,  
‘ Brigadier, purchased for a large sum from Mr. Booth, master of  
‘ the Bedale, and Caradon, a magnificent chestnut, noted for the  
‘ way he carried Mr. Hall up and down the Wold hills; and no little  
‘ surprise was manifested at their all having to succumb to the  
‘ beautiful but somewhat underbred Lady Derwent. A gamier  
‘ man than Mr. Hall never crossed a horse, and in spite of his  
‘ weight and being crippled, he still holds his own across Holder-  
‘ ness; last year he was nearly drowned in crossing the Kirk Burn  
‘ which is very deep, with a bad bottom. The Misses Hall also  
‘ ride beautifully, Miss Frances, when she sets Braggadocio (who has  
‘ won several steeplechases) going in earnest, is very hard to beat;  
‘ and Miss Emily, in 1866, jumped the Foggerthorp Drain. The  
‘ establishment is kept up in princely style, Mr. Hall always having  
‘ out three horses for himself and two for each of the men, besides  
‘ his daughters’ horses. The kennels are at Etton, near Beverley.  
‘ His first huntsman, or rather, perhaps, that of the committee,  
‘ was Naylor, from Sir Tatton Sykes; and to him, I think, suc-  
‘ ceeded Will Webb, who, in spite of having been with Mr. Conyers  
‘ and the Quorn, kept his kennel as dirty as a pigstye. He finished  
‘ his days as an odd man in Tattersall’s yard, and died very recently.  
‘ He always got a job there from the late Squire Arthur Heathcote,  
‘ with whom he was a favourite.

‘ After him came Harry Taylor, with William Wilson and John  
‘ Dawson as first and second whips; and then came Stephen  
‘ Goodall, now the huntsman of the Heythrop.

‘ In 1848, Will Derry, who began hunting with Mr. Musters,  
‘ and whose father was one of his tenants, succeeded to the horn.  
‘ His first whip, John Dawson, was called Juicy, from the immense  
‘ quantity of beer he used to imbibe. Could he have kept sober, he  
‘ would have been a good man. His second whip was John  
‘ Clarke, and after him Stephen Goodall, who had been in Holder-  
‘ ness before. Will Derry, who is still alive and well at Brixworth,  
‘ and although turned seventy, says he thinks of advertising for  
‘ another place, says Mr. Hall was a first-rate workman across  
‘ country, had some capital horses, mounted his men well, and  
‘ had a pack of bitches that would puzzle a fox to get away from  
‘ them. Derry was always an independent man, who had a bit of  
‘ freehold, and he swears by Lord Chesterfield, whom he says he  
‘ would have served for nothing.

‘ John Backhouse succeeded Derry in 1851, and was a wonder-  
‘ fully hard, resolute man, rather coarse in manner, but a good  
‘ huntsman. He swam across one of the deepest and widest drains  
‘ in Holderness twice in one day, on a horse that was notoriously  
‘ a bad swimmer, called, I believe, The Dandy. He retired at  
‘ the end of last season, and is succeeded by John Holling, from  
‘ the Hambledon, who had previously whipped in to the Quorn and  
‘ the Cheshire.

‘ Poor Ned Wilson, who turned the hounds to Backhouse, was a quiet, civil fellow, and fine horseman ; he died in Mr. Hall’s service, of consumption, in 1869.

‘ Amongst the prominent men now going in Holderness, are Sir Talbot Constable of Burton Constable, Sir Henry Boynton of Burton Agnes, Lord Herries and his son, Mr. Maxwell of Everingham Park, Mr. W. B. H. Broadley of Welton, M.P. for the East Riding, Mr. Christopher Sykes of Brantingham Thorp, Rev. Cecil Legard of Boynton, Capt. Grimston of Grimston Garth, Mr. William Grimston of Etton, Rev. C. S. Atkinson of Harswell, Hon. Mr. Stourton of Holme Hall, Capt. Brooksbank of Middleton, Mr. H. T. Constable of Wassand, Mr. John Dixon of Nofferton, Mr. John Harrison of Heighholme, Mr. Jonathan Harrison of Brands Burton, and Capt. Tilford of Tickton.

‘ The following farmers are all good men and true :—Mr. Henry Lambert of Middleton, a very hard man, whose daughter, a few years ago, rode wonderfully, well known in Lord Yarborough’s hunt, Mr. John Danby of Weadley, as good as any man, Mr. Tom Danby of Routh, Mr. J. Whiting of Routh, Mr. Whiting Barber of Routh, Mr. Tom Whiting of Leven, Mr. J. Jackson of Riston Grange, Jonathan Harrison of Brands Burton, Robert Wheatley of Catfoss, W. H. Fewson of Welwick, Mr. James Holiday of Oustwick, Mr. William Hudson of Brigham, Matthew Stephenson of Barmston, Samuel Botteril of Market Weighton, George Harrison of Gembeling, Richard Botteril of Wandby, Botteril Hudson of Harpham, George Jarritt of Harpham, Robert Fisher of Leckonfield, John Crompton of Thouholme.

‘ William Duggelby of Beswick, and last, though by no means least, the celebrated Mr. John Holiday of Barmston, who has hunted for forty years, and during that period has had his shoulder put out no less than thirteen times. He is well known with the Holderness, Bramham Moor, Lord Middleton’s, as well as with the Belvoir, where he has astounded some of the Meltonians by his resolute style of riding ; and he was in Lord Kesteven’s last great run with the Cottesmore, when Judd, the whip, got a fall which killed his horse, and all the men were down. He was also well to the fore in Mr. Hall’s great run from Askham Bogs, and on his old mare jumped one of the biggest fences up hill we ever saw taken, but

“ Whatever the country, John Holiday still  
Rides up to this motto, ‘ Be with them, I will.’ ”

‘ Mr. Jessop, brother-in-law of poor Mr. E. Robinson, who was drowned, sent the latter’s spurs as a souvenir to Mr. Holiday.’

‘ What about the owners of coverts and fox preservers ?’

‘ First, Mr. Bethell of Rise Park owns nearly all the best coverts in Holderness, then Mr. H. S. Constable of Wassand, Sir H. Boynton of Burton Agnes, Col. F. Quinton of Lowthorpe, Mr. R. Richardson of Meux Abbey, Mr. Harrison of Heighholme Hall, all take care of the animal.

‘ On the Wold side are Mr. John Grimston of Neswick, Mr. M. Grimston of Kilnwick, Mr. E. H. Reynard of Sunderlandwick, Lord Hotham of South Dalton Hall, Sir James Walker of Sand Hutton, Lord Muncaster of Warter Priory, Lord Herries, a great owner on this side, and a good man, Mr. W. Rudston Read of Hayton, Admiral Duncombe of Kilnwick Percy are all on the right side, though rumour says some of the Wold coverts are not so well preserved as they might be. Amongst the farmers who have coverts, which they strictly preserve, are the Holidays, R. Danby of Routh, a stick cover, J. Carr, W. Hudson, and others. The field is composed principally of farmers, who are such staunch preservers, that it was formerly said they would not have a fox killed even with hounds if they could save his life. They would be disgusted with the modern mobbing murders, and with huntsmen who don’t care how a fox is killed so that they can score another nose on the kennel door. They have long been noted for having good horses well done; and no men are keener sportsmen or ride harder. The kennels, since Mr. Hodgson gave up, have been at Etton, near Cherry Burton Station. But the situation is not first-rate.’

‘ What about accommodation ?’

‘ Beverley is most central, and good quarters can be obtained at the Beverley Arms; private lodgings and stabling are also plentiful; but the visitor will find little to amuse him on non-hunting days, as it is a dull, lifeless place. The Bell Hotel at Driffield is a good house; it is kept by Mrs. Kirby, the widow of Mr. Kirby, who owned Treasure Trove, winner of the Metropolitan Stakes in 1866, and other good horses. The Keys, also a very good house, is kept by Mr. Hopper. From here you can get plenty of hunting—two days a week with Lord Middleton, and generally three or four with the Holderness. I know of no other places that I could recommend, though there is good wild-fowl shooting to be had at Hull.’

## A SCENTING DAY.

BY B. T. C.

NIGHT time is ending,  
Soft mist descending,  
Light shadows blending, over moor and lea;  
Home from the hen-yard  
Steals silent Reynard,  
To his grassy kennel, where no man can see;  
There, curled securely,  
With one eye demurely  
Half open, and surely both his ears awake,  
He takes his forty  
Winks, and dreams of naughty  
Excursions in the evening when the bright stars break!

Oh, fur so dandy,  
 Grey, brown, or sandy !  
 Oh, cunning handy in each hour of need !  
 Through song and story  
 Old theme of glory,  
 Oh, heart set for stoutness ! Oh, limbs for speed !  
 That brush shall draggle,  
 Those limbs shall straggle,  
 That swift foot lag, till it can hardly crawl,  
 The straight back bent be,  
 The bright look spent be,  
 But the spirit unbeaten though the frame may fall !  
 \* \* \* \* \*

They have drawn the spinneys,  
 Where the broom and whin is ;  
 But it all too thin is, and too near the park ;  
 And the fir plantations,  
 Scene of keepers' patience,  
 And of wild sensations, as they echo, ' Mark !'  
 And then that hedgerow,  
 Where the grass and sedge grow,  
 And the hounds scarce wedge through the briars thick.  
 But he is not here, sir,  
 Though they know he's near, sir ;  
 And you need not fear, sir, but they'll find him quick !  
 See, across yon heather,  
 Old Trueman feather,  
 As if thinking whether to let fall a note,  
 Yooi there ! drag on him,  
 Good hounds, get on him !  
 A prince to a peasant he is hereabout !  
 But the sage, though he lashes  
 His stern, and dashes,  
 Will lead no flashes till 'tis time to speak.  
 The young blood's ready,  
 But the old is steady,  
 And will walk the line out, if it last a week !  
 I love that covert,  
 Where the plaintive plover  
 And the wild hawk hover, far away from sight ;  
 Where the hassock island  
 Is the only dry land,  
 Fit home for the sly hand that shuns the light !  
 'Tis there the tussle  
 Shall begin—the bustle  
 Of hounds—the hustle of man and steed—  
 The keen-faced whip  
 Sees a dark thing slip  
 Through yonder rushes, and goes off at speed.



Oh, splendid tally !  
 Oh, stirring rally !  
 Through all the valley and far up the sky !  
     The good pack hears it ;  
     The huntsman cheers it ;  
 The flyer fears it, for the scent is high !  
     On a soft, still morning  
     No need of warning  
 That, perchance, no dawning will be more for him ;  
     So his pace will quicken,  
     Though his breath may thicken,  
 And his head sets straight for the cliffs so grim !

    The shepherd views him,  
     And loud halloos him—  
 He would fain abuse him for olden scores,  
     The gudewife cackles,  
     And undoes the shackles,  
 The dog sets his hackles, and the donkey roars !  
     At a plough-team heading,  
     Through oxen threading  
 His way, little dreading their friendly stain,  
     The fox each meuse nicks ;  
     'Tis no time to use tricks ;  
 He will live if he only the Downs can gain !

    How they put the pace on,  
     As for blood they race on !  
 The field may chase on, all behind to-day ;  
     Now catch the beauties,  
     When their music mute is,  
 Can you over-ride them, you freely may !  
     In the fallows tailing,  
     On the hill-side failing,  
 No more gay sailing for coach slow or crack !  
     They've killed him alone, sir !  
     To their praise let us own, sir,  
 We are beaten to a standstill by the gallant pack !

## 'THE DAYS OF OLD.'

### A FRAGMENT.

'Come, fill again !' said Sir Herbert Lee to his friend, Everard Duncombe. 'You do scant justice to our cheer to-night.'

The latter had scarcely raised a goblet of ruby wine to his lips by way of answer, when—

'Old Ralph would speak with you, Sir Herbert !' exclaimed the white-headed seneschal, breaking in more unceremoniously on their *tête-à-tête* than was his wont.

'Admit him.—What wouldest thou with us, Ralph?'

'I bring good news, Sir Herbert. John has harboured in Eveley  
'Brake a stag of ten.'

'Ah! say you so? that is good news indeed. Such game has  
'been somewhat of the scarcest with us lately. Have either of you  
'seen him?'

'No; but as yesterday I rode across the downs from Anton—  
'whither I had gone for some new couplings—a shepherd told me  
'his dog roused such a one from out the gorse five miles from here.  
'He said it was a noble beast, and from his marks the one now  
harboured must be the same: his slot is broad and deep.'

'That speaks him an old and heavy deer.'

'John swears a stag of ten.'

'May he prove so! Quaff this cup of wine to our success; he  
'should show us noble sport—see that all our neighbours are  
'advised of this. We meet soon after break of day, and shall  
'expect them here to drink a cup ere starting for the chase.'

Morning had scarcely broken over Houghton Hall when the *reville*, summoning the inmates to prepare for the sport of the day, and ere Sir Herbert and his guest had finished a substantial breakfast, the tramp of hoofs was heard through the courtyard without. Neighbours and friends came trooping in apace; those whose station entitled them to the honour were ushered into the hall, not, indeed, to break their fast publicly, as would have been the case in more modern times, for each had gone through that genial occupation ere leaving home, but to quaff a morning draught, and drink success to the undertaking. Many a stout yeoman, either mounted or on foot, bathed his lip in the foaming cup, which the old butler freely dispensed to those whose want of rank, or modesty, kept them without.

Sir Herbert welcomed cordially his guests; and, of course, the harboured deer was the chief subject of conversation.

'I saw your forester this morning, Herbert,' said stout Sir Roger Sharp. 'By his account this deer's a perfect monster  
'hearing him bell last night, and he crept cautiously out and  
'watched; such a stag he never saw before, nor antlers of such size.'

'He had been rolling in the meadows where the water over-  
'flowed; and, certainly, the mark he left is large, and so is his slot.  
'I saw both as I this morning came across the ford,' said young Lord Harry Motson.

'Well, let's to horse, and see who first can bring this stag to bay!' exclaimed Sir Herbert, as, moving across the hall, he beckoned for Randolf, his favourite steed, to be brought forth, and patted him fondly ere placing foot in stirrup; while the horse, neighing faintly, turned his velvet nose and smelt his master's hand, as if to answer the caress.

'You still hold by the light-limbed sort?' remarked Sir Roger.

'Ay! indeed, I do; while Eastern blood is to be had I ride no

'other,' answered Sir Herbert, as he dropped lightly but firmly into the saddle.

The steed in question was, indeed, well worth his love and confidence, as he stood, with head erect, sniffing the morning air, his pricked ear turning to catch the slightest sound, and full, prominent eye almost starting from its socket. The head small and cleanly cut, was set on a beautifully-formed, light though muscular neck, issuing high from his chest, and joining shoulders which, though apparently full and low in the withers, in reality slanted well back, and had great freedom of motion. His fore-arms and knees were large and muscular, his cannons short, while his elastic pasterns stood on hoofs round and hard as flint. His thin silky mane—fine as a woman's hair—and tail set on high and gaily carried gave him a very stylish air, which his beautiful and springy action much enhanced. Though barely fifteen hands in height, he was thick through, and had a great amount of muscular power, as well as a round rib and barrel, making him in reality a far stronger horse than he appeared.

In direct contrast was the roan destined to carry Everard Duncombe in that day's chase. Of pure English breed, sixteen hands and upwards in height, he had immense weight and power. His action was high and showy, but less springy. He was mouthed and bitted to perfection, would go in a large plain snaffle, and jump either standing or flying, as his rider required. In fact, a more perfectly trained horse, either as charger or hunter, was not to be found. The remainder of the field were mounted on nags of the same character, though mostly of inferior form and training, Sir Roger Sharp, in particular, imposing his unwieldy person on a huge mountain of horseflesh, possessing neither shape nor action, which he managed with so little address, that he was in danger of riding down and trampling on those of his brother sportsmen who stood grouped around, as the great brute, elated by the novel sights and sounds, made a series of gambols and caracoles, that as ill became his ponderous bulk as they were inconvenient to his rider. In fact, Sir Roger, though living in an age when equestrianism was a necessity, was a poor rider, and cared little for the chase, but took great delight in shooting—then just in its infancy, and which had not as yet displaced the nobler sport of falconry. Had it not been for political motives, which caused him to try and ingratiate himself with Sir Herbert and his powerful friend Duncombe, he would not even then have joined the chase.

The baying of the hounds, as they were coupled up by their attendants to be led to the covert side, brought the leaves in showers from the huge elms that overhung the kennels; while the rooks, disturbed in their autumn operations of repairing their nests, wheeled with noisy flight, in circles far overhead, croaking forth notes of disapprobation. At length old Ralph appears bestriding a rather plain, though wiry-looking brown horse that had been very successful in the then favourite sport of trail matches,

though he possessed scarce speed enough to take honours at New-market. He was of such a savage disposition that he had long been turned over to Ralph's exclusive riding, who acted as huntsman or jockey as the occasion demanded, and who would have liked him none the less had he been ten times the savage he was.

Close behind come the attendants, leading about fifteen couple of hounds; without being anything like up to the standard of what would now be termed perfection, they were a great improvement on the hounds generally in use at that time, stood about twenty-six or seven inches high, rather long on the leg, but with much lighter fore-hands and better shoulders than the old sort. Such was the style of dog that time and judgment was to develop into the perfection of the canine race—the English foxhound.

The sun, now fairly risen, was drinking up from vale and hill the morning mist as the party moved from the courtyard; and, save where the vapour hung in masses over the river and marsh-land adjoining, a lovely English landscape was gradually opening to view, made still more beautiful by the thousand different hues the foliage had assumed. 'Twas a merry time, for the harvest was not long gathered, and farmer and labourer, in those days of primitive husbandry, could now take a short respite after the crowning of the year's toil. Still, the land must be once more upturned to receive the parent grain. And the ploughman stopped his willing team in mid-furrow and turned to gaze on the gay cavalcade as they traversed the fields to the distant copse.

Its precincts reached, the forester showed forth to make his report and confirm the tidings brought by Sir Roger, adding, moreover, that the stag was safely harboured not far from the centre of the covert. Ralph, now taking advantage of the slight breeze that stirred the leaves, proceeded to make his arrangements, and a leash of old slow hounds were uncoupled, whose business it was to draw for and rouse the deer. Nor had they long to wait ere the slot was found where he had returned from the meadows, and their deep notes soon proclaimed them on the drag.

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At the first challenge and the cheer which followed, the stag bounded from his lair amid the fern and brushwood, listened a moment, sniffed the scent of coming foes, and then, with antlers well laid back, at a slow, stately trot, wound him through the tangled underwood, and soon reached the gorse patches by which the cover was surrounded. Here he traversed the narrow tracks that intersected them, and so took advantage of the ground that none of the field caught view. In fact, except when he sprang over a piece of gorse intercepting his path, and his antlers flashed for a moment in the morning sun, he was invisible until the last vestige of cover was left behind, and he was fairly on the open down. There he stopped a moment, turning towards his foes, and then, breaking into a gallop, set his head straight for his distant forest home. At this point he was first viewed by a shepherd, whose shout, borne on

the breeze back to the party in the covert, announced that their game was gone. These were somewhat at fault, as the tufters had worked up to his lair, and yet nothing of him had been seen, so quietly, gently, and carefully had he stolen off. The hunting pack were just laid on as the view holloa was heard. Ralph, though now certain that the deer was away, thought it more prudent to allow the hounds to work the scent out for themselves than lift them to the holloa. So, merely sending an attendant forward to stop the shouting, he gently encouraged them. Though flashing over a little at first, they soon settled down for business, and worked it out to perfection, their light musical notes sounding like a clear ring of bells as they forced and drove through the gorse, so that Sir Everard could not forbear expressing his admiration. The open once reached, with 'heads up, sterns down,' away they went; and a tan-ta-ra of horns proclaimed the fact. Every one now settled into his place and prepared for business; Sir Herbert, holding Randolph to a steady, even stride, was going at ease, wide of, and nearly level with the leading hounds. Ralph on the wicked brown had his hands full, as that beauty, finding himself in the open, did his best to run away, and bored along with open mouth and head all but on the ground. Sir Everard's roan, though able to live with them, was far more extended than the better-bred ones. Of the rest, some were as yet going well, others thus early beginning to feel the effect of the pace.

The hounds, every moment settling more eagerly to the scent, race across the velvet turf or stride over the stunted heath, which, in large patches, enlivens the monotonous expanse with its purple blossoms, the latest of which are yet lingering on their dew-spangled stems. Ere many miles of gentle undulations are passed, before them looms the long sweep of hill crowned by the remains of some Danish chief's encampment, the rings on rings of entrenchments still showing what must have been the extent of the place and the importance of the works which they defended. Up its long and gradual ascent the pack dash in a compact body, and pass the embankments like an assaulting army. There is no foeman, however, to bar their passage, and only the solitary curlew utters his plaintive note as he is disturbed, like some ghostly outpost in his watch over the regions of the dead, and wings his silent flight to a yet lonelier spot.

These obstacles are avoided by the horsemen, who, bearing to the left, ride round their outside margin, and then hounds, horses, and men sweep like an avalanche into the vale below, and stream across the plain into a covert of thorns, gorse, and brambles.

Here the pace slackens as the hounds force themselves through these impediments, allowing both horse and rider time to recover the wind taken out of them by such a burst, though no actual check occurs, and they are obliged to keep on at a trot to avoid losing ground.

The ascent to the encampment completely tailed off the riff-raff, and many stand upon the edge of the hill, determined to go no farther, but watching the movements of those beneath them. Randolph is far the freshest of the nags, and though his nostril is distended and shows red within, and the veins stand out like network on his delicate skin, there is no distress apparent as he tosses white foam-flakes from his bit with impatience at being pulled out of his stride.

Very different is the case of the roan; sobbing from exhaustion, in a white lather, and the sweat pouring from him in streams, he requires no pulling up, and another mile or so at the pace would have stopped him.

'What think you of our sport?' inquired Sir Herbert, drawing back to the side of his friend, as the merry voices of the pack are heard carrying the line through the almost impervious cover.

'Beautiful,' rejoined he, 'but far too fast for me; poor Norman is almost done. How gallantly they work, Herbert.'

'Indeed they do; you find no lack of music now the cover stops them; their notes are clear as bells, and fall as pleasantly upon the ear. See how they drive across those places where the gorse obstructs them not.'

'I never saw such hounds; but look, they are out again.'

'Twas true; the gallant stag had threaded the cover, but not lingered in it; and no sooner had the pack forced their way through than they were again racing over the open at quite as good a pace as in the first bold burst. Taking high ground, they now crossed the scene of one of Canute's battles, which, to this day, in a corrupted form, bears his name, then, turning on the right, entered the wooded district between that and the marsh land bounding Pill Hill Brook. Through the glades of the former the pace slackens as they traverse its leafy alleys, and the latter forms a serious obstacle to the horsemen, bounded as it is by a morass on each side.

This allows the hounds to again get away from Sir Herbert and his huntsman, who, however, at last finding a tolerably practicable part, clear it, and, guided by a few straggling hounds, go on in pursuit of the body of the pack. Their steeds have now got second wind, and both being better schooled than most of their day in crossing a country, get well over the enclosed and cultivated land, though some rather formidable obstacles have to be encountered. A check, caused by the deer passing a ploughed field, enables them to get on terms with the pack; a forward cast hits off the line, and bearing to the left they run through the village of Perydown, and soon enter the deep, broad woods of Collingdean. The deer has been too much pressed to hang long in cover, and cutting across at an angle, breaks once more on to the downs. Now the pace becomes terrific; soon half the pack are left struggling in the rear, and Ralph, good as is his brown, can no longer live with the foremost ones. With Randolph the case is different, the extra dash of Arab blood tells, he still lies beside the lessening pack with the same easy stride, going gallantly as ever.

Two hours are passed, and they have never once seen the deer ; but now a traveller meets them, who reports him not more than a mile or so before them, dirty and soiled, but still going strong. 'Forward ! forward !' is the cry, as the stoutest hounds press more eagerly on the scent, their number becoming gradually less, and the stragglers falling farther in the rear.

Hills are climbed, valleys swept into, still forward goes the chase until the last hill that overlooks the Woodbridge Vale is reached, and Sir Herbert slackens his pace a moment before dashing down its descent. He is alone with the hounds, for old Ralph is nowhere to be seen ; but joy ! before him, struggling over the deep meadows and through the heavy clays, in full view, labours the gallant stag.

With a shrill whoop, down the hill he rides, close to the thundering pack, and soon hounds, horse, and man are ploughing their way through the holding soil, and scrambling over the deep drains and ditches. Slow is now the pace, and the bonny bay goes with heaving flank and laboured stride ; still he falters not, nor falls, while a touch [of the spur and slight lift of the rein sends him bounding over the broad fences.

'It can never last,' thinks his rider, as they right themselves after a scramble at a larger place than common, 'either the deer or we must stop. How far before us?' shouts he to a gaping countryman, standing under a haystack.

'Not many minutes,' is the answer.

'Is his mouth open or shut ?'

'Shut,' was the reply.

'Then we shall kill him,' said Sir Herbert, collecting his horse, and sending him at another rasper.

But one field now remains ere the shelter of Glastonbury Forest is reached, and as the deer enters its sombre shade five couple of hounds are at his haunches.

Vain are his hopes of once more rejoining his antlered companions ; he has reached home, it is true, but to die. Still one more desperate effort ere the game is lost ; a pool of water lies before him, frantically he dashes in, and, with his rear defended by a steep bank, stands at bay.

Fruitless his hopes ; the shallow water affords but little succour, as the pack, thirsting for blood, close in on every side. Dis-mounting, Sir Herbert hastens to their help—none too soon, for already one is desperately gored, and another disabled by a blow from the deer's fore-leg. Watching his victim, at the next charge he dashes into the water, and, seizing one antler, the weapon is plunged into his heart, and the deer sinks to rise no more.

## FOXES.

'THE MORRICES.' BY G. T. LOWTH.

THE Melton meet at Kirby Gate on the first Monday in November, as usual, has been the herald for the commencement of the hunting season of 1871 and 1872—an event scarcely less influential than that of the opening of the Session of Parliament by the Speaker of the House of Commons. Upon a fair estimate of the two congregations of saints and sinners, the average of intellect, including huntsmen and whips, may be said to be in favour of Melton,—in honesty and straight going, Melton is immeasurably in the ascendant; and of gentility, or *manners*—to adopt the public phraseology of Mr. Tattersall—it is quite certain that ninety per cent. of the Radical Parliament would be blackballed at any of the Melton clubs. It would not be doing justice to foxhunting, as a social institution sanctioned by the fiat of a plebiscite, were it to be treated merely as an amusement, without a corresponding utility. It has its serious not less than its pleasurable phase, and by consentaneous agreement, domestic and foreign, is admitted to form a feature in the national character, the fame of which has gone forth unto all lands. To speak of this pastime as 'the noble science' is not more than rendering the tribute of justice to a recreation that in its manifold ramifications adds profit to amusement, and assists in providing for the livelihood of the many by bringing into technical existence the labour of those whose position in life makes them dependent, more or less, upon manual employment for their means of daily subsistence. It should be remembered also that the modern style of hunting puts into requisition a far larger number of persons, with their studs and belongings at hotels and at hunting-boxes, than that of an earlier date; so that, assuming a hunting establishment, with its various appurtenances, were to be suppressed in a particular district, a serious injury would be inflicted by diverting from its accustomed channel the usual stream of capital and labour. Like that river-water, also, which increases in volume as progressing onwards and downwards, in obedience to the law of gravitation, it absorbs in its course the rill, the brook, and the rivulet, flowing from the watersheds of the surrounding country; so does the want that incites to labour for its satisfaction engender other varieties of exertion, the one dependent upon the other, in which consists its utility by the production and reproduction of labour. The nature of the labour is beside the question—whether it be caused by necessity or luxury, otherwise amusement—so long as it be productive of the means of that interchange of capital and labour by which that labour derives its immediate profit. It is the common error of those wiseacres, the philosophical utilitarians, to decry the employment of capital upon amusement, which is said to be non-productive, utterly oblivious of the principle that they themselves establish at the outset of their economy that 'production' is not meant to be the production of matter, that being the exclusive attri-



bute of Omnipotence, but the production of utility, and consequently of value or money, by appropriating and modifying matter already in existence, *like hounds and horses*, so as to fit it or them to satisfy our wants and contribute to our enjoyment. The circulation of money,—a word derived from the circumstance of silver being coined at Rome in the temple of *Juno Moneta*, or the admonisher,—is a radiating advantage by which that representative of the crude barter of commodities diffuses through a neighbourhood the comforts that an artificial state of society has shaped and classified for all grades, according to their stern necessities or adventitious requirements. The greater therefore the local circulation of this medium, the more rapid the exchange of capital and labour, the more sterling will be its immediate effects, and he who contributes to, or the pastime that encourages such an accession of the *marchandise banale* in a district, is an immediate benefactor, as he who would banish such supply by suppressing the source from whence it comes cannot be regarded in other light than that of a foe to the wellbeing of his surroundings, monetary and social. The utilitarians are petulantly averse to permit their theory of economics to be used in any other sense than that of a stern crudity, and flinch when their arguments are turned against themselves in defence of sporting, which they revile as an unprofitable and senseless pursuit.

‘The up and down of it is, sir,’ said ‘Civil John,’ of Tilbury’s Yard, as he looked with a grin at a celebrated sophist riding a fidgety horse in Rotten Row, with a jerking hand and a washball seat, ‘they none of that ’ere lot can ride ; no, not e’er a one on ’em ; ’ and them’s spiteful of them as can.’

A home truth and a homely ; for if an utilitarian tailor were accused of being unable to ride, he would resent the same, in defiance of his philosophy, as an indignity. Now this identical fellow of a washball seat had been lavish of censure upon the outlay of six hundred guineas for three couple of foxhounds at Lord Poltimore’s sale ; yet he considered himself beyond the pale of that same censure when he paid a fabulous price for the first and black-letter edition in folio, with gilt bosses and clasps, of Speed’s ‘Chronicles,’ and which black-letter, in the chapter of ‘Britaines Nakednes,’ contained the rare print—omitted in the later editions—of a female tattooed from head to foot, after the fashion of the Ancient Britons. Without the print, he might have had another edition of the work for five pounds. By what standard will ‘Washball’ consent to be judged ?

And now let us see how the economic principle stands in the case of pheasant *versus* fox, gun *versus* hound.

The larger expenditure attending the establishment of foxhounds in the present day, in comparison with that of former times, is the result of the increasing popularity of the pursuit, and the perfection which it has attained by the application of that which may be truly called ‘science’ in the breed and management of hounds in the kennel and in the field. Harriers are comparatively playthings ; and when they make pretension to a rivalry of the nobler chase by sub-

stituting a dwarf foxhound for the more legitimate beagle, they neither add to their sport nor their credit, and they fail in attracting to their mild fixtures other than those to whom the severity of riding is not agreeable, either from age or incapacity. In an accredited country, where foxhounds are regarded as an institution belonging and peculiar to the nation, their local advantage is openly acknowledged by the advertisements of houses stating as an additional inducement and enhancement of value the fact of their being situate within the reach of a pack, or more than one pack, of foxhounds, as the case may be. Foxhunting, therefore, becomes an essential adjunct of modern society, ancillary to public amusement and public profit, since those who migrate for the pleasures of the chase are, for the most part, well furnished with that coveted medium that permeates amongst the tradesmen of the district. Then comes the lady element—a most important one. It lures to the covert side many—got up to the nines, with their fancy button and polished boots—strangers in heart and in deed to any cross-country feat, and whose imposture is in a way made manifest by their inability to put on the long-necked spur so that it should drop gracefully, which a workman alone knows how to effect. Nevertheless, there they are, carrying their grist with them, and so far profitable to the labour market; but as to their use, or rather misuse in the hunting field, they might as well carry their grist in a miller's sack behind their saddles. However, they are serviceable to Messrs. Chapman, and others of that clique, who supply their wants, and supply them well, at a short notice, and for a fair consideration not commensurate with the risks. As a matter of course, the lady element is introductory to public breakfasts, luncheons, a free-and-easy five o'clock tea, round-table dinner parties, with shaded argands that shed a bright light on the comestibles, leaving the rest in a pleasing obscurity favourable to *petits soins*; and then the festivities of the season terminate in a hunt ball, where the maternities mentally recapitulate the onslaught of the campaign, counting up the number of the sick and wounded detrimentals, and expatiating warmly on the conquering charge of the guard *dorée* of the elders that is to be made complete in Rotten Row. Neither should mention be omitted of the open hand of the foxhunting community, ready at all times in the cause of public charities, whether it be for the relief of the indigent, the extension of hospitals, a subscription to life-boats, or the repair of dilapidated churches. One of the best runs of a former season was after a bazaar, held for the restoration of the church at Melton Mowbray, which brought together a large number of hunting men from distant latitudes. All this keeps the ball 'a-rolling;' but it could not roll without a fox—which is, indeed, the identical ball, the very fountain-head of all this revelry. And what kind of reckoning should be made with him who would mar this pleasure, which is shown to be in itself so fruitful of others, by predeterminately and with malice destroying the means from whence those pleasures derive their social occurrence? So much for the fox, and now one word with the pheasant.

That large preserves are the occasion of the employment of many keepers and other incidental outlays of capital beneficial to the immediate locality, may be fairly admitted; but the object, and the gratification of it, are purely and intensely selfish, confined within a narrow compass, and utterly devoid of that open geniality which is the concomitant of the more exciting and generous pastime of fox-hunting. Houses may be filled with pleasant people, and gaiety may abound as a preliminary to a battue, where the slaughter can barely be considered as sport, and where the favourite corner, so called 'hot,' only furnishes a larger number of tame birds for an indiscriminate destruction that is mainly interesting to the keeper and the poulterer. This amusement, like all others, is a matter of taste, and has its prescriptive rights as well as that of hunting, with which no one can, and no one desires, to interfere. But it is not thus with pheasant preservers. The battue and the gun declare war to the fox. Bad as this may be, worse remains behind. The pheasant preserver destroys foxes and denies the fact. He nominally and ostensibly gives a lip support to foxhounds, and connives—by feigning ignorance, which is a lie—at the various modes by which his keeper clears the coverts of the cause of sport to others. Moreover, by the superabundance of game that is bred, fed, and tamed for his pot shooting, he is the actual cause of poaching through the allures held out to the poor man to purvey for the necessities of a starving family. But the most damnifying part of the transaction is the position taken up by one of titular honour, in defiance of every principle of the right by which society is held together and gentlemen ought to be guided. The lapse is too gross and flagrant to need comment, and the bag fox,—which old hounds are careless to hunt,—cannot protect the integrity of the unhappy owner of the covert which has been sullied by his own word and his own deed. The imposture of the tame bagman, christened *ferox* by the keeper and his master, is an hypocrisy that at once adds to and confirms the original error. The crusade now directed against the game laws by the Radicals and Republicans is a visitation upon the pheasant preservers for their dishonesty towards the foxhunters, whom they have treated with injustice, and at all cost, even to the loss of their own character for truth.

These observations have been caused, and are rendered pertinent, by the report in the public journals of a meeting lately held in South Devon, where Mr. Cubitt, who occupied the country in the South Hams, formerly hunted by Sir Henry Seale, signified his intention to resign the mastership of the hounds, from the wholesale destruction of foxes in coverts that had been ceded to him by the owners, with promises of support and the strict preservation of foxes. So far from being preserved, the foxes had been trapped and destroyed in every direction, and the country is, at the present, positively and literally an entire blank. Mr. Cubitt, in forming his pack, was a purchaser at the sale of Lord Poltimore, having given a high price for the hounds at that now memorable sale, and he succeeded in having a kennel

of hounds high-bred, handsome, and effective, which would have shown sport in any of the more favoured shires. The word 'favoured,' in this instance, may be charged with a double signification. Mr. Cubitt offered to make a gift of his establishment to any one who would take the country with the chance of experiencing a fairer treatment than that which has been accorded to him. The appeal was vain. The South Ham Ethiop stands, and will stand, to the colour of his cuticle, and the hounds have left the country. The case is stated plainly, without circumlocution of word, without concealment of thought or misinterpretation of purport; and it is to be regretted that to the north of Dartmoor, by Tamarside, similar animadversion is applicable, where a good moor country, famous for holding scent, has been rendered inoperative by this gross misconduct.

It is pleasing to turn from this chronicle of wrong to the racy pages of a clever work of fiction, of which the reviews have spoken as one of the best, if not the best, of the season, written by Mr. G. T. Lowth, a son of the author of the celebrated 'Billesdon Coplow Run'—'The wind at North-east, most forbiddingly keen.' In 'The Morrices; or, the Doubtful Marriage,' occurs the following passage about hunting:—

"The fact was," said Mr. Morrice, "that I had no intention of whatever in doing more than taking a canter with the young ladies; but when we accidentally had such a good start—the fox coming out close to us—and then such a rare scent, the hounds running almost mute, there was no resisting the opportunity. So when we got to the end of the moor—and I must say Marion and Anna rode beautifully over that rough ground in the bottom by the barn, where there are two or three very nasty grips indeed—and they said they must go back, I thought I would go on for a bit. But I found old Wat so full of going, and he pulled at me so hard, that I thought it a pity to disappoint him; and then I let him go till we came to the check, and then I came home. That was all."

"All!" exclaimed Captain Wynckly. "You talk of it as if it had been a mere canter. I only know it was about the best twenty minutes I ever rode in my life; and so Frank Morrice thought too. Didn't you?"

"When my father is on Wat, and there is a scent, it takes a very good man indeed to beat him," said Frank, quietly.

"I never am surprised at gentlemen liking hunting," said Lady Ashford, "though I have my doubts as to the moral of it. It seems rather cruel when I think of the poor animal in front."

"I think so, too," said Lady Underside. "One poor beast with twenty dogs after it!"

"I am fond of hunting," said Captain Wynckly, "and therefore you may say I am a partial judge in the matter; but really I do not think, putting aside any partiality for it, that the charge of cruelty can be maintained."

“ “ You hunt the fox till he is tired, and then you kill him. Surely that is cruel ?” said Lady Underside.

“ “ A very neat and compact position,” said Captain Wynckly ; “ but which is the cruelty—the hunting till he is tired, or the killing ?”

“ “ Perhaps both,” said Lady Ashford ; “ but you must not omit the terror the poor creature is in all the time he is being hunted—that is part of the cruelty.”

“ “ How do you know,” said Lord Wyville, “ that the fox is in any terror ? All the habits of the animal go to prove the contrary. For instance, he is a savage wild beast. You will allow that ?”

“ “ Yes, that he is. He kills my poultry and Sir Charles’s pheasants,” said Lady Underside.

“ “ And he is always on the watch for his prey, and is accustomed to dogs every day and every night of his life, as he prowls about farm-yards and cottages, and so he has no great fear of them. Why should he have ? He carries off his prey from the yards under their very noses.”

“ “ But a pack of hounds hunting him ? Surely, Lord Wyville, that is different ?”

“ “ Yes, in a degree, but only in a degree ; and this is proved by the fact that the fox is commonly never far before the hounds. He will stay in a wood, and go round and round in it, and up and down it, and never care to go very far from the hounds, if he finds they do not press him ; that is, if there is a bad scent. The truth I take to be, that the fox is a daring and fierce animal, and he is so gifted with instinctive craft that he will, by his courage and skill, baffle a pack of hounds day after day. If he finds the hounds press him, he will leave the wood and go right away to a distance, as the best way to shake them off—not in terror, but as a matter of skill ; and even then he will not go far in front of them, but take it leisurely, and will often stop and listen if he can hear them coming. These are well-known facts. If he hears them he goes on, if not he quietly lies down, and goes back home. Where is there any terror in all this cool scheming ? If the hounds do come up to him, he never loses his presence of mind, one may almost call it, but uses all his skill, and often defeats his enemies at the very last moment by some artful dodge. You would make him out to be a stupid coward, terrified at the barking of dogs—the sound he has been hearing and despising every night of his life ; whereas a stupid coward is the precise thing he is not, but a daring genius in his line.”

“ “ I agree with every word that Lord Wyville has uttered,” said Mr. Morrice.

“ “ But, anyhow, he is tired out and then killed,” said Lady Underside ; “ and it seems a cruel thing to do this to the poor animal, however clever and bold you make him out to be.”

“ “ I do not think the tiring goes for much,” said Captain Wynckly,

“because our domestic animals get tired by us often enough—our horses and dogs—and no one complains of that; our humanitarians do that with a safe conscience.”

“It is the killing is the main point,” said Frank; “that is where Lady Underside comes down on us foxhunters. But if killing is cruel, how about mutton and beef, and chickens and ducks, pigs and geese? Are you prepared to give up the farm-yard?”

“Good Heavens! no! Give up my larder!”

“Please,” said Frank, “if you should be persuaded by any one, on account of poor foxy’s hard case, to give up your larder—please invite me to be present at your first meeting with your cook.”

“But you know, Lord Wyville,” said Lady Ashford, “there is one point of the question which affects us ladies especially. We are taken to task severely for going out hunting, and more particularly for being in at the death, and, it is said, liking and enjoying the death of poor foxy. Do we enjoy this? I am not a huntress, and so I can’t say; but is it true that the people out with the hounds really take a pleasure in killing the poor animal?”

“I can answer for myself,” said Lord Wyville. “I take no kind of pleasure in the act of killing the fox; and I don’t believe one person in ten of the whole field does so, and certainly not even a single lady. That there is satisfaction in the finale of a run in the death of a fox, is true. As a last wind-up scene in a play, before the curtain comes down, or a hard neck-and-neck race for the Guineas, it is a fine finish. But if there is no run, and a fox is chopped, then there is no pleasure in his death. Everybody is disgusted, except the huntsman, who counts noses, and does not much care how he gets them.”

“The truth is, it is the run that is really enjoyed,” said Frank.

“You are quite right,” continued Lord Wyville. “The run is the thing, the music of the foxhounds in cry, the excitement of the number of horses galloping, the eager rivalry of the riders, the efforts of skill in keeping with hounds in spite of difficulties, the demands on one’s courage, the pride in one’s horse, the mere animal pleasure of galloping fast through the fine bracing air, which gives the nerves health and vigour—it is all this that is the real pleasure of hunting. And then, when one knows that there is a crafty, and daring, and swift, and bloodthirsty wild animal in front, whose cunning it will take all the united cleverness of those hounds and men to defeat, and whose courage is never at fault, then there is a certain natural desire to conquer him. If he gives us a good run, and we beat him, we triumph; but he dies with all the honours. We laud him with pæans, loudly—a good fox!—a gallant fellow!”

Let us add as loudly,—Which the vulpicide is *not*.

M. F. H.

## NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER IN THE SHIRES.

## MELTON.

THE opening months of the hunting season were ushered in with every promise of sport, and were entered on more hopefully than has been the case for years. All our little stock of knowledge on the subject prophesied success, and apparently pointed most satisfactorily to the why and wherefore of the probability—the *fons et origo* of our belief being the plentiful moisture in the ground, and satisfactory accounts of the all-needful animal.

But daily does the ignorance of would-be-wise sportsmen appear more patent. The chances of sport are just as the chances of the weather (the former, by the way, being largely dependent on the latter); everybody thinks he knows a great deal about them, and is averse to discover how totally unenlightened he is on the matter. If a man says it is going to rain, and it does so, he at once pats himself on the back as a clever fellow, and gives himself credit for being weatherwise. If his prophecy is wrong, he thinks and says no more about it; and exactly a similar course is adopted by the man who pretends to foresee events in the field. In future we will accept no theory whatever; for all our treasured notions have been cast to the winds during the last two months; and we intend to shut our ears to all new ones till we can meet with the man who, setting the frost apart from the question, can give us convincing reason for the general absence of scent and failure of sport during the early part of this season.

November is spoken of by many good folks as the best month in the year. But for one reason in favour of this rule there are twenty against it. The young hounds have not learned their work, and make even the veterans flashy; the foxes don't know how to run; the pastures are soiled by countless sheep and cattle; and the ditches are so blind that they are a terror to the boldest heart (as may be seen by the hesitation and hanging back of the first flight, as compared with their dash and ardour in later months). There is never much hard riding in November—this year there was notably less than ever; for no one remembers the country such a network of pitfalls as it was in the past early autumn. In dry and barren summers the cattle get into the ditches and clear them out, keeping even the hedges short-cropped; but this year there was such a luxuriance of keep that they have not even deigned to show us the rabbit-holes. The one recommendation of November lies in the shortness of quantity and redundancy of quality of the fields. There is none of the cockneyfied element that appears so strongly after Christmas; but almost every man is a sportsman and loves hunting for its own sake. Many of the Melton *habitues*, however, from one cause or another, are obliged to miss some weeks at starting—the Earl of Wilton, for instance, is seldom at the Viceregal Lodge in time for Kirby Gate; though it was cheering to hear of him sitting

down on his hack on Newmarket Heath, and riding for a glimpse of his own colours first past the post, to learn of his winding up the season successfully at Liverpool and Shrewsbury; and to know that we should again see him leading the van with all his old skill and quickness. Indeed it is difficult to understand how one in his position can make the year long enough to contain all that he has to compress into it. A winter at Melton, racing from spring till autumn, the London season, and Parliament, appear more than one man's energy and one man's strength can grapple with. And there are claims on such a man that we, of an inferior world, can scarcely realise in their full extent—claims of party, claims of society, and claims of neighbourhood. Heaton Hall and its hospitality have to be kept up, and visits have to be made far and near. In his son, however, he had the fittest possible representative; Lord Grey de Wilton was here to time, and he and Captain Riddell were doing most of the pioneering work during November—their partiality for open timber standing in good stead to keep them clear of hidden dangers. Sir Frederick Johnstone was also kept back by the autumn racing, and came only in time to hear that he ought to have been out at Owston Wood, though it should be some slight consolation to him (or, at least, to his groom) to know that the ash rails are now as brittle as glass after the hard weather. Colonel Forester and one or two others were delayed for the same reason, and Lord Calthorpe only came down a week before Christmas. Captain Coventry arrived just before the first frost, and might have employed his time profitably in walking over the white-rimed pastures, and picking his place in the reputed impossibilities of the neighbourhood. But, in whatever way he spent the fortnight's vacation, he was well on the spot on Mr. Tailby's great day. Mr. Forster having, in the last two seasons, perfected his knowledge of every ravine in the hunt, intends to pursue his geographical researches elsewhere, and is reported an absentee from the metropolis. From the fact of farmers having taken to plashing their hedges, the heavy weights have no longer the advantage at the bullfinches as formerly; so Mr. Charles Fenwick's cheery face will probably be but occasionally seen at the covert side. Captain Smith appeared during the first few days of November, and vanished again like a meteor—only waiting to lead a dance over the hairy Six Hill country on a four-year old. Melton, though, expects every man (or, at all events, all her best) to do their duty; the international meetings on Tuesdays and Fridays demanded his presence; and, accordingly, he was in his place as soon as serious business commenced. The George has most of its patrons again—Captain Boyce, with Smoke, as juvenile as when he won the Light-Weight Military ten years ago (he was then aged), with Sledge-hammer to join him in an old man's chorus, and Waterloo to be brought up in this establishment of eternal youth; Captain Molyneux, whose capabilities have attracted the notice of the Admiralty and have been mainly instrumental in deciding them to do away with a special class of navigating officers, for he wants no pilot, can steer his own course,



and seldom runs aground ; Mr. Brand, whose stud, if not all turned out of one mould, are all made for work ; and Mr. Creyke, with much the same lot of nice animals as last year. Captain Stirling is at the Harborough Arms with a goodly remnant of neatness and quality saved from the stampedes at Aldershot ; and Major Paynter is again down, and has his hands full of schooling. The Messrs. Behrens have, as usual, the best stud of horses and the best rough-rider (both amateur and professional) in Leicestershire.

Two of the oldest and most popular of the regular visitors I have not yet spoken of, viz., Mr. Little Gilmour, and Mr. Westley Richards. The former has been associated with Melton as long and intimately as Lord Wilton himself, and has been no less famous as a rider over a country. In his day he had a special forte for coming straight down at, and getting safely over a fence that most men would consider impracticable, and is said to have been more difficult to stop when hounds were running than any man in England. Though he has now resigned his place in the van to younger spirits, he loves hunting none the less ; his sense of enjoyment, instead of being dimmed, is strengthened by the accumulated experience of years ; and his cheery presence always command the respect and admiration due to a Nestor. Mr. Westley Richards is one of the chief and staunchest supporters of the Quorn ; he breeds his own horses, is now riding a selection made to hand for him by Colonel Jervoise, and can still take his cropper as kindly as a younger man.

To turn to the residents. The promising brightness of Mr. Coupland's mastership has been sadly gloomed by the painful incident of the autumn. When he would fain have been at home, his engagements forced him early into the field ; but in the excitement and duties of his office he must have found a certain relief. He has never been going better than this year, his new stud are, if anything, better than their predecessors, and certainly no master was ever more anxious in the cause of sport than he is. Mr. William Chaplin has some of the best material that Sheward and Chapman can produce ; but, though no man can show forth their good qualities to better advantage, he has had but little work out of them hitherto.

Colonel Markham is again here, and each member of his family supports foxhunting to the utmost, the two little Dianas on grey ponies caring neither for weather nor distance. The new arrivals are Lord and Lady Dupplin, Mr. and Lady Ida Hope, and Mr. and Mrs. Sloane Stanley. Melton never had so many lady-riders for years as now ; and three better horsewomen never graced a field than the last-named (who had the ill-luck to mark her two first days by a fall on each), Lady Grey de Wilton, and Lady Evelyn Coventry, and the others are no unworthy companions in the field.

Lord Dupplin has got together some horses which belie their appearance if they are not fit for the work in store for them ; and Mr. Hope has a nice little stableful of some five-and-twenty, about a moiety of which would call for Highly Commended from any judge of style and action.

The only bachelor additions at present are Captain Barker, who has brought down a string that should pay their cornbills at the Spring Steeplechases, and who takes to Leicestershire with an inborn kindness; Mr. Burke, who cracked a rib on his first day, but was to the fore again as soon as the thaw took the stiffness out of him; and Mr. H. Wombwell.

The question now suggests itself, why *don't* more single men come to Melton? The place is certainly full in one sense of the word, and almost every stable is occupied; but it would expand to any extent in proportion to the demand upon it. With the enormous increase of late years in the popularity of hunting, and the number of its votaries, there ought to be ten times as many men avail themselves of the unrivalled attractions that Melton offers. But a bugbear is abroad that frightens no end of sportsmen who long for a fling in the Shires; and this is the false and exaggerated notion that exists with regard to stud, establishment, and expenses necessarily attendant on the essay. It is a very common thing to hear men say: 'Oh, it's 'no good going down there with less than a dozen horses.' But look round and mark how many of the most regular and the hardest in the field have not more than half that number, often even less. In fact, one may boldly assert that if a man has six good animals, and, of course, a hack, in his stable, starts with them all in hard-working condition (this before everything), and has not more than his fair share of little accidents, he need never stop at home for want of a horse. Doubtless it is a very pleasant thing to have an unlimited number at command (Ye gods! just for one season to have *twenty* to ride the tails off, and be able to jump and gallop all day!); but horses that have been properly summered and prepared go all the better for doing two half-days a week, and are always to be more depended upon at a pinch than those whose existence for six days out of the seven is devoted to one hour's walking and twenty-three hours' stuffing. Taking into account frosts and easy days, a vast amount of sport may be seen with a most limited stud.

Oats are no dearer in the Shires than elsewhere (most people have them sent from London); hay is not more expensive, nor is straw; and as regards grooms and strappers, you pay the same price in the provinces for a much 'inferior article.' One thing certainly calls for a greater strain on the pocket, and that is the original price required to provide the proper class of animal. The Melton tradespeople, too, have mouths of the most elastic material; and it would bring a proper judgment upon them if residents and visitors were to establish a Hunting Co-operative, and leave them out in the cold altogether.

A part explanation of the deficiency of emigrants hither might, perhaps, be given thus: a man is only likely to make a *début* at Melton when in the vigour and flush of youth; though that, having once been under the influence of its attractions, he may be unable to release himself from them ever after is proven by numberless instances. Youth is very seldom its own master, but is subservient to one of

two influences—the governor, or want of money. If our example be an elder son, and suffers not from the latter obstacle, he is probably wanted at home, and is tied down by the estate and county position both during his father's life and after he comes into possession. The younger son, on the other hand, is not likely to induce the 'paternal authority to find him a stud of horses which he cannot keep up eventually; afterwards he cannot find them for himself, or, as I have attempted to show, is daunted by the fancied magnitude of the undertaking, and remains in his native plough.

But if Melton itself be too high to soar, why clip your pinions, and deny yourself a flight over the grass altogether? There are plenty of places in the Shires which command almost equally good sport, and in scarcely inferior company. Market Harborough has all the advantages of Melton as regards sport, and all its disadvantages as regards expense. Moreover, it has none of the society of the latter place, and a man is more than ever dependent on hunting for bare occupation. No, Harborough is more suited to the wants of men who live in London, can only spare a certain number of days per week, but like to enjoy the cream of the grass country, without regard to cost.

For the sort of man we are speaking of—one who would like to winter in the Shires with only a few horses—Rugby is a far preferable quarter. Besides its club, the town has plenty of genial society in itself, and the neighbourhood has the same (and many noted cellars of old port!), and the best meets of the Pytchley, Atherstone, North Warwickshire, two days a-week with Mr. Angerstein's staghounds, or an occasional day, by train, with the Quorn and Mr. Tailby, are at command. Or, better still, a place where scarcely any one has been of late years, Lutterworth, eight miles from Rugby, and four from Ullesthorpe Station (between Leicester and Rugby); from which all Mr. Tailby's meets in the Harborough district are available, all the Leicestershire part of the Pytchley, and the best of the Atherstone country close handy, Mr. Angerstein's staghounds equally near, and once a-week the North Warwickshire or the Quorn may be reached. Two or three bachelors here need never find time hang heavy on their hands, for there is not a more sociable neighbourhood in the Midlands. At the Hind they would get food and care for man and horse that they might go far to find. Mr. Sansome was a pupil of old Lucas, the famous vet., and unites in himself the triple professions of veterinary, agriculture, and hotel-keeping. So, with old oats and supervision 'kept on the premises,' half the anxieties of stable management would be removed at once. There is, also, a newly-established livery-stable in the town.

But we are rather flashing off the line. We have said little or nothing yet of the doings of the last two months; though, of a truth, there is but too little to tell. Let us start fair. Be it known to the world in general that there are four packs which divide the attention of dwellers and sojourners at Melton, viz., the Belvoir (or the Duke of Rutland's), the Cottesmore, the Quorn, and Mr. Tailby's. Of

these it may be said, briefly, the Belvoir are beautiful and perfect beyond compare; the Cottesmore are gigantic and, to eyes accustomed to the modern type of neat, fine-bred hound, appear to better advantage on a scent than at a meet; the present Quorn are a new pack, imported from the Craven country, are remarkably hardworking and persevering, and require but a slight further acquaintance with our thorn fences and gorse coverts to make them all that is required. Mr. Tailby's can work any covert and make light of any description of country, and, moreover, can both race and hunt. Of the ins and outs of the breeding of the last-named, I pretend to no knowledge, but from their appearance and character one would fancy Mr. Tailby has drawn largely on the Belvoir for his blood.

Of these four the first and best happen to have had the least sport of all; or, to put it more accurately, have as yet had no strikingly good run to attract attention, nor with all their excellences are they likely to have many (to quote from every observer's mouth), till they get a new breed of foxes, or, at least, improve the present. It is almost mournful to see such hounds engaged day after day in pursuing a twisting, short-running little beast that a pack of harriers could do equal justice to; but, unless some stout Gaelic blood be imported, their energy will continue to find no more worthy outlet than a ten-minutes' burst, and their huntsman's skill no greater range than working out a foil.

The other three packs, on the contrary, have each made their mark, in spite of the narrow margin allowed them by the frequent frost, and each can already tell of a red-letter day to their present season. The Cottesmore and Mr. Tailby's divide the chief honours between them. Since the last frost the former have been showing first-rate sport on two or three different occasions, the most notable being that of Friday, December 15th (the same day that the Quorn had their Thorpe Trussels run, and when consequently Mr. Tailby and Custance were about the only two of note from this side the country to compete with the home division), and Thursday, the 21st. On the Friday we speak of they made a ten-mile point, and are said to have gone fast for nearly fifty minutes. But the Thursday, at Wild's Lodge, gave a burst unexceptionable in itself, and lacking perfection in no single feature (except that some of the best men were slipped at starting). Stapleford Park was where they found, and Whissendine Village where they killed, after a gallop of thirty-two minutes, each of which, on a moderate calculation, was represented by at least one cropper. The two points are no distance apart, but the fox chose his ground as if he had been educated as a grazier, for, keeping the village on his left, circled over all the best samples of rich old turf in the lordship. The hounds had rather the pull all the way, but there were some dozen men who never had two fences to look through for them, prominent among them being Capt. Coventry, Lord Grey de Wilton, Capt. Boyce, Capt. Stirling, &c. The historic Whissendine was crossed by the hounds at a bridge, or there might indeed have been a fancy scene. I have

dwelt more fully on this run than space warrants me, as I have seen no full account of it in the sporting papers, and those who love a quick good thing are not likely to have their taste better suited for some time to come.

Mr. Tailby has had a good forty minutes from Ranksboro' on Tuesday, Nov. 14th; a superlatively fine day's sport from Owston Wood on Tuesday, Nov. 28th; a thirty-five minutes from Orton Park Wood on the Saturday following, that will be sung of for years by those who saw it. His woodland foxes have this year developed an extraordinary tendency for wide ranging and open travelling; and, curiously enough, each of these three runs was over pretty nearly the same line (which, moreover, was afterwards adopted by the Quorn fox in their best essay). A regular chain of communication seems to have been established between the big woodlands and the Quorn coverts; and the stiff country round Pickwell, Somerby, Burrow, and Great Dalby has become a regular practising ground for the Leicestershire hunters. They crossed it twice on the Tuesday, Nov. 28th, above-mentioned—a day as replete with hard riding as ever was even a Tailby Tuesday before—firstly, in a run of an hour and twenty minutes, without a check, from Owston Wood, and in the afternoon, to kill the same extraordinary good fox when trying to regain his home from the Punch Bowl.

It was not till Friday, Dec. 15th, that the Quorn came in for any slice of luck. On that day a bold fox led an enormous mass and mixture of horsemen across a country that spread-eagled them far and wide. From Thorpe Trussels to the Punch Bowl, and from the Punch Bowl to Owston Wood, was all done in fifty-two minutes, while the run gradually came to an end beyond Launde Wood in about three-quarters of an hour more. On the ensuing Thursday, they followed this up on a byeday at Belton (when nearly everybody had gone out with the Cottesmore) by bursting a fox up under the twenty minutes, and the next day had a long ring from John O'Gaunt round through Tilton and Skeffington Woods, by Billesdon Coplow, back to where they had found, and killed above Loseby at the end of an hour and fifty-five minutes, during which they had never left their fox.

Such is a very brief summary of what has been done up to Christmas. Weather and fortune have been sadly against us until quite lately; but there is every hope that we are now fairly under weigh, that the stolen kisses already snatched from our patron goddess are only a foretaste of favours to be vouchsafed, and that a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year may assume the form of a festival of good sport.

And now a word or two on a few points that have occurred to us during the brief season in which we could take the field. Probably these points have been as patent to others as ourselves; if so, there is all the more need for calling attention to them. First of all, then, what is the most likely remark for a stranger to make after his first day with certain packs in the Shires? In nine cases out of ten it would be—'What a noise you make when you are hunting a fox in

‘Leicestershire!’ Excuse or palliate the fact as one may, this is undoubtedly a growing evil that has taken fresh and strong root of late years, and is the cause that militates more than any other against hounds hunting steadily or foxes being brought to hand. The yelling, whooping, and too-tooing that is to be heard at times, is more like a French *chasse au reynard* than scientific hunting, and, in truth, needs only that each man should blow his own trumpet literally, as well as figuratively, to complete the resemblance. The fault is to be condemned on the broad principle that it is ruinous to hounds, but, for an instance of objection on other grounds, take the case of following a fox down wind on a cold scent. A fox’s natural instinct is to stop frequently and listen, and if he fancies himself unpursued will take the first opportunity of resting himself. Then it is that a quiet, clever huntsman may often get the opportunity of stealing up to him, putting his hounds once more on good terms, and turning a feeble, uninteresting pursuit into a good run. This paramount necessity that exists in a grass country of not letting a fox get too far ahead of you is the A B C of the education of a man who is to handle hounds over it. The first end and aim of every huntsman is to burst his fox, if possible, or, as they often term it, to break his heart; for their whole experience goes to prove that a fair fox, if not hurried or pressed beyond his powers, will more often travel his pursuers clean out of scent than succumb to them. The most successful huntsmen have been those who have best realised this theory and worked upon it. But, on the other hand, having once attained to excellence and fame, there is always danger of their again losing ground by carrying their practice to too great lengths. In other words, huntsmen who have become *brilliant* are only too apt to become *flashy*. They get too fond of lifting and signaling, embrace the assistance of holloas on far too slight excuse, and naturally their hounds learn to depend on external assistance instead of their own resources. Worse than all, they will often go away from a covert with such of the leading hounds as scramble out first, leaving the others to follow as they may. This is a fatal system in every way; the pack can never form a head, the tail hounds get discouraged and disgusted, and the field are taught to look upon overriding them as a legitimate proceeding. Hounds are much more sensible and sensitive than people generally imagine. As some one wrote a year or so ago in ‘Baily,’ speaking of William Goodall’s system of hunting, and quoting his views, ‘Hounds are like women, they hate to be deceived or neglected, and once duped never forget ‘it.’ A hound cannot bear to be left behind; and if he finds himself betrayed, loses confidence in his huntsman ever after.

Space will not allow of many more words, but as a matter of absolute duty one ought not to conclude without alluding to second-horsemen and their misdemeanours. They are even more prolific of mischief and more intolerable this year than we have ever seen them—not to those who hunt, mind, but to those over whose land we ride. There have been too many days this autumn, which were essentially second-horsemen’s days, when the field were spread out

over the country, when the fences were light, and the sport was nil. Then, if you remained quietly in the background, you might watch the varlets in their full glory. A piece of seeds is a perfect treat to them, and a field of winter beans is a 'little 'oliday.' Not even a boy home from Rugby will go so far out of his way to make a gap or break a hurdle as a second-horseman. Yet each infatuated owner thinks his own trusted light-weight is an exception to the sinful mob whose doings he cannot but be aware of; and even repeated cases of puffy sinew or swollen joint avail not to undeceive him. These are the men who irritate the farmers, and cause wire and ill-feeling to spring up in such unexpected quarters. The British yeoman, more especially as represented in the person of a Leicestershire grazier, is far too good a fellow to spoil fair and legitimate sport; but he not unnaturally considers himself hardly used when he finds himself at the mercy of a swarm of locusts wantonly destroying his property. The farmers are the first men to be considered; and visitors are somewhat prone to forget this. To keep a sharper discipline on the second-horsemen would not be a matter of much difficulty, and would be desirable, one would imagine, for all parties.

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## JACK BLAKE; OR, LANDED AT LAST.

### CHAPTER IV.—PREPARATION.

LORD LAVENDER was sitting at his breakfast-table trying to eat a morsel, but a heavy night's dissipation had not improved his appetite, and he turned away from it in disgust; the pile of duns and letters, too, that lay before him made him sick at heart.

'Studs,' he said to his *faithful* valet, who was pretending to arrange something in the room, 'take away those damned letters and bills. I am infernally seedy this morning: give me a bwandy and soda.'

'Yes, my lord,' answered the man, as he swept the letters into a large tray and left the room on his errand; he returned, however, immediately, saying, 'Captain Portman wished to see him for a few minutes on particular business.'

'The devil!' exclaimed his lordship. 'Here comes the tug of war: he is either come to pay me that three thou for Blake, or there is something else in the wind. Here, Studs! clear away all those things, and give me a cigar.' He then composed himself in his arm-chair, lighted his weed, and awaited the entrance of his early visitor.

'Captain Portman!' said the servant, opening the door and ushering that gentleman in.

'Ah, good morning, Captain!' and the young nobleman rose to receive his guest. 'Glad to see you. I have just breakfasted: rather late though—nearly one o'clock!' glancing at the time-piece. 'Have a cigar?'

'Well, I don't mind if I do, Lavender; and we can talk our little matter over it quietly.'

The Captain looked pale and careworn, and his lordship was evidently ill at ease.

‘Lavender,’ said the Captain, at last, ‘this is a matter of great importance, and you must listen to all I have to say patiently. ‘You have won a large sum of my young friend Blake at play; ‘this was hardly fair, considering the friendly terms you were on with ‘him, and the courtesy and kindness his father has always received ‘you with; however, let that pass. Jack, in addition, is going to ‘be married to a young lady no one knows anything about, your ‘cousin, I believe?’ And he threw a scrutinizing glance at his companion. ‘Then, again, he has two racehorses down at Crafty’s; ‘you are aware how averse Sir Frederick is to the Turf *as at present* ‘conducted. Was it fair of you to have encouraged him in all this?’

‘Well, Portman, perhaps it was not, for Blake plays rashly. As ‘to the young lady, she is as good as she is beautiful. Tearaway is ‘not a bad horse, but Wild Oats is the best in Europe, and will win ‘the blue ribbon in a canter if he goes on as well as he is doing.’

‘I know,’ interrupted the Captain, ‘that the horses are good; and ‘I also firmly believe the young lady to be as good and as beautiful ‘as you represent her to be, but she is not your cousin, Lavender. ‘A glance into the Peerage would contradict that: it was but a ‘silly and lame invention of yours, Lavender, and unworthy of any ‘gentleman.’

‘Who the deuce is she, then?’ stammered the confused young man.

‘Who is she, Lord Lavender?’ replied the other. ‘I will tell ‘you in two words—MY DAUGHTER!’

‘What!’ screamed the young nobleman, jumping from his chair. ‘Impossible!’

‘Nothing impossible in it, my lord. Listen patiently to me: ‘many years ago my wife did as the unfortunate Mrs. Morrison has ‘with you, she ran away from her husband, taking her little girl ‘Kate with her; this little one was given to Mrs. Morrison to ‘educate and bring up, and she has done it well, for which she has ‘my eternal thanks. You see, I know all the story.’

‘On my oath, I did not, Portman.’

‘I am aware of that,’ returned the Captain; ‘I have seen both ‘Kate and her reputed mother this morning. I am in possession of ‘all the facts, and also as to what relation you stand towards the ‘elder lady.’

‘But, how, Portman, how did you come to know all this?’

‘Why, Lavender, your faithful valet and Sir Frederick’s butler ‘were talking together. Studs, in his cups, let out a little too much: ‘it appears he is rather intimate with Mrs. Morrison’s maid, who ‘got hold of certain letters, gave them to your man, who handed ‘them to Binns, and he in his turn gave them to me.’

‘Damnation!’ passionately exclaimed the other. ‘What a ‘scoundrel!’

‘Well, that may be; I won’t dispute it,’ said the Captain, coolly; ‘but it has given me my daughter again, after nearly seventeen years’ ‘absence, and who I never thought to see again. Now, Lavender,



‘ I have a proposition to make to you. My child has, of course, left Mrs. Morrison’s house, and is now located at mine. The game with you—excuse me, Lavender, for saying so—is nearly played out, there is nothing but a prison before you. Mrs. Morrison has, as you are aware, an annuity of two hundred a year. You have about five left. Act honourably by her, marry her this day by special licence, and I will settle at once five hundred a year on her, and on her children, should she have any : you know I will keep my word. Give me yours, as a gentleman, you will do as I propose towards this poor, erring lady, go abroad for a short time, no more interfere with Jack Blake, and I will do all I have said. Accede to these terms, and I have Sir Frederick Blake’s cheque for three thousand in my pocket for you ; refuse, and you will not get a penny from him. As to any other incumbrance you may have, make your mind easy on that score. Another lady you had under your protection bolted last night with Silery, of the Blues.’

‘ By heavens, Portman ! I shall be the laughter of the whole town ! ’ burst out the other.

‘ Not at all, Lavender. Not much can be said, I think : a faithless one leaves you one night, you are married the next day—the laugh will be on your side. Come, give it ten minutes’ consideration. Weigh the pros and cons : twelve hundred a year for a certainty now, three thousand in cash, and, if you will allow me, I can rescue a good deal of your property in the hands of rascally Jews.’ And the Captain took up the morning paper, and began to look it through.

‘ Captain Portman,’ said the other, after a few minutes’ pause, ‘ if I were to accede to all you wish there is a difficulty in the way. A special licence requires coin ; and, upon my soul, I have not at the present moment ten pounds in my possession. One can’t go and ask one’s bride elect, you know, for money.’

‘ You will have the three thousand, Lavender ; but I will even find the money for that. Come, do an honest action.’

‘ Very well,’ said the other. ‘ Done with you.’

That evening the members of the different Clubs were rather startled on reading the following in the papers :—

‘ Married, this day, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. Ring Wedlock, Lord Adolphus Lavender, to Mrs. Amelia Morrison. Immediately after the ceremony (which was strictly private) the happy couple left for the Continent.’

‘ By Jupiter ! here’s a go ! ’ gasped out old Major Blazes, of the Senior. ‘ Lavender is tucked up, and away, God knows where ! Married—and gone abroad, by Jupiter ! ! ’

‘ So much the better,’ answered the one addressed. ‘ I should not wonder if marriage reformed him, and made him a decent member of society. He does not seem to have taken it much to heart, Silery’s running off with his love. I say, though, what an infernal row the Jews will make ; his kites now are not worth the paper they are written on. They cannot get at the estates—they are strictly entailed, you know—they can only touch the rents ; and if

'there are any children there is a handsome provision for them, which will send the Israelites rather low in the scale.'

'By Jupiter!' returned the Major. 'Lavender is a deuced clever fellow; he can make easy terms now. Given them all the clean go-by—beaten the harpies on the post by a neck. Deuced clever, by Jupiter!'

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'What! you've been a eating again, you young cormorant, have you? Perhaps I won't lather you a few this time, neither!' And he flourished a stirrup-leather over the culprit's head.

'Oh, Mr. Crafty! please, sir, don't go for to wallop me! I won't do it never no more, sir.'

The above dialogue took place between Mr. Crafty, trainer, and one of his lads.

'No, sir, I won't do it never no more; but I was so hungry, sir. It's nothing but dry bread and hard toast from week to week, but little meat, no tatures, no butter, no beer—it's a killing of me, that's what it is. I ain't got no strength, no sperrets—I don't care if I was to die to-morrer.' And the lad thrust his poor emaciated knuckles into his eye to 'wipe away a tear.'

'Get into that chair and let's scale you, you young 'umbug. Ah! not so heavy as I thought—only harf a pound over. What have you been a eating of?'

'Bread and cheese,' answered the culprit.

'Bread and cheese, have you! Well, it might have been worse. And what have you been a drinking of?'

'Porter,' returned the boy.

'Oh, blazes! that will put two pounds on you—if it had been hale I shouldn't have minded so much. What quantity have you swallowed?'

'Harf a pint,' answered the victim.

'Oh, you unmitigated ruffian; how do you think you will be able to ride the young uns in their sweats and gallops, if you goes on at this rate? Here, fetch a pint mug half filled with cold spring-water—you knows the measure.' And he took down an ominous-looking packet from a shelf.

'Oh, sir; don't go to be giving me any more of them Epsom salts. I'm nigh killed with 'em a'ready—what with physick, a' sweating in flannels, great-coats, wrappers, and worsted gloves, no eating or drinking, I'm a skilleton, that's what I am. I won't take no more of them salts. Larrup me if you like—but do it, and I'll go to the nearest beak, and swear the peace against you, and no mistake;' and the lad looked his employer resolutely in the face.

'Oh, but you are a bad un!' returned Mr. Crafty, taken rather aback by the lad's determined demeanour. 'You're a bad un!' he repeated, throwing down the stirrup-leather. 'You complains, do you? When you sweats, don't I give you brandy-and-water?'

'Yes, in course you do—but how is it?—piping hot before a kitchen fire with all my togs on! That ain't no enjoyment—it's only to make me sweat the more—that ain't life!'

'Why, Crafty,' interrupted a voice, 'what the deuce is the matter? I have been knocking at the door for the last five minutes, but you were so engaged you would not hear. What's up—one of the youngsters running riot?'

'Ah, Mr. Blake! how are you?' casting a quick and scrutinizing glance at the neat and dapper figure of the young man who accompanied the owner of Wild Oats. 'Running riot! Worse nor that, sir. Here's young Scott been a gorging himself to death nearly. Whatever I shall do with that boy, I don't know—it's heart-breaking; just as I had got him into such fettle, too.'

'Fettle!' exclaimed the lad. 'Look here, Mr. Blake, here's fettle for you—high in bone and low in flesh,' and he bared an arm ghastly to look on, so shrunken and emaciated was it. 'That's nothing,' he said, as he observed the other turn shudderingly away; and he pulled up his tight trousers, which slipped up his leg as easily as might be. 'Look here, sir!' and he exposed a bone so little like a leg, that it might have been taken for anything else—it was hardly human. 'That's what some of us poor lads have to go through, sir,' continued he, 'to make riders of us—fashionable light-weights some of us become, about one in five thousand—few of us ever get the luck or the chance—and, if we do, we dies away by inches—leastways, most of us do. I'm broken in speret and heart, sir. I can't stand it, and he knows it,' pointing to his employer. 'Years before I can hope to get a leg up, I shall be where the good niggers go—but as long as I can scale at about six stuns, that's enough for he.'

Jack Blake was immeasurably shocked at the sight the poor boy presented. 'My lad,' said he, kindly, 'I will speak to Crafty about this. There, go, and don't excite yourself. I will see you before I leave this. Crafty,' he continued, as the lad left the room, 'you are running that poor boy too fine—he is horrible to look at—but I will speak of him presently. To other business now. The young man you see with me wishes to enter a training stable; though from what he has just witnessed I doubt if he will have much relish for it—he is the son of a well-to-do farmer in the North; he can get up at seven stone eleven in a three-pound saddle without much wasting, is a prime rider, as you will see if you try him. He wants to be with you six months, to pick up a little good stable knowledge, and will give you a douceur of twenty-five pounds, and his services; he is just twenty, and as strong as an elephant. Will he suit your book?'

'Well, sir,' said the amiable Mr. Crafty, running his eye quickly over the young man before him, 'anything to please you—have you seen him ride?'

'I have, and nothing can be better. However, judge for yourself. Now about the horses—how are they?'

'Stunning, sir, stunning! could not be finer. Come and see them; they will be going out for a sweat in half an hour's time. Now, sir,' in a whisper, and pointing with his finger over his shoulder at the youth, who was looking out of the window, 'would

‘you like to see the new hand give Oats a spin? It’s time he had a little weight on him.’

‘Just as you like, Crafty,’ answered the other, carelessly; ‘you know best. He can ride, and ride well.’

‘Then, sir, we will put him up; the lad that has just left blub-bering, did Oats in his work.’

‘I tell you what,’ interrupted Jack, ‘that boy will never be any more good to you. I want a lad; let me have him.’

‘Very well, sir. I shall never do anything with him after what has happened to-day; he will eat, the young glutton; and a boy as will eat will never make a jockey; and Lord Lavender, sir, how is he?’

‘What?’ said the other, ‘Lord Lavender; don’t you know, Crafty, he was married yesterday? I thought all the world knew it by this time; he is married and gone abroad, man.’

‘Married and gone abroad!’ gasped the trainer. ‘When is he coming back, Mr. Blake?’

‘About August, I believe, that is if he can arrange with his creditors by that time; if not he will stop away till he can.’

‘He has let me in,’ said Crafty, ‘and pretty deep, too; he has married money, of course?’

‘Well, I believe, in fact, I know, his wife has some. It was done all in a hurry; I did not see him; but he has gone for the present, that is certain. Now, Crafty, I must tell you my father knows all about the horses.’

Mr. Crafty gave a long, soft whistle. ‘And I suppose, sir, insists on your giving them up?’ he asked, interrogatively.

‘Not a bit of it, Crafty; he was angry, but said they could not be in better hands, and that as I had got them, and they were likely, they should have a go in for the blue ribbon.’

‘Ah, sir, the true blood—the true blood; Sir Frederick’s game to the backbone;’ and he rubbed his hands gleefully. ‘He don’t like racing, I know, but won’t deny his only son having a squeeze at the lemon; let’s drink his very good health, sir,’ producing a black bottle from a cupboard.

‘Not at present, Crafty—by and bye. Now let us go and look at the nags.’

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‘I never saw anything finer,’ exclaimed the trainer, as he watched Oats coming along, having, for the first time, the new hand up. ‘I say, Thummas,’ to his factotum with the hairy cap, that’s good form, ain’t it? he can ride, and no mistake—steady as a rock and as light on his horse as a feather—beautiful hands, too. See he has twigged my signal, and is sending him along a leetle faster, just according to orders. That is what I like in a lad, sir,’ turning to his employer, ‘to see ’em ride to orders. Dash my buttons, if I ever saw a finer seat!’ he exclaimed, in ecstasy, as the noble animal strode by them. ‘No getting his head with him up; he used to bore a little with young Scott, but with this one it’s quite different. What’s his name, sir?’

‘Ned Stockman, Crafty. I told you he was all there. Well, would you like to keep him for a bit?’

‘Rather, sir, as long as he likes—for ever if he chooses; he’s a hard un to beat.’

‘Well, Crafty, I will leave him with you; but, mind, he will not stand any starving; he knows how to keep himself right as well as any man in the United Kingdom, and will do so. Treat him well. I will take young Scott home with me.’

‘All right, sir.’ And they parted.

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‘Do you mean to say, Jack,’ asked Captain Portman, ‘that you took Ned down with you, and that he actually rode the horse a sweat in less than an hour after he had been there?’

‘I do,’ answered the other; ‘and more, that Crafty proposed it himself; he is delighted with him; he attends to the horse now, and no one else; he has not the slightest idea of anything. Ned will send me a letter from time to time to let us know how all goes on at Crafty’s. He will post it miles away; so there is no fear of its being opened.’

‘And the lad you brought back with you, what of him?’

‘Poor young fellow, the doctor has seen him, and says he must be fed with care for some time, that another month of it would have killed him; he gives a dreadful account of Crafty; he ill-uses all the lads fearfully, and gets drunk himself every night.’

‘Infernal rascal!’ muttered the Captain; ‘but for all that he can, and does, bring a horse to the post as fit as it is possible to make him. What a pity a man who is second to none as a trainer should be cutting his throat as he is, and be such a scoundrel!’

‘Well, Jack, you know all my sad history now; it must never be referred to again; you were not informed because a man does not like to proclaim his own shame. Kate, my boy, shall be yours as soon as ever the Derby is over, but on the distinct understanding, Jack, and your pledged word, never to have anything more to do with the Turf; there are but few men, now-a-days, who race for the pleasure of the thing; it is for gain, and to satisfy their mad passion for betting. Let the Derby be a race for four-year olds, and see what a wretched field you would have in comparison to what it is now. Instead of about thirty starting horses, there might be ten—not more, if that. Men, that is, many of them, could not afford to keep a horse till he was four, and that is just what I should like to see; a four-year old Derby would send all the objectionable characters to the right about. I should like an Act of Parliament passed that no horse, or, rather, colt or filly, should run till it was three years old; that would either do away with racing or make it much better; a four-year old Derby would be a race. I should be sorry, indeed, that our favourite national pastime was done away with; but I would much rather it was so than see it as it is at present. Betting will be its ruin, and that you will find, Jack, before you are many years older. Hunting you cannot well wager

‘on ; stick to that, my boy, and I think, in after years, you will never regret the advice I have given you.’

A few days after the above conversation Mr. Crafty was having a confidential chat with his head man, ‘Thummas.’ ‘Well, ‘Thummas,’ said the trainer, ‘what do you think of our new hand ; ‘Ned’s a fine rider, ain’t he ?’

‘Tip-top, sir, a screamer, a regular out-and-outer ; all those chaps ‘from the North can ride ; it’s born in ‘em, sir ; they takes it in ‘with their milk. Yes, Ned’s a fine hand, and can do a oss as well ‘as ride him ; he won’t let any one go anigh him but yourself and ‘me, and when I am there he watches me like a heagle.’

‘Ah !’ said Mr. Crafty, reflectively, ‘he may watch as he likes ; he ‘won’t find anything out, for the simple reason, there is not, nor will ‘be, anything to find out. That horse, as well as Tearaway, shall go ‘to the post as I never yet sent out two ; they shall be miracles of ‘condition ; but the duffers won’t be up to everything. Nobbler will ‘ride him ; he will, if in the front rank, jump away with the lead ‘and be with them to the Bushes, then, perhaps, he will die away ‘a bit. At the Corner he will be about sixth or seventh ; but he will ‘never be able to catch his horses, and will finish about fifth ; that’s ‘how I mean to work it, ‘Thummas.’

‘You’ve done it all very nicely, Mr. ‘Crafty ; but s’pose the oss ‘should not be in the front rank at the start, what then ?’

‘What then ? why he’ll very soon put himself there,’ replied the other.

‘Well, but s’pose Mr. Blake was to put some one else up ; s’pose ‘Nobbler was not to ride him ?’

‘I won’t suppose anything of the sort, ‘Thummas,’ said the trainer, turning pale at the bare thought of any one else than the one he had chosen riding Oats. ‘Who could ride him ? All the best jocks ‘are engaged ; besides, Nobbler rides for the stable ; no one else ‘could be put up.’

‘I don’t know that, Mr. Crafty ; osses go amiss, and many a one ‘who thinks himself sure now of a mount will be looking out for ‘one when the time comes. Some will be scratched.’

‘Not many,’ interrupted the other. ‘Now the Two Thou is over, ‘few will go to the bad. It’s deuced unfortunate Lord Lavender’s ‘gone ; he has left it all on my shoulders ; he could have fiddled it ‘better than I can ; however, the horses shall go to the post fit to ‘run for their lives. It would not answer my purpose for the public ‘to say they were not up to the mark. I should have “Baily,” ‘“The Sporting Gazette,” “Bell,” “The Field,” and a host ‘of others down on me in no time, before you could say knife. No. ‘It must be done in the riding ; there is no other safe way that I ‘can see.’

‘Well, sir, I hope it will come off all right. Of course you put ‘me on with the stable ?’

‘Of course, ‘Thummas ; of course. But this matter must be ‘managed very delicately.’

*(To be continued.)*

## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—December Doings.

CAT SHOWS and Dog Shows, the Bulls of Bashan and the Cattle in a thousand stalls, Birmingham and Islington, Curzon Hall and the Crystal Palace, these are the cults of which in the early days of December we are the devotees. The noble animal whose doings have taken up so much of our time and space this last six months is relegated to his box or straw bed; he no longer 'paws in the valley' of the Rowley Mile, nor 'smelleth the battle afar off, the 'thunder of the captains, and the shouting,' on the bleak commons of Warwick or Aintree. The learned judges have finished their circuits; Mr. McGeorge has furled his flag. The abomination of desolation is supposed to reign at the Victoria, and club loungers are depicted by imaginative scribes as devouring sporting newspapers and—poor fellows!—poring over the somewhat dreary analyses and statistics that fill their columns. But yet there is some comfort and amusement in store, at least, for the opening week, when we go up to the Agricultural Hall in hansoms, and fascinate ourselves by gazing at fat oxen and fatter pigs, rub shoulders with the agricultural mind, and witness the extraordinary powers of our country cousins in the eating and drinking department, which, to our thinking, is one of the wonders of the show. Who feeds fat oxen, &c., &c., we know all about, but whence come those mighty powers that are a strain upon the resources even of Spiers and Pond? Does the contemplation of beef beget them? Is virtuous Islington a particularly thirsty land? And—though this is a digression, we admit—what have sewing machines and their operators to do with the Cattle Show? Were they intended as a special attraction for our younger cousins, who spent a great deal of time in the gallery allotted to their exhibition? Let the Vicar of Islington look to it next year.

But first in novelty, and not last in interest, let us pay our *devoirs* to the cats, male, female, and of that doubtful condition in which the 'old neutral 'personage' Baba threatened to leave Don Juan. In the upper half of the nave of the Palace, comfortably reposing on beds of fine sand, with here and there a bloated aristocrat on all the pomp of a cushion, were nearly 400 cats of high and low degree—from the lordly Persian, who we take to be the very blue blood of catdom, down to the Beer-cellar Bung with her interesting family; though Bung, by-the-bye, looked quite as much a lady in her way as did Lady Colquhoun's beautiful Persian. The first delightful feeling that struck us was the absence of any row. We were looking at animals who neither barked, nor yelled, nor crowed, nor screamed, nor roared. One solitary 'mewker' there was, a bilious, unhappy-coloured and unhappy-looking animal, who raised now and then a plaintive cry, refusing to be comforted by the most caressing words; but, with that exception, and apart from the buzz of human tongues, not a purr or a growl was audible. The next feeling was, that the prize offered by our friend, John Colam, and the Cruelty to Animals Society, 'to encourage the kind treatment of domestic cats,' was quite uncalled for. Well, too well treated, indeed, were the objects of our admiration. No 'lean 'grimalkins' here; no semi-starved, half-scared, frightened animals, such as come across the path of the midnight wayfarer in the streets of London, and on whom are showered smothered curses from many pillows, but well-fed ladies and gentlemen, to whom a mouse must have been an unknown quantity, the cry of the cats' meat man an unknown language, and nights on the tiles as far from their thoughts as Cremorne from Clapham. It was really a beautiful show, and the most enthusiastic horticulturist, amateur or professional) and we look upon

gardeners as the bitterest enemies cats have), must have bestowed a grudging approval on the so-called 'ladies' pets.' And there is another noteworthy circumstance to be mentioned in correction of a popular error. The large majority of the exhibitors were men, beginning with the Earl of Hopetoun and ending with John Jones, working man, whose tabby we were glad to see looked quite in as good condition as its more aristocratic neighbours. The attendance of the male sex was equally large; and, scorning the idea that they only came because they knew there would be a lot of women to stare at, we prefer to believe that they appreciated the sharers of many bachelor hearth-rugs, and hailed the sleek beauties of the cages as companions and friends. To enumerate all that struck us would take up more space than we can afford, or, perhaps, our readers would think necessary. The wild cats were the great attraction, the pair sent by the Zoological Society being grand, and, at the same time, fearful-looking animals—not requiring the 'dangerous' label affixed to their cage to prevent too enthusiastic spinsters from doing the 'prodding' business of the Agricultural Hall. They were not subjected to the indignities that our poor bovines undergo, but glared on a crowd of respectful admirers with a carnivorous expression that defied familiarity. Mr. Bouverie-Pusey and Lord Hopetoun were also exhibitors of the noble savage, a pair of whom swore a good deal in response to any attentions sought to be lavished upon them, but were not up to the form of the Zoological specimens. Some distinguished foreigners pleased us very much, a lady from Smyrna, of a beautiful mouse colour, her kitten more resembling a tabby, most especially, while in the next cage was a rather frightened-looking native of Penang, of a curious dun hue, who evidently did not understand English, and maintained a dignified reserve to all advances. The Angoras were considered the beauties by most people, but we preferred the Persian—with, perhaps after all, a secret preference for the homely English tabby. We had no idea, until this show told us, what an intensely ugly animal a real tortoiseshell cat is, and the tortoiseshell tom excited no admiration in our breasts. It is a species which only appeals to connoisseurs. Neither did we think much of the 'Besieged Resident,' who appears to have connived at barricades, and had a communist-look about her, despite her black and yellow collar. An attempt to excite an interest in an Abyssinian of mournful aspect simply as an Abyssinian, was a failure, but 'Russ' was an eccentric-looking gentleman, with a great deal of character in his face, and we should have thought would have taken honours, but he was only 'highly commended.' Altogether, the show was a great success.

And the assembly in the Agricultural Hall was like unto it, particularly on the day that the shillings poured in so quickly, and the tell-tales clicked so unceasingly—sound harmonious to financial managers and secretaries. It is curious to speculate on what brings such crowds of people to unsavoury Islington at this time. Not above ten in every hundred care for the beasts, we should say, the remaining ninety being the *flâneurs* that float on the surface of sight-seeing London, equally to be met with at a Horticultural, an Eton and Harrow match, a South Kensington *soirée*, or on Ascot Cup day. At all these last we can understand the *flâneur*, male and female, being found; but we cannot understand him or her being at Islington, and what amusement they find there except indulging in the gregarious proclivities common to our kind we know not. The ladies were, however—and we were glad to see it—conspicuous by their absence, and a favourite design of the illustrated newspapers (one kept constantly in stock), representing a lady of brilliant fashion prodding a prize pig with a tiny umbrella, and an aristocratic gentleman with a wavy beard looking on, entirely missed fire. There were some women there, and one of



them, a stout party of hilarious temperament, we found, to our unspeakable disgust, seated on one of the prize animals as the poor beast lay panting in his stall. His eyes spoke mute resentment at the indignity, and we almost felt inclined to wish he had the hilarious party to himself in his native meadow. The gent of the period, too, is great at prodding, which, while an ingenious form of torture, has the recommendation of great simplicity, requiring nothing but a stick, with a ferrule end preferred. The gent, though, found other attractions this time, and we cannot help thinking that good John Colam, pitying the sorrows of the poor oxen, must have originated the idea and got Mr. Sydney to put it in execution. A quantity of sewing machines were procured and placed in one of the galleries with a maiden fair to see seated at each machine. It took immensely, and the gent spent most of his time there, and at the refreshment stalls, where there were the usual wonderful ladies of easy manners and golden locks, whom Messrs. Spiers and Pond are so successful in procuring. That eminent firm have, we believe, an establishment for the breeding, rearing, and education of that particular kind of stock; and certainly the late lamented proprietor of Middle Park never showed greater judgment in selection. *Au reste*, the show was a very good show, though threatened at one time by the exclusion of some of the Birmingham beasts, through fear of foot-and-mouth disease; and we heard less grumbling than usual at the awards, which was a great comfort. But, as we have before now had occasion to remark, judging is a mysterious thing.

'The Great Annual Exhibition of Sporting and other Dogs,' which was held in Curzon Hall, Birmingham, just as 'Our Van' was getting under weigh last month, was the twelfth of the series, and by far the best of any that has yet been seen. We are able, on the authority of the 'Birmingham Daily Post,' to congratulate Mr. Beech, the indefatigable secretary, upon the numerical strength of the show, for we are told by that invariably precise periodical that the numbers of dogs exhibited have been annually increasing. In 1869 there were 757; in 1870, 842 competed; while this year 905 were on the benches. With regard to the merits of the exhibits, there were, as is always the case, diversities of opinion; but, taking into consideration that this is the worst time of year for sporting dogs of all sorts and classes, every one must admit that they were fairly represented; while the long rows of terriers, toys, and other varieties, at least bore testimony that the number of dog-fanciers does not decrease. Before taking a quick run through, let a word of praise be accorded to the general management, the scrupulous cleanliness, and absence of all effluvia, which was everywhere to be noticed. Class 1 was, of course, for bloodhounds. In the Champion class Mr. Holford's Regent took first prize—a very good-looking hound, with far more of the true old English stamp about him than is often seen now-a-days. His owner apparently thinks much of him, as also of his sister Matchless, who was unopposed in the same class for bitches, for the selling price attached to their names in the catalogue is 5000*l.* each. Seventeen dogs and sixteen bitches were exhibited in the deerhound classes; a great many, however, of them had very little right to the title they claimed. Mr. Musters's Torunn took the first prize; but most people thought Mr. Dawes's Warrior, who got the first honours at the Crystal Palace, and here only got second, was quite as good, if not better; while Mr. Hickman's Morni, third prize, also deserves especial praise. Among the greyhounds there were some very elegant specimens, Mr. Ellis's Selim taking first prize. In the classes for hounds it was not to be surprised at that the entries were so few. The otter hounds only numbered four couple; there were three and a half couple of harriers, and six couples of beagles, no foxhounds

being shown at all. The otter hounds were not fine specimens of their breed; and the same may be said of the harriers and beagles, although among the latter there were some remarkably pretty little creatures. The fox terriers made a most imposing show and a terrible noise. There were no less than 132 entries, and among them there were some very excellent; but the ideas of what is a fox terrier now-a-days and what is not, are wide as the poles asunder; and while some judges attach the greatest importance to heads and ears, others go in for legs, &c. One thing, at any rate, is certain: it would puzzle all the prize-takers and most of the others shown to get into a drain after a fox, they (the terriers) being far too large; and for what other purpose they are bred it is difficult to say. There was no candidate for the Champion class for dogs, and only three for bitches, Mr. Musters's Fussy, who was brought in superb condition, taking the prize. The dogs in Class 17, for fox terriers that had never won a first prize at Birmingham, were a very numerous, but not a high-class lot; and, as before remarked, several of the best-looking must be perfectly useless in their vocation on account of their size. Mac II. took the judges' fancy most, and also Messrs. Elkington's cup, which they gave to the best fox terrier of all classes. He has one good quality, viz., colour; but he is too big, too heavy in the jaw, and if his ears are right, fancy—for it is nothing else—must have changed wonderfully of late. Hornet, a much lighter dog, was second, and many thought showed much more quality than the winner; but Twig, who hails from the Mapperley Kennels, is far more like the accepted notion of what a fox terrier ought to be than any other in the show. The rest may be dismissed as moderate. The bitches, as is always the case, were very pretty, but a very moderate lot.

We next come to the classes (there were upwards of thirty) for dogs used for shooting purposes, of which, including pointers, setters, spaniels, retrievers, &c., there were nearly three hundred and fifty exhibited; a very hasty inspection must therefore suffice. The large-sized pointers were numerically badly represented; but with such tip-toppers as Sancho and Nell in the Champion classes, and Chany, own brother to Sancho, in the large open class, there was no lack of quality; and Mr. William Francis may well be proud of two such celebrities as the own brothers. It would be perfectly impossible to go through each class seriatim, nor would it now be at all interesting. Those readers of 'Baily' who were fortunate enough to be present know all about it; to those who were not there we give the best advice—to go next year and judge for themselves. The setters were equally good as the pointers; and some of the most beautiful of this always interesting class were exhibited. The retrievers, however, were not nearly so good as we have frequently seen at Birmingham; and the same may be said of the water spaniels and Clumbers. There were two extra classes for sporting dogs, viz., for large and small size of any known breed of foreigners. Mr. Assheton Smith's boarhound took first prize in the large sort, the others being a very funny-looking lot; and in the smaller breed a dachshound, bred by H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, was considered the best.

There were over four hundred dogs not used in field sports exhibited, ranging down from the mighty mastiff to the tiny toy, including among their varied ranks some of the grandest-looking and some of the most ridiculous specimens of the canine breed. The mastiff classes were all particularly good; and the same may be said of the St. Bernards, some of them being of immense size and showing great intelligence. There were only two good-looking Newfoundlands, of which Cato, a splendid creature, was *facile princeps*. The sheep dogs were a very poor lot; half-a-dozen better-looking ones could

be easily picked up in Piccadilly most afternoons in the season in a quarter of an hour. Although the spotted carriage dog has come into fashion again so much, there were only four exhibited, and only one that had any claim to be called a Dalmatian. He is a well-marked dog, but lacks size and strength.

The bull dogs, Birmingham being their recognised headquarters, were not so numerous or well represented as one might expect. However, there were several found sufficiently hideous to be awarded prizes of various degrees. The bull and smooth-haired terriers were mostly great poaching-looking brutes; but among the black-and-tans there were some truly exquisite. The Skyes, Dandie Dinmonts, Pomeranians, pugs, Maltese, Italian greyhounds, King Charles spaniels, toy terriers (smooth and rough), &c., all held their levées, and came in for the usual, or rather unusual amount of caressing, on the part of the ladies fair (whom Heaven bless), and to whom had better be delegated the task of deciding which were the prettiest, and at the same time most worthless.

As we have before intimated, there is not much racing news this month, and betting is not what it used to be. The chief speculators on the Turf have been enjoying their long vacation according to their own tastes—some in hunting or shooting, while those who prefer indoor amusements have had their hands full of billiard handicaps, &c., with which they have beguiled the dreary hours away. The frost having put a stopper upon steeple-chasing and hunting during the greater part of the first half of December, it looked long odds against the Kingsbury Meeting coming off; but that good Fortune which always seems to lavish her choicest favours upon Mr. Warner remained constant to him still; and although, in order to allow the frost time to entirely disappear, the Meeting was put off one day, it might very well have been held on the original fixture; and when it did come off it was favoured with most glorious weather. On the day, too, that the Meeting commenced the first real good news from Sandringham arrived, which not only cheered up those who were present, but being repeated with better tidings still on the following morning, induced large numbers who would not otherwise have been present to patronize the Isthmian games in the Harrow Vale. The racing calls for few comments now, the most remarkable feature in the whole proceedings being that every hurdle race was not only won by a three-year old, but that in every race except one of this description the second was also a three-year old; while in the Kingsbury Grand Hurdle Race the first three were of that tender age. The great Metropolitan Steeple-Chase, as is frequently the case here, was shorn of much of its interest by the casualties that took place early in the race; at the first fence Generosity and Barney refused to go; and before many other obstacles had been surmounted four more of the competitors came round, which reduced the result to a mere question for Mr. A. Yates, on his Dybbol, standing up, which he did, and eventually won by any number of lengths it pleased Mr. Marshall to say. The other races we need not comment on now (but must pause one moment to congratulate Mr. Arthur Yates on his treble victories); so may travel down to Croydon, where on the 19th, 20th, and 21st, the races, twice previously postponed, were brought off before an admiring, if not very numerous, audience. The number of races was very wisely limited to five or six on each day; and punctuality being duly observed, all was got through before dark—something to be proud of in these the shortest days of the year. The Grand National Hurdle Race on Tuesday was the chief dish in a very well-chosen bill of fare; the runners, however, were but few, only six going to the post. The quantity, however, was amply

atoned for in the quality, for seldom has it been the lot of any one to see so many good-looking jumpers at the post. The condition and appearance, indeed, of Sylla, Byron, Satinstoe, and the winner Footman were beyond all praise; while Derby Day, although not so blooming in his coat, had a cut-and-come-again appearance about him, and his position, second in the race, speaks volumes in his favour. Sylla, most ignorantly styled 'she' by nearly everybody, was most fancied in the Paddock, and best favourite in the Ring; but he galloped with tiring action, pulled tremendously, and succumbed before the last hurdle was reached, where Footman, who had been waiting, came out full of running, and won cleverly from Derby Day, who alone struggled home, by half a length. The other races were chiefly remarkable for the fact that I'Anson rode three out of the four winners. It rained all Tuesday night, and the Great Metropolitan Cup Day broke sadly indeed. Nevertheless, the special trains from Charing Cross and Victoria were well filled; and although long before the bell rang for the first race the course was a perfect quagmire, yet the array of carriages was very large, among which were to be recognized several drags—Mr. Reginald Herbert's, with an 'Arlington' contingent thereon, and that of the 12th Lancers being among the number. The betting on the great race of the day was very heavy, and was continued all through the morning, little attention being paid to the other events. Harvester was decidedly best favourite when the Ring was first formed, but he gave way before the flag fell to David Copperfield, who was backed by his clever party for a heap of money. Mr. Yates's extraordinary good fortune again befriended him, and he won the great prize on his gallant Harvester as easily as, if not much easier, than we have seen an important race won for many years. The congratulations he met with on every side were quite overwhelming, and most richly deserved they were, for where in all merry England can we find his equal? He buys, trains, schools, and rides his own horses, and, what is much more, very nearly always wins. The concluding day at Croydon was favoured with better weather and good sport; but the races do not require comment now. The chief event of the day, the Military Steeple-Chase, was won by Major Byrnes's Charville, well ridden by Mr. Brown, and he appears likely to prove a useful horse in this class of race.

During the last two months there has been considerable discussion in the hunting world about the future of the Harborough country; and many stories having been circulated concerning it, some with little, some with no foundation whatever, we feel sure that those interested will be glad to be acquainted with a few facts concerning the origin of Mr. Tailby's country.

In 1852 Sir Richard Sutton, finding it impossible to hunt the whole of the Quorn country as it then existed, separated the Harborough portion, and established a new pack at Skeffington, under his son, Mr. Richard Sutton, who undertook to hunt it two days a week.

In 1856 Sir Richard died, and the Quorn country was hunted for the remainder of that season by his son, Captain Frank Sutton. At the end of that season both Mr. Richard and Captain Frank Sutton resigned their posts as masters of hounds, and both the Quorn and Harborough countries became vacant.

At this time there was considerable difficulty in finding successors to either of the former masters; and so great a doubt existed as to any one coming forward, that Mr. Tailby liberally guaranteed the rents of the coverts until such time as masters should be found, in order that the preservation of foxes in Leicestershire might be in nowise neglected.

Lord Stamford eventually became Master of the Quorn, but declined to hunt the Harborough country, which had then been for four years separated from it; and this country was positively in a fair way to remain without hounds, when Mr. Tailby at last, late in the year (for he did not actually commence until the middle of November), consented to hunt it, but without the slightest restriction or engagement that it was ever to revert to the Quorn. Hampered by no conditions whatever, he took it as an entire country, and this arrangement was readily accepted by every one.

The following year, 1857, Lord Kesteven (then Sir John Trollope), the Master of the Cottesmore, finding his country far larger than he was able to hunt satisfactorily, declared his intention of discontinuing to draw those coverts which were farthest from his kennels, consisting of that portion situated between Oakham and Billesdon, containing some of the best fox coverts in England.

This portion of the Cottesmore country being therefore vacant, Mr. Tailby, at the request of every one, and with the promise of support from Melton, undertook to hunt it, in addition to what he already possessed; thus forming what then appeared, and what has subsequently proved to be, a country capable of affording some of the best sport ever seen in Leicestershire.

It is necessary to state that three or four of the Cottesmore covert owners, when placing their coverts at Mr. Tailby's disposal, stipulated that they should revert to the Cottesmore in the event of any future master reclaiming them.

Thus things have remained for fourteen years, during which time the popularity of the master and the unanimous good-fellowship of his supporters have increased, if possible, year by year; the management of the country having been conducted in the satisfactory manner that can only be arrived at by a master who is resident in his country at all times of the year. In the middle of last season Mr. Tailby gave notice of his intention to give up his hounds, but, in deference to the earnest wish of his supporters, consented to continue as master. Colonel Lowther, the successor to Lord Kesteven, having, however, at the end of last season declared his wish to reclaim the old boundaries of his country, there remained no alternative to Mr. Tailby but to resign that portion of the Cottesmore which had been lent to him in 1857, and he wished in consequence to retire altogether.

The residents of the Harborough district having failed to find a successor, and being quite determined that their country should not revert to the Quorn, from which it had been, without the slightest restriction, separated for fifteen years, so strongly urged Mr. Tailby at the late meeting at Wistow to reconsider his decision, that he consented to accede to their wishes, and will in future hunt that country with which he commenced in 1856.

The members of the Quorn Hunt subsequently put forward a claim to the Harborough country, which the covert owners in that district declined to entertain. They answered with justice that fifteen years previously their country had been ignored by the Quorn Hunt, and that they were left without hounds, and were forced to establish a new pack for themselves; that it was the wish of every subscriber and tenant farmer in Mr. Tailby's country that he should continue; and that they felt they had no guarantee that some future Master of the Quorn might not, like former ones, throw them over again. And when it is

considered that the last ten years have seen five different Masters of the Quorn, they were surely justified in their doubts of a permanent establishment for the future.

For these strongly-grounded reasons they have declined to submit to the proposition of the Quorn Hunt, that the case be referred to the Committee of Boodle's for arbitration; a decision that has given the greatest satisfaction throughout the Harborough country.

As an inducement to the covert owners of the Harborough district to place their coverts at the disposal of the Quorn, it was proposed by that Hunt to discard that part of their country called the Donnington, which has been hunted by the Quorn for twenty years, and to move the hounds to a more central position. This measure, at all events, does not seem to be in accordance with the so-called laws of fox-hunting.

A great deal has been said about the authority and powers of the Committee of Boodle's. There can be no doubt that, in the event of a dispute being referred to that tribunal for arbitration by two sides, they would give a proper and just decision; but it is not for a moment to be imagined that they would attempt to force a pack upon a country in defiance of the wishes of every one in it. Hunting exists, as it ever will exist, through the mutual good-will and cordial co-operation of owners and occupiers of land; and an attempt, by no matter how exalted an authority, to ride rough-shod over their interests would be a most injudicious and dangerous measure.

We hear from the Shires of bad going and miserable scent, and there is an unanimity about the accounts which leaves us with but a very small hunting story to tell. On the 15th the Atherstone brought a capital fox from Lord Aylesford's woods at Packington to Mr. Newdegate's gorse at Astley; but the earths were open, so he saved his life. The fox only went through the corner of one covert, Dale Wood, and the line was an unusual one, as they never stop at Arbury when they meet at Packington. The scent was catchy, but still a good hunting run, nine miles from point to point. The next day a quick twenty minutes from Wolsey, but failed to nail him. The Duke of Grafton had a capital day's sport on the 18th from Stone Wood—a grand run, though there, too, the scent might have been better. Everybody likes a day with the Duke; but from his country, as everywhere else, comes the cry, 'We shall do no good until rain or snow comes.' Mr. Tailby and the Quorn have been doing the best, and the latter pack have had one or two good runs, especially one from Gaddesby on the 15th, where, though the scent was not breast high, it was good, and men had to ride, which they did, and grief, owing to want of condition, was the consequence. The same day the Cottesmore had a very quick fifty minutes, over plough for the most part; and on the 18th Mr. Tailby was at Mousley, the wind blowing a hurricane, which prevented anything but a ten minutes' burst; and on the 19th he was at Cole's Lodge, where, except for a very big field, there was nothing particularly worth mentioning. By the way, we heard the other day a story of a gentleman in the midland counties who has such an opinion of the instruction to be got out of the 'Boys' Own Book,' that he carries a copy in his pocket out hunting to see how to sit the various kinds of fences. *On dit* that he looks at the illustrations on approaching the leap, and then puts the book back in his pocket! We tell the tale as it was told to us.

As we write we hear of a tremendous day the Atherstone had in the woodlands on the 23rd, when they met at Corley. They ran their fox hard for three hours and a half, leaving him at last among some farm buildings when it was pitch-dark. They got on a stale line in Corley Wood, and hunted up to him in Meriden Shafts, making in all five hours, and, our informant adds, 'I verily believe one fox.' An ex-M.F.H. who was out remarked that they did enough to him to have killed six foxes in the open; and he must have been, like most of those woodland foxes, a very tough customer. Bailly and the hounds did right well, and Mr. Newdegate was delighted. On the same day, too, the Pytchley had a very good thing, finding a fox in Luttenham Plantation, going over the railway, through Laughton hills to Grumly, the pace up to there being slow; but getting on the grass, they went like pigeons over some of the best of Mr. Tailby's country, and then a ring back to Toxtton, where they unluckily got on the line of a fox who had been gone some time, and the hunted fox saved his life.

We hear that Frank Goodall, so many years with Mr. Tailby, will want a situation at the end of the present season.

The Baron met at Littlecote on the 20th in a storm of rain in the morning; uncartered about 12.30, and had a very fine run over a grass country, and took in the railway station at Winslow. From Littlecote to Creston, where the hounds slipped the field over the double, and at racing pace, through Whitchurch, Granborough, over Winslow Brook to Winslow station, about one hour and ten minutes. Mr. John Foy, on a new grey horse, certainly had the best of the run, indeed was the only man near the hounds for the latter part.

Sir Reginald Graham is having, weather considered, his share of sport in Gloucestershire; and his popularity was exemplified at the annual dinner of the Gloucestershire Licensed Victuallers' Association at Cheltenham, where Lord Fitzhardinge was in the chair, and the speech of the evening was that made by Mr. F. Marshall, a solicitor of that town, in proposing Sir Reginald's health, in which the speaker referred to the Master of the Cotswold in the warmest terms, as having won the hearts of all brought into contact with him,—'beloved in private life as he was admired in public,'—as 'taking his own line, and having a temper not easily ruffled.' The enthusiastic cheers of the assembly fully endorsed Mr. Marshall's observations, so we may congratulate Sir Reginald on being firmly in the saddle. We see that Mr. Marshall also remarked that 'he liked reading his "Bailly," better than he did the "Law Magazine."' More power to you, Mr. Marshall! may your days be long, your sport good, and your clients not few!

Lord Portsmouth wrote us word on the 16th of the month that the frost in his part of the world was still in the ground, making the north side of the hills and the banks very greasy, and the fallows carried. We daresay, like all sensible men, Lord Portsmouth would shrink from a testimonial if he could well avoid it, but if any M.F.H. ever deserved one surely he is the man. The members of his hunt, who have never been put to one farthing expense, have determined to present him with one, and we may anticipate great unanimity and a large subscription.

The misfortune that befel the Durham County has given rise to a discussion on dumb madness and hydrophobia, which Mr. Grantley Berkeley says may be detected by hounds refusing water. That element, however, in the Durham kennels they had not a chance of refusing, for Dowdeswell never allowed them a drop, and they only had the liquor the meat was boiled in. This, to us, appears singular treatment, and almost contrary to common sense,

but our informant assures us that Dowdeswell was very obstinate on the point.

Harking back to other matters, we may mention that Lord Portsmouth has allotted his mares as follows: five to Lord Lyon, five to Atherstone, three to Beadsman, and two to Parmesan; and he thinks of sending Audrey (a Cesarewitch winner), lately added to his stud, to Beadsman, to try for another Blue Gown.

There has been a rather hot paper war between Admiral Rous and Mr. Chaplin, on the question whether or not a horse can with justice be pulled up so that an inferior one can win—a declaration having been made of the owner's intention to win with the said inferior one. We certainly have always thought that a declaration to win meant that the owner would win if he could with the best horse, or one that he thought the best; and though 'declarations' have been much abused of late years, and have in many instances been deservedly held up to ridicule, we are of that opinion still. A man has no right to stop a horse, in fact, a declaration notwithstanding; but, as Admiral Rous has promised to bring the matter before the Jockey Club, we hope the question will be set at rest, and we shall have the law on the subject clearly defined.

On the 11th ultimo, at a festive gathering given by a gentleman well known in cricketing circles, one of the guests, Mr. John Walter Parr, of Brighton, a University man, fresh from Alma Mater, was expatiating somewhat loudly upon his pedestrian powers and the triumphs he had won at Oxford, where he had accomplished a tramp of *forty miles* in an incredibly short time, when a sporting Baronet and one or two others, somewhat nettled and weary at the *tall talk*, offered to back 'the Old Shekarry,' who was also present, against 'the Collegian' in a walking match to Brighton—the start to take place then and there from the top of Sloane Street, and the first man to enter the hall of the Grand Hotel, Brighton, to be the winner. Before the old traveller could accept the challenge, or say yea or nay to this impromptu and somewhat sudden arrangement, 'the Collegian' had backed himself three times over with different guests, and had booked his bets with that calm, *nonchalant*, and self-satisfied air which betokened that he thought all was over but shouting. Considering that 'the 'Old Shekarry' had seen many a red field won before his antagonist had even worn a breech-clout, and that he wanted nearly a cubit to equal him in stature, it seemed indeed to be a foregone conclusion, or a church to a sentry-box on the stalwart-looking Collegian; but those who had backed the old sportsman knew the stuff that he was made of, and what he had gone through in his time, remembering his ride from Magdala, and how, in order to be present at the Derby, he was the first man home who had seen Theodorus lying dead and his stronghold destroyed, beating the bearer of the official despatches, who had stuck in the mud, by three weeks. They were not mistaken, and at any rate felt sure of a run for their money, when the party challenged, with a grim smile of satisfaction, took the measure of his man, and backed himself for a pony, which was immediately accepted and booked by Mr. Parr, and the articles of the race drawn up and signed. 'Pull up your clothing, and let's look at your condition, old hoss,' sung out our host; and at the sight of the well-developed muscle the phiz of the Collegian became long as a fiddle, and the little heart in its long casing melted like 'sna' in his shoon.' Another of the guests, Mr. Joseph Bennitt, now determined to make one in the race, for the sheer fun of the thing; and, all the preliminaries being arranged, wide-awake hats, shooting-coats, and extra pairs of socks with bits of soap having been borrowed from their host, a few minutes after four in the morning the whole party turned out into the street to witness the start—the Collegian, who might



be compared to the definition of a line in Euclid, having any amount of length without breadth, making a most knowing appearance, with the bottoms of his pants tucked into his socks, which, it was presumed, was the latest style at his 'Varsity.' It was a fine starlight morning, freezing hard, but somewhat dark, when suddenly the University man discovered that he did not know the road; and, notwithstanding the start was delayed a quarter of an hour, to give him time to screw up his mettle, he turned restive on the post, and when the word 'Go' was given, bolted—it is presumed to bed. The start was effected at 4.35 a.m., and away went Mr. Bennitt and 'the Old Shekarry' at a good round pace, as they suspected that 'the Collegian' was trying to come the old soldier over them, by taking a short cut across country, and making running from end to end. After crossing Chelsea Suspension Bridge, and groping their way in the dark across Clapham Common, Brixton Hill was reached, and when day broke the two pedestrians were spinning over Streatham Common, with the congealed breath hanging in icicles from the moustache; for the early morning just before dawn was intensely cold. The tenth milestone at Croydon was passed at 6.35, and the twenty-second at Reigate at 9.30; and up to this time there were no signs of 'the Collegian,' nor could he be heard of as having preceded them on the road. Soon after passing the twenty-third milestone, as bad luck would have it, Mr. Bennitt was obliged to pull up, having strained one of his back sinews, and 'the Old Shekarry,' after a ten minutes' halt for refreshment, continued his way. Crawley was reached at 11.20, Cuckfield at 1.35, and the fiftieth milestone at Patcham was passed at 3.40, the 50 miles being covered in 7 hours and 5 minutes. At 4.28 'the Old Shekarry' entered the Grand Hotel, having accomplished the whole distance, which is over fifty-four miles, in seven minutes less than the twelve hours—no mean performance for a man out of training. Although somewhat stiff, he was not much the worse for his exertions, and showed up to supper in London the same evening at the house from which he started, where he astonished the hostess by the appetite engendered by a fifty-mile walk.

Our Obituary notices the death, full of years and honours, of one of the oldest and best sportsmen in the Pytchley country, Mr. William Lovell, of Winwick, at the good age of eighty-six. In his best days a very difficult man to beat, he was one of the most hospitable and respected in all Northamptonshire, and had a large circle of friends. The late Charles Clarke, in those excellent 'Letters from Gorsehamptonshire, by Uncle Scribble,' which used to appear in the now defunct old 'Sporting Magazine,' constantly mentioned his name; and he figures in the celebrated picture of the Meet of the Hunt at Crick when Mr. George Payne was Master.

And Wyndham Smith's familiar figure no longer treads the flags of Piccadilly, or is to be seen constitutionalizing in the Row, plodding away at that steady, uniform pace which he never altered. A son of the great Canon of St. Paul's, he inherited, it is said, some of the humour and fun of that original; but the humour was, we think, something of the hardest, and the fun was hardly spontaneous. The incident of his young college days, to which he owed his unfortunate *sobriquet*, was not of a character to stamp him as a popular or a genial man. Cutting the throat of an unoffending dog is hardly a good beginning in life; but still some of us achieve fame and greatness in many ways and after many fashions, and perhaps poor 'Bully' did not die in vain. As 'The Assassin,' and further aided by the tightest of trousers and the longest of waistcoats, Mr. Smith became a character, was thought to have made his mark in life; and though he reversed the old adage of 'his father's son,' and went in for sport and pastime in lieu of literature and society, his keen and

genuine love for the Turf and all things belonging thereto—from Whitewall, where he trained, and John Scott, with whom he was a favourite, down through the somewhat dirty byeways of racing life—won him appreciation and notice among the large class of Englishmen of every degree to whom love of a horse is a bond of union. The late Lord Derby trained at Whitewall when Wyndham Smith was in his zenith, and the great statesman, it is said, rather enjoyed the rugged humour of his stable-companion. From what we knew of him we always felt inclined to doubt the genuineness of Mr. Smith's rough manners and disregard of the *convenances* of society. There are many kinds of affectation; but, while the affectation of the would-be fine gentleman is only ludicrous, the affectation of *brusquerie* and want of manners may be something else. We remember once meeting Mr. Smith at a house where the host rather prided himself on his cook, on his well-drawn-up *menu*, and on the quality of his wines. The dinner on that occasion was emphatically a good one. Course followed course, and vintage succeeded vintage, in well-ordered regularity, and the Assassin, after dining rather ostentatiously off a saddle of mutton, and refusing, in his most rugged manner, to be mollified by the most delicate *entrée*, addressed his host, just as the ice-plates were being put on the table, with a request to be supplied with some bread and cheese and a glass of stout! And so as most of the party sat in silent amazement while Mr. Smith munched his food, glaring round the table at the same time with those ferocious eyes of his, then it was that it dawned on us that he was only acting a part—that he no more wanted the bread and cheese than we did—but that he knew we should probably be impressed by the performance (which we were), and should mention it next day somewhere, and the Baigent of the time would say, 'Just like Roger!' There is a big Temple of Fame, but there are also a great many little ones, and the paths to these latter are easy to tread if you are not too particular. An 'oddy' is generally not an unpopular character; and certainly Mr. Smith possessed many qualifications for that *rôle*. If we have judged him too severely we shall be sorry, for, after all, supposing our idea to be correct, it was only a little vanity on his part, though it might have been vexation of spirit to lookers-on. We may add that he was strictly and punctiliously honourable in all his many Turf transactions, and, hard hit as he was in Attila's year, and when Dervish and Sir Tatton were beaten for the Derby—hit, too, in a fashion that looked very much as if he had been 'put in the hole' by his friends—he paid every farthing, and would not accept of any assistance without giving most substantial security. Mr. Wyndham Smith was fifty-six when he died, his apparently vigorous frame and constitution succumbing to an attack of paralysis.

The death of Mr. Hugh Johnstone of Broncroft, Shropshire, will have been heard of with great regret by a very large circle of friends and acquaintance. Commonly known as 'the Minor,' to distinguish him from his brother, Major Johnstone, the owner of Marionette, he kept at one time a few horses, and was fond of riding at Hampton and some other small meetings; but he never won anything, and poor George Ede, who was a great friend of his, used to say he would save him 200*l.* a year if he would let him ride for him. His headquarters before his marriage—which, with his accession, on his brother's death, to a family property in Shropshire, only occurred two years ago—were at the Old Haycock at Wansford, from which he hunted regularly with the Fitzwilliam. A kinder-hearted creature never walked the earth; and he was one of the many good fellows whom the quads of old Trinity (Oxon) have seen in their salad days.

We are happy here to state that Mr. Wheelwright, the artist so well known

in hunting circles, especially down Warwickshire way, was not killed in a steeplechase at Spa, though, as he remained insensible for a fortnight, he may be said to have had a very close shave. So deservedly popular a man, with such a host of friends, would indeed have been much missed. He may be expected back soon, we hear, in his old haunts.

We notice with pleasure the annual analysis of the great three-year-old races of next year, by 'Judex.' Written plainly, and the conclusions the writer arrives at dictated by common sense, the little work will be a welcome pocket companion to all racing men—a help to the memory, an assistant to their judgment. A bold man, too, is 'Judex,' for he dares to essay the Liverpool, and hint at the winner—a piece of hardihood that almost takes away our breath; but the article is worth reading.

An unfortunate error into which the writer of the Cricket article in the last number of 'Baily' fell requires immediate correction. He credited Marlborough with a victory over Cheltenham this year; instead of which Cheltenham beat Marlborough by seven wickets. To Cheltenham, therefore, belongs undoubtedly that pre-eminent position among the nurseries of cricket which it has so long and so worthily filled. But, in saying this, we must not be understood to detract from the merits of the Marlborough eleven, whose fine averages and great run-getting powers (as evidenced by the aggregate of runs scored during the season) speak for themselves.

The theatres claim our attention—indeed, have done so for some time—but the pressure of other matters has compelled us to defer the claim. Into the region of Christmas pantomime and burlesque we cannot now enter, seeing that these productions are at present in their infancy, but we can speak of some standard dishes that figure in the dramatic *menu*, and figure much to our credit as a playgoing public. The performance of 'The Bells' at the Lyceum; Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedy, 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' at the Haymarket, and the undoubted great success of both, is an answer to the managerial cry raised in some quarters that high-class drama, be it Shakespere or anything else, means bankruptcy. We might indeed add 'The Tempest,' at the Queen's, to the other two, but that 'The Tempest,' looked upon by so many in the light of a spectacle in which there can be introduced plenty of glitter and 'leg,' would be hardly a fair example of Shakesperian success. But the crowds of every degree who flock to the Lyceum to see the wonderful acting of Mr. Henry Irving in the adaptation of MM. Erckman-Chatrian's 'Polish Jew,' are attracted thither by the genius of the actor alone, and sit spell-bound through a three-act drama in which there is no plot to be developed, no sensation-scene to thrill them, scarcely a story to be told. 'The Bells' is a psychological study—an exhibition of the working of conscience on the mind of a murderer, condemned to live a social lie as the burgomaster of his native town, rich in honours, seeming happiness, and troops of friends. There is but one actor on the stage; the others are so many lay figures, and it is high testimony to the character of Mr. Irving's acting, that he keeps his audience rivetted from first to last. The great scene is the murderer's dream, where he sees himself in a court of justice, and, under the influence of mesmerism, is made to disclose his guilty secret with all its minute details. Mr. Irving's acting here is almost painful in its intensity; and while we are fascinated by it, we feel a sense of relief as the curtain falls. Known as a performer of great ability, and with a peculiar power of seizing on the salient parts of a character, and 'creating' it, as the French say,—witness, as one example, the rôle of the selfish, unprincipled old father of 'the 'The Two Roses,'—we had yet to learn that he had tragic powers of the highest order. The joint authors of the 'Polish Jew'

called their tale, if we remember rightly, 'a study,' and the skilful adaptor has certainly borne this in mind when preparing it for the stage. It was a hazardous attempt, too. All depended on one man; and fortunate was Mr. Leopold Lewis when he secured such an interpreter of the author's idea as Mr. Henry Irving. And at the Haymarket Mr. Gilbert has dressed up for us the old fable of 'Pygmalion and Galatea' in most charming fashion. A little too much, perhaps, has he overlaid the classic story, and developed into three acts what might easily have been done in at least two; but the dialogue is witty, and at the same time elegant: there is fun and humour, and there is no vulgarity. He too has been a most fortunate man in having such a Galatea as Miss Robertson. Nothing more refined and natural than her impersonation of the guileless nymph, the unconscious authoress of so much mischief, can be conceived. Passion was there, too, depicted with a force and tenderness such as, alas! we do not now often see on the boards when women essay to delineate those feelings. And yet what exponents of love they could be, if they would!

We have our private opinion on the subject of burlesques, and believe that their day is doomed, but now and then one less objectionable than the rest comes across our theatrical path; and if people want to enjoy a clever travestie on that terrible 'Rebecca' at Drury Lane, they can go to the Court Theatre, where they will see an 'Isaac of York,' in whom they will perhaps recognize a strong likeness to another Jew that Gilbert drew, when creatures of impulse obeyed the natural promptings of the heart, and offered their sweet lips and their good gold to all comers. Mr. Righton is to the Jewish manner born, and Miss Oliver is a gorgeous Rebecca, and delivers her comic defiance of the wicked Bois Guilbert with wonderful energy. A most charming Ivanhoe does Miss Kate Bishop make, and in the palmer's grey gown looks quite as fascinating as when, the robe flung aside, she stands confessed in amber satin, a killing knight indeed. The lady who played King Richard, Mdlle. d'Anka by name, deserves mention. Attired, of course, as a man from her toes up to her waist, she appears to have thought that she had then done all that was necessary for the masculine *rôle* assumed, and came out in a woman's *a cœur* dress, with a chain and locket round her neck! It is not part, we believe, of Lord Sydney's province to look *above* the waist, that noble official's duties being confined to the legs and skirts of defaulting *ballerines*, but we submit that there should be an officer at each theatre to see that, when a lady dons the habiliments of the other sex, she does not present the hybrid appearance of Mdlle. d'Anka as the lion-hearted king. It was ludicrous, but at the same time we must protest against its vulgarity.

And as we pen our closing words Christmas has come and gone, the old year is slipping away into the dead past, and when these lines meet our readers' eyes the 'happy' new one will be upon us. This is not the place of moralising on the past or sermonising on the future; but we must not forget—it would indeed be our disgrace if we could—that we are only just passing out of the shadow of a great national affliction—one which, if it had fallen on us, would have sadly dimmed our Christmas revelry, and made our New Year good wishes to sound but as bitter mockery. But this, thank God, we have been spared; and though our joy may be, as is only right and fitting, a little tempered, we can still wish each other all the good of this good time, more especially from sportsmen's point of view—good sport, good cattle, good luck, good nerve. May each and all of these good things be with our readers!

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



W. F. Thackeray

gentleman jockey and good sportsman, Mr. Fothergill Kowland, at Epsom—he won a stake or two. Balsamo was a very fair two-





# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### SIR WILLIAM THROCKMORTON, BART.

THERE are few pleasanter hunting grounds than the country that takes its name from that 'White Horse' on the Berkshire hill-side—scene of many a legend told alike in history, tale, and song—which looks down over a vale gladdening to the eye both of sportsman and farmer. Formerly forming part of that wonderful old Berkeley country which was once described as beginning at Hyde Park Corner and ending at Gloucester Cathedral, it has the reputation of being a good scenting one; and Nimrod, in one of his famous tours, describes it as in parts resembling Leicestershire: 'There is the large grass field, the strong ox fence, the bridle road, the guide post, the windmill, and here and there a good rasping brook.' Railroads and high farming may have somewhat altered these characteristics, perhaps, but the chief of them remain. The Oxford youngsters of some thirty years ago used, in their impudence, to call the V. W. H. 'the very worst hunt,' a name that if it were deserved then, which we much doubt, it assuredly does not now.

The subject of our present sketch—the representative of one of the oldest Catholic families in England—the original root tree of which was, we believe, Coughton Court, in Warwickshire, but now settled at Buckland House, near Farringdon, was born in 1838, succeeding his father Sir Robert Throckmorton, the eighth Baronet, in 1862. Early entered to hounds, when Mr. Morrell kept the Berkshire, and with five years spent in Meath and Westmeath, where he considers he learnt much under Mr. Reynell and Mr. Dease, Sir William has followed from his youth upwards the pursuits and pleasures of a country gentleman. He has raced, he has hunted, he has farmed. Never keeping many horses at a time, the 'black and white diamonds' have yet been seen to the fore as often as the owner of a small stud can expect, and with his two best-known animals, Referee and Balsamo—the latter trained by that accomplished gentleman jockey and good sportsman, Mr. Fothergill Rowlands, at Epsom—he won a stake or two. Balsamo was a very fair two-

year-old, his best performance being in the Reading Stakes, in 1867, when he defeated Mr. Pryor's Grimston, after a fine race, by a head. Sir William has only two or three horses in training this year, and they are under the care of Weever, at Bourton.

On the resignation of Mr. Wilson, of the Mastership of the V. W. H., in 1869, Sir William Throckmorton, from his position in the county and his known attachment to the sport, was cordially welcomed as his successor. With his heart in the work before him, a good judge, riding well to hounds, and popular with all classes of hunting men, the present Master of the Vale of White Horse sits easy in his saddle of office ; and though the paths of masters are said to be not always rose-strewn, we think he has but very few of the thorns. His huntsman is Robert Worrall, who learnt his business with that good teacher 'Squire' Drake ; they hunt three days a week, with an occasional bye-day, and the hounds (50 couple) were bought by Sir William from Mr. Wilson.

For a Throckmorton to be a farmer is a tradition in the family ; and they have been mighty breeders of Southdown sheep, taking prizes at Baker Street as well as modern Islington. The present Baronet is as fond of it as his fathers before him, and has been a successful competitor at Royal Agricultural as well as local societies.

## WARE WIRE !

(A PROTEST.)

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

Good fellows, and sportsmen of every degree,  
Who live by the land, will you listen to me ?  
To teach you your business I offer no claim,  
But the man who looks on sees a deal of the game.  
And your thrift while I honour, your acres admire,  
I think you're mistaken to fence them with Wire !

Let us argue the point : If the stock get astray,  
If the pig in a panic sets off for the day,  
If a herd leaves unfolded, lamb, heifer, or steer,  
If the colt from his tackle can kick himself clear,  
Your truants to capture you'd hardly desire  
That their hides should be torn into ribbons with Wire !

For see ! The black bullock halts, shivers, and reels,  
The handsome prize heifer is fast by the heels,  
Entangled the wether, and mangled the ewe,  
The pig becomes pork, as he chokes, pushing through,  
And the horse at two hundred, to carry the Squire,  
Is blemished for life while he hangs on the Wire !

Moreover—and here the shoe pinches, I know !—  
 You love to ride hunting, and most of you *go*.  
 When thickest the fences and quickest the burst,  
 'Tis a thousand to one that a farmer is first.  
 But I give you my honour, it makes me perspire,  
 To think of my neighbour turned over by Wire !

You may bore through the blackthorn, and top the oak-rail,  
 Here courage shall serve, and there craft can avail.  
 The seasoned old horse does his timber with ease ;  
 The young ones jump water as wide as you please ;  
 But the wisdom of age, and the four-year-old's fire, ,  
 Are helpless alike if you ride them at Wire !

Great heavens ! rash man, what a crowner you come !  
 Your collar-bone broken, two ribs, and a thumb ;  
 While the pride of your stable lies stretched on the plain,  
 And the friend of your heart never rises again ;  
 Then bitter the curses you launch, in your ire,  
 At the villain who fenced his enclosure with Wire !

'Tis cruel to see, in the cream of a run,  
 A dozen fine fellows enjoying the fun,  
 Struck down at a moment to writhe in the dirt,  
 Dismounted, disgusted, both frightened *and* hurt !  
 While behind them a panic breaks out like a fire,  
 With the ominous caution—' *Ware Wire, sir ! Ware Wire !*

No ! twist us your binders as strong as you will,  
 We must all take our chances of cropper and spill ;  
 There are scores of young ashes to stiffen the gaps,  
 And a blind double ditch is the surest of traps.  
 But remember, fair sportsmen fair usage require ;  
 So Up with the timber, and Down with the Wire !

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

### THE NORTH YORKSHIRE PACKS.

'LET us now turn to the packs in the north of Yorkshire,' said our friend, as we once more drew round the fire for a chat about Country Quarters. 'And suppose we begin with the Bedale. They hunt the country round Bedale, Thirsk, and up to Northallerton, going north as far as Uckerby, and North Cowton ; on the east they are joined by the Hurworth, at Northallerton ; and on the south they go as far as Boroughbridge ; and on the west for fifteen or sixteen miles they can do very well, but beyond that the country is not rideable, being all moorland and dales.

'There is no finer scenting ground in England than that part of

' the Bedale country north of the Swale, from Catterick Bridge  
' to Morton Bridge, with Uckerby, Pepper Hall, Kiplin, and  
' Cowton Whin as its favourite coverts, though it consists princi-  
' pally of plough. The south or Ripon side is more open and  
' easier to ride over. The west side, Hipswell, Hawkswell, and  
' Leyburn, has more grass, but the country is rough and hilly.  
' Round Pepper Hall there are great drains, and the soil is part  
' stiff clay, part peat, black and boggy, but it carries a good scent.  
' This country is very remarkable for its variety of soil. The  
' Hutton Moor part is light and sandy, while the western part up  
' to the moors is grass. The low country is very deep, and bites  
' tremendously on the horses; about Hawkswell and the Leyburn  
' Moors there are stone walls, and the fences generally want  
' jumping, except round Boroughbridge, where a horse can gallop  
' through most of them without any fear of falling. There is a  
' nice bit all round Catterick.'

' They seem to have country suited to all tastes.'

' Nearly so; and, on the whole, the Bedale is better than the  
' Bramham Moor, or the York and Ainsty; and by some it is  
' preferred to the Holderness, notwithstanding the great reputation  
' the latter has enjoyed, as not being so heavy. The River Wiske  
' runs right through the north side of the country, and has frequently  
' been jumped above Kirby Bridge. It is said that Mr. Roper  
' of Richmond tried it below Hutton Bonville, but went bang in, and  
' it took two cart horses to get him out. Near Richmond is a place  
' called "Willan's Leap," from a man who fell down a drop of  
' sixty feet at Whitley Scar. The horse, a racer in training which  
' ran away, was killed, and the rider broke his legs. As it was very  
' cold, he cut his horse open and put his legs inside, and stayed in  
' that predicament two or three days, until found by shepherds who  
' were looking for some sheep.'

' A most extraordinary circumstance!'

' Yes; and still more extraordinary escape on the man's side.'

' What are considered the best meets of the Bedale?'

' On the north of the Swale, Pepper Hall, Hutton Bonville,  
' Scorton, and Kiplin; while on the south, Scruton Hall, Newton  
' House, Norton Conyers, Baldersby Park, the residence of Lady  
' Downe, and Newby Hall, that of Lady Mary Vyner, are all  
' noted.'

' Is it a subscription pack?'

' Yes, now; but it was hunted up to 1832 by the Duke of  
' Cleveland, who then gave up the country south of Catterick  
' Bridge. It was then offered to the Duke of Leeds, who had  
' hunted it for some years before the Duke of Cleveland took it,  
' but he declined it; and Mr. Mark Milbanke of Thorpe Perrow, a  
' son-in-law of the Duke of Cleveland, and who always led the way  
' with the old Raby hounds, took it. He hunted the hounds him-  
' self, and was aided by George Barwick from the Puckeridge, who  
' finally hunted them until he drowned himself in a fish-pond, the

“ result, it was supposed, of eating what he called a light supper of  
 “ shoulder of mutton and apple dumpling, and Joe Mason succeeded  
 “ him, who never lived in any other place, was Mr. Milbanke’s  
 “ last huntsman, and retired on a pension with a testimonial, and  
 “ now lives at Snape.

“ Mr. Milbanke was master twenty-six years altogether, but gave  
 “ up on account of the great scarcity of foxes. As a master of  
 “ hounds, from his kindness of manner, he was most popular, and  
 “ in 1840 his portrait was presented to him. He is there mounted  
 “ on his favourite horse, Bribery, a good specimen of the class he  
 “ always rode, well bred and up to more than his weight. Amongst  
 “ his field were to be found the following:—

“ The Duke of Leeds of Hornby Castle, the Earl of Zetland of  
 “ Aske, owner of the celebrated Voltigeur, the only horse that ever  
 “ beat the Flying Dutchman, and his brother, the Hon. John Dundas,  
 “ who then lived at Oran, Sir John De la Poer Beresford of Bedale,  
 “ Colonel the Hon. Richard Pepper Arden of Pepper Hall, a brother-  
 “ in-law of Mr. Milbanke, who was the successor of Lord Albanley,  
 “ “the sire of many a joke,” Colonel Tower of Hutton Bonville,  
 “ Major Healey of Middleton Tyas, Mr. J. V. Robinson of Rich-  
 “ mond, Mr. H. Coore of Scruton Hall, Captain Wyvill, and his  
 “ brother, Marmaduke Wyvill of Fingall, Sir Bellingham Graham of  
 “ Norton Conyers, who was at Harrow with Mr. Milbanke, was  
 “ very active in the affairs of the hunt, and was a staunch preserver,  
 “ and gave up his harriers on account of the country round him being  
 “ so well hunted, General Sir Maxwell Wallace of Ainderby  
 “ Steeple, who hunted up to eighty, and went wonderfully straight,  
 “ was a grand old man, Mr. Digby Cayley, now Sir Digby Cayley of  
 “ Brompton, Mr. Frederick Milbanke, and Mr. Mark Milbanke, jun.,  
 “ of Thorpe, both very good men in their day, Mr. Wormald of  
 “ Sawley Hall, near Ripon, Mr. William Morritt of Rokeby Park,  
 “ whose yellow drag and roans are so well known in Hyde Park and  
 “ at Lord’s on a big match day, Sir John Beresford of Bedale,  
 “ Colonel H. Van Straubenzie of Spennithorne, Mr. J. L. Hammond  
 “ of Firby Hall, the Hon. William Ord Powlett, now Lord Bolton,  
 “ Mr. Robert Crompton of Azerley Hall, Mr. George Gilpin, now  
 “ better known as Gilpin Brown of Sedbury Park, a good sportsman  
 “ and nice man across country, who has been hunting all his life,  
 “ Mr. H. R. Glaister of Bedale, Captain Hogg of Scorton, Sir Edward  
 “ Dodsworth of Thornton-Watlas Hall.

“ In 1855 the Hon. William Ernest Duncombe, who then  
 “ lived at The Leases, now Lord Feversham of Duncombe Park,  
 “ bought the Forfarshire hounds of Lord Panmure, and succeeded  
 “ Mr. Milbanke. The kennels were at Thorpe Perrow.

“ His servants were Joseph Mason, who was assisted by Stephen  
 “ Shepherd, and Thomas Laundres, Sam Roberts, from Mr. Hill,  
 “ for one season, who left in 1862, and went to Mr. Selby Lowndes  
 “ as his first whip and kennel huntsman; then, in 1863, John  
 “ Harrison from the Lanark and Renfrew, but he soon went to the

' East Sussex. In 1864 old George Beers came for a short time, and was followed by Stephen Shepherd, who had been first whip for six years, who went to Sir Harcourt Johnstone as first whip in 1866, and now hunts a pack of harriers near Bradford; and Dick Christian in 1865, who had hunted Sir Harcourt Johnstone's hounds for three seasons, stayed only a short time, and then passed on to the Hurworth, and thence to Mr. Cradock, in whose service he died in 1869; then came Will Fisher from the West Meath, who was assisted by John Todd and Thomas Ridley. Mr. Duncombe was an excellent horseman, and used to ride at Thirsk and other meetings. Hunting with him were Mr. Bruyère of Middleham, owner of Zemindar, and who also performed on the flat occasionally, Mr. Cradock, who now hunts the old Raby country, Mr. John Jackson, commonly called, "Jock of Oran," the Stentor of the ring, and a most determined man over a country; in fact, when on Barny nothing could stop him; at last, however, his nerve dropped off, and Barny was nearly the only horse he could ride. He was a good-hearted fellow and very hospitable; his great delight was to have everything better than anybody else, whether horses or port wine, and with the latter he was never done but once. When at Fairfield he gave a grand dinner to his friends for the purpose of their tasting some old port which he had bought at an exorbitant price as something very curious, and of which Mr. Harker said, when asked his opinion, that he would give him just eighteen pence a bottle to make gravies. Blair Athol was his idol amongst horses, and consummated the fortune, by winning the Derby, of which Ellington had laid the foundation in the same race eight years before. He gave Mr. I'Anson a great price for him, and built him a place at Fairfield, where he could take exercise in the open or under cover, at pleasure; but he never lived to see the success which the horse has now attained as a sire. There were also Lord Bolton of Bolton Hall, Mr. Frederick Riddell of Leyburn, Mr. Hutton of Marsk, Mr. Simon Scrope of Danby Hall, Mr. Roper of Richmond, Captain Powell, eldest son of the Rev. S. H. Powell of Sharon Lodge, Colonel Crompton of Azerley Hall, and his son, Mr. R. S. Crompton.

' On Lord Feversham retiring the hounds were bought and managed by a committee, Mr. John Booth especially looking after the horses. Fisher, a Hampshire man, who began as second whip to Mr. George Wall when he had the Hursley, then went to the Essex, and was succeeded by Thomas Carr, from the Herefordshire, with Charles Orvis to turn them to him. Carr became paralysed, and was obliged to knock off work at the end of last season.

' In 1868 Mr. John B. Booth of Killerby Hall became sole master; he is an out-and-out thorough Yorkshire sportsman, a rare horseman, either when exhibiting a weight-carrier in the ring, where he has been wonderfully successful, or across country, where, when not quite so heavy, he was undeniable, and even now is very bad

‘to beat. He is a good, quiet huntsman, and appears to have taken  
‘the late Sir Charles Slingsby as his model, and, amongst other  
‘accomplishments, is very musical, and can sing above a bit. At  
‘first the country was very short of foxes, and Mr. Booth had  
‘fourteen blank days during his first season; in the second, he had  
‘seven; and this season there were fifty litters of cubs in the country.  
‘His first huntsman was Thomas Carr, who was succeeded at the  
‘commencement of the present season by Alfred Thatcher, who had  
‘been first whip at Brocklesby, and with the South Berks, with both  
‘of which packs he was highly spoken of. He is a native of Ted-  
‘worth, and his father was the late Mr. Assheton Smith’s coachman,  
‘and his brother is now a feeder at the kennels at Ascot. Thatcher  
‘is very quick, and a very good hand, and he has been with hounds  
‘ever since he was a little nipper.”

‘The Bedale can now boast some good staunch fox-preservers,  
‘and there is no better anywhere than Mr. Coore of Scruton Hall,  
‘Capt. Dalton of Sleningsford, Mr. Russell at Newton House, Capt.  
‘Carter at Threackston Hall, Mr. Pulleine of Clifton Castle, Mr.  
‘Other of Wensleydale. And the fox is well looked after at  
‘Baldersby Park, and on the Kipling estate.

‘The following good men now hunt or have hunted with  
‘Mr. Booth:—Mr. John Hildyard of Hutton Bonville, Chairman of  
‘the North Riding Quarter Sessions, Sir Charles Straubenzee of  
‘Holtby, Mr. J. Rutson of Newby Wisk, Mr. F. Bell of Thirsk,  
‘Mr. John D. A. Hutton of Marsk, Major Boulton of Middleton  
‘Tyas, Capt. Powell of Richmond, Mr. G. Tate of Richmond,  
‘Mr. S. L. Lane of Baldersby Park, Mr. H. Hood of Pepper  
‘Hall, where Lord Alvanley lived, who always rides good horses,  
‘and talks of his Leicestershire days, the late Capt. Dalton of  
‘Sleningsford, Capt. Carter of Threackston, Mr. W. Booth of Oran,  
‘where Jackson lived, Capt. Davison, late of Brough Hall, now of  
‘Hardwick, Mr. J. Waldy of Bedale, Mr. T. Walker of Maunby  
‘Hall, now of Brindon Hall, Mr. T. H. Cary of Camp Hill, Hon.  
‘W. O. Powlett of Wensleydale, the Rev. R. Garrett of Craike  
‘Hall, whose son Mr. Tom Garrett is a capital rider, Capt.  
‘Crowder, who lives where Sir Edward Dodson lived. Mr. John  
‘Robinson, a farmer, of Leekby Palace, is a wonderful man in the  
‘water, to which he takes as naturally as a Newfoundland dog,  
‘for when hounds are running hard both he and his horse will  
‘go over head and ears into the Swale, and get across somehow.  
‘He is a great character, and has done some very daring deeds.  
‘Mr. Bob Deighton of Northallerton, whose cousin was once  
‘secretary to the Duke of York, is a real good old sportsman,  
‘and although upwards of eighty years old is still a fine rider.  
‘Capt. Bradley of Hipswell Lodge, and his brother Mr. Bradley  
‘of Richmond. Sir John Lawson of Brough Hall, who rides so  
‘hard that it is said they won’t let him wear spurs. Capt. Benyon  
‘of Stainley, Mr. Squires of Holtby, Mr. John Hutton of Marsk,  
‘Mr. Clare Vyner of Newby Hall, the Hon. G. Lascelles of Sion

' Hill, Mr. Mark Milbanke of Thorpe Perrow, Lord Downe, the  
' Hon. Payan Dawnay of Benington Hall, Mr. Rocliff of  
' Thirsk, who began hunting with Sir Mark Sykes, is a canny old  
' sportsman. Mr. A. C. Coore of Scruton Hall, Colonel Wade of  
' Hawkswell Hall, Mr. Hutton of Aldborough, Mr. Masterman of  
' Little Danby, a rare old sort, now, I regret to say, kept out of  
' saddle by illness.

' Several ladies also have gone well over this country, amongst  
' them—Miss Coore, who rode capitally before she was married  
' and could thoroughly take care of herself, Miss Dalton of Slenings-  
' ford, Miss Stainton of Hawkswell, Miss Peirse of Bedale, and  
' Miss Harris of Sleningsford Park.

' There are some good sporting farmers in the Bedale country,  
' who hunt regularly, while there are others who only come out a  
' few times, just to show a horse, and when they have sold him  
' don't come out again. Amongst the former are Mr. Lancaster of  
' Moreton Grange, Mr. Walker near Middleham, Mr. Bell of  
' Brummakin Grange, Mr. Thomas Brooks of Manor House, and  
' Mr. T. H. Hutchinson of Catterick.'

' Does Mr. Cradock's country join the Bedale?'

' Yes; on the north of the Bedale, it lies between the Swale  
' and the Wear, and the Tees runs through the middle of it. The  
' whole of it was formerly part of the Duke of Cleveland's old Raby  
' country, but the kennels are now at Hartforth Hall, in Yorkshire,  
' four miles from Richmond. Stapleton, another estate of Mr.  
' Cradock's, was a crack meet; it is on the banks of the Tees,  
' close to Croft. It is a fine country, and holds a capital scent, and  
' is noted for its wild, strong foxes. It is partly grass, partly plough,  
' with a little moorland. It has certain drawbacks, such as the  
' railroads, which bother them a good deal. Formerly, in the "good  
' old coaching days," it was as fine a country as could be.

' There are some useful woodlands for breaking hounds, such  
' as Hartforth, Sedbury, Deepdale, Gilling, Selaby, Great Wood,  
' Trundlemire Whin, and Bolton Garths Plantations. West Auck-  
' land is their farthest point on the north-west.

' Mr. Cradock, son of the late Col. Cradock of Hartforth, well  
' known on the Turf and as a breeder of short-horns, near Richmond,  
' began to keep hounds in 1868, and is very much liked, as he does  
' all he can to keep up fox-hunting.

' His first huntsman was Dick Christian, who would have been  
' a huntsman of the first water had not that fell disease consumption  
' carried him off in the zenith of his manhood. Mr. Cradock  
' mourned him as if he had been his brother, and did everything in  
' his power to soothe his last moments. He was somewhat hasty  
' and impetuous, and once said to some one who was too forward,  
' "Are you the huntsman, sir, or am I?" And to another thruster  
' he exclaimed, "How stupid it is of you to spoil sport!" and,  
' turning to the master, added, "It really makes a man say what  
' he ought not."



‘ The present huntsman is Tom Champion, from the Cambridge-shire, whose father and uncle are well known in Sussex and with the Hambledon. He is a quick, good servant, whose heart is in his profession, and most attentive to his duty.

‘ The first whip is Kit Atkinson, whose father was with the North Staffordshire; and the second is little Tom Harrison, son of Harrison who hunted the Durham County when Mr. Williamson was master, and who was second whip to the late Ralph Lambton.

‘ Hunting with these hounds are Capt. J. G. Wilson of Cliffe Hall, who keeps some harriers, hunts almost every day, and goes very hard. Mr. William Scarth of Keverstone, a very staunch, keen sportsman, who now, in conjunction with Mr. Surtees of the Grove, late M.P. for Herefordshire, have a small pack, with which they hunt the moorlands over by Witton-le-Wear and Helm Park adjoining, and formerly a portion of Mr. Cradock’s country to the north of Raby. Mr. Gilpin Brown of Sedbury Park, and his two sons, Mr. Michell of Forcett Park, and his son John, the young Squire, Mr. G. Sowerby of Snow Hall, Cranford, near Darlington, Mr. George Roper of Richmond, a good man, Mr. C. Tate of Richmond, Mr. W. H. Williamson, the former master of the Durham County Hounds, who lives much with his brother-in-law, the Earl of Zetland, at Aske Hall, Mr. Witham of Lartington, near Barnard Castle, Mr. Edmund Backhouse, M.P. for Darlington, and his son, of Middleton Lodge, Colonel Hall of Heighington, Mr. W. Stobart of Etherley Hall, Major Hodgson of Bishop Auckland, Mr. Eden of the 8th Hussars, son of Sir William Eden of Windlestone Hall, who rides very hard, Mr. Harry Bolam of Keverstone, a very good man to hounds, Mr. Nesham of Gainford Hall, with his daughter, a first-rate performer, Mr. Bowser of Bishop Auckland, who keeps harriers, Mr. Billy Foster of Darlington, who hunts also with the Hurworth, and goes like a steam-engine, Mr. C. F. Smith, also of Darlington, who always rides as if he had a spare neck in his pocket.

‘ Amongst the farmers are Mr. John Catterick and his brother of Blacktree House, Mr. Catterick of Whit-Cliffe, near Barnard Castle, F. Catterick of Pierse Bridge, T. Smith, who used to hunt Lord Yarborough’s hounds, Mr. W. Hawdon of Wackerfield, Mr. Thomas Kaye of Forcett Valley, near Darlington, Mr. John Stonell of Favordale, Mr. Watson of Hilton, Mr. Raine of Morton, and Mr. Raine of Hutton, Mr. Clarke of Killerby, Mr. Raw of Pierse Bridge, and many others; but as the holdings are small here, so many farmers do not keep hunters as they do farther south.’

‘ Where are quarters to be found for these packs?’

‘ The Black Swan at Bedale, only two miles from the kennels, has good stabling.

‘ From Ripon you can reach the Bedale, and the Unicorn is, perhaps, the best house.

‘ At Thirsk, the Fleece is the most to be recommended, though  
‘ the Three Tuns is fair.

‘ At Northallerton, six miles from the Bedale kennels, the Golden  
‘ Lion was highly spoken of by Nimrod in his Yorkshire tour, when  
‘ Mr. Hirst, a good sportsman, was the landlord.

‘ Harrogate is good, as from here you can reach the Bramham  
‘ Moor, the York and Ainsty, and the Bedale ; it is very central,  
‘ and you can hunt every day.

‘ Croft Spa is a first-class hunting quarter, close to the kennels of  
‘ the Hurworth, and the best in the North of England, as from here  
‘ you can meet Mr. Cradock, whose kennels are within ten miles ;  
‘ the Bedale are within six, and the best side of the Durham County  
‘ is within reach, so that you can always have five or six days a  
‘ week. There is capital accommodation at the Spa Hotel, kept by  
‘ Mrs. Winteringham, a good old-fashioned hostelry. It is situated  
‘ on the banks of the Tees, in which salmon and trout abound, and  
‘ there is a station on the direct line from York to Edinburgh.  
‘ Croft is a Hurworth meet.

‘ Richmond is the nearest town to Mr. Cradock’s kennels, which  
‘ are only four miles off, and there is plenty of stabling at the King’s  
‘ Head ; so that you see there is no lack of accommodation for those  
‘ wishing to see these packs.’

## MASTER McGRATH.

DIED DECEMBER 25, 1871.

OCH ! the sad disaster  
That’s befel our Master,  
There’s nothing ever faster of his kind we’ll know :  
Bound to catch the devil,  
If he’ll run him level,  
In his courses to revel, and never cry a go.

‘ Let Erin remember ’  
The dark December  
When the Christmas ember smouldered still as death,  
Then the news came flyin’  
That MacGrath was lyin’  
On the point of dyin’, jist for want of breath.

Och ! the darling honey  
That beguiled our money,  
Never hare nor bunny with McGrath could strive ;  
Shure he never falter’d,  
Nothing ever altered,  
On he went and slaughtered, catchin’ all alive.

But the stoopid baste now,  
 For to cause sich waste now,  
 When we'd made all haste now, jist to build and found  
 That superb erection  
 Raised in all affection  
 To the pious recollection of a living hound !

With King Death forenent him,  
 From the slips they sent him,  
 Who had never bent him to defeat or shame ;  
 Save when Lady Lyon  
 On auld Dervock's scion  
 Was induced to try on the drowndin' game.

Arrah, lads ! belike now,  
 He'd been in the dyke now  
 Had not one Mike now, with Misther Bland,  
 Smash'd the broken ice then  
 In half a trice then  
 And at any price then, brought him safe to land.

And with great propriety  
 The Humane Society  
 Might reward their piety, in high salutin' strain ;  
 With the Pope expressin'  
 A paternal blessin'  
 For the owdacious dressin' they countered in the drain.

Then the 'diagnosis,'  
 By the holy Moses,  
 The fact discloses, that the noble cratur'  
 Had a heart defiant  
 Of the bulk of a giant  
 And quite 'oncompliant' with the laws of natur'.

Och hone ! I'm thinkin'  
 For the want of dhrinkin',  
 I'm feeling a sinkin' that I can't define ;  
 The sleep he's takin'  
 Shall it know no 'wakin' '  
 For lack of slakin' this thirst of mine ?

Farewell ! bright story  
 Of Oireland's glory,  
 For dark before ye extends the path ;  
 Though sad the morrow,  
 Some joy we'll borrow  
 From the cup of sorrow, to dhrink MCGRATH !  
 PAT OF MULLINGAR.

## SLANG TERMS AND THEIR DERIVATIONS.

## CHAPTER III.

'Ambubiararum collegia, pharmacopolæ,  
Mendici, mimæ, balatrone, hoc genus omne.'

'Of tramps a showful, itinerant quack,  
Mendicants, mountebanks, pedlars of knick-knacks.'—HORACE.

IN our former chapters on Slang terms we confined our attention to the explanation of the words which we were able to trace to their roots through the medium of the Gipsy, Hindostanee, and Sanscrit languages. In our present essay we shall continue to adduce instances of striking affinities existing between words of Oriental origin and similar expressions in our own familiar discourse. We shall endeavour to arrive at the origin of the Slang terms which can claim the University of Oxford or Cambridge as their Alma Mater, and which have been derived for the most part either from the Latin or the Greek language. We hope also to be able to throw some light upon a class of colloquial expressions the original meaning of which has been lost or changed. An investigation of the secret language of thieves and tramps may afford us a few grains of value, though they may be hidden in a bushel of chaff. We may mention that we derive our information on the Thieves' Argot entirely from oral communication with many convicts now under sentence in one of Her Majesty's jails.

'I don't care a damn' has a profane sound, but take away the terminal letter n, which we shall prove to be superfluous, and the expression becomes harmless. A dam is a small Hindoo coin of the value of about half a farthing, and 'I don't care a dam' was an expression, no doubt, first introduced into polite society by an Anglo-Indian nabob, who merely wished to emphasize the insignificant value which he attached to the subject of conversation. The expression with the profane application which modern usage has given to it, affords a curious instance of the manner in which words may be perverted from their original meaning. For the sake of the consciences of some of our readers, we rejoice in being able to take the sting away from the phrase and to restore its innocent meaning. Mr. Baigent, in his evidence on the Tichborne Baronetcy trial, excited some amusement in Court by his remark that 'it was *just like Roger* to say, I don't care a damn.'

'I don't care a curse' affords an equally strong instance of the tendency of language to perversion. The original expression was, 'I don't care a *kerse*;' this word is old English for a water-cress, and has been changed in common speech into a curse. Chaucer in the 'Millere's Tale,' uses the original expression—

'Of paramoures ne raught he not a *kers* ;'

and so does Gower in the following lines—

'Men witen welle whiche hath the werse,  
And so to me nis worth a *kerse*.'

It appears wonderful that these proverbial expressions, which were originally graceful and of pungent meaning, should have been degraded from their beauty and significance by so foul a metamorphosis.

'I don't care a fig' has no reference to the luscious fruit of Turkey. We will illustrate the meaning of the expression by a quotation from Shakespere's play of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' In reply to Nym's remark—

'The good humour is to *steal* at a minute's rest,'

Pistol says—

'Convey, the wise it call. *Steal!* foh!  
A *fico* for the phrase.'

Fico, or fig, is a term of contempt which is shown by turning the thumbs in a peculiar manner. We believe that the expression originally had nothing to do with the fig, but that it is a corruption of the Gaelic feigh! an expression of contempt. 'To eat humble pie' is said to be derived from the custom, formerly prevalent in the houses of the nobility, of feeding the varlets on pies made of the *umbles*, or entrails, of a deer. In the phrase 'to give one the sack,' the last word is generally supposed to mean a bag, but as sak signifies dismissal, both in Hindostanee and Hebrew, we think we may fairly claim the expression as an orientalism.

Nightmare has nothing to do with the equine tribe. Warton, in his 'History of English Poetry,' explains its derivation. He says, 'Mara, from which our nightmare is derived, was, in Runic theology, a spirit or spectre of the night, which seized men in their sleep and suddenly deprived them of speech and motion.' In our times, hot suppers are said to insure a midnight visitation from the fiend. To call a man a 'son of a gun' is not so senseless a phrase as it appears to be. Halliwell, in his 'Dictionary of Archaic Words,' says that, in the dialect of the north of England, a gun is a large flagon of ale, and that a son of a gun is a merry, jovial fellow fond of his cups. In the secret language of the London thieves, gun is a thief, and to go out gunning is to carry out the plan of a robbery; a son of a gun may, therefore, mean a son of a thief; and it is worthy of remark that gun in Hindostanee signifies skill, cleverness, and is a term very likely to be applied by the dishonest to their feats of dexterity. We think, however, the most probable explanation of the term is that it is of university origin, and merely means the son of a woman, gun being an abbreviation of the Greek word *γυνή*, a woman. The Gaelic word for a woman is guin.

'To go a mucker' is from the Hindostanee mūkā, a blow from the fist, and signifies to be knocked on the head, to be finished—the expression is borrowed from the slang of pugilists. In the Thieves' Argot mol is the general name for a woman, and is supposed to be a nickname for Mary; we believe, however, that the word has a deeper significance. According to Archdeacon Nares, mol is an old English word meaning spot, stain; and we fear that it is no libel on the

thieves' sisterhood of mols to apply the term to them in that sense. The editor of the 'Standard,' in a leading article the other day, speaking of Mr. Gladstone's ministry, says the members of it ought to be tabooed. Does he really mean they ought to be placed in their coffins? He says so: for *tābūt* in Hindostanee signifies a coffin, and, in its secondary sense, it means anything forbidden to be touched. In New Zealand, the inhabitants of which (the Maories) migrated originally from the Malay peninsula, the term *tapu* is applied to a religious ceremony by which certain things or people are rendered sacred, and cannot be touched without profanity. Formerly the punishment for breaking the *tapu* was death. The only method by which the young native ladies of New Zealand can be kept virtuous is by placing them under the *tapu*. It appears that the political virtue of her Majesty's ministers requires an analogous protection, and the Lord Chamberlain has taken especial care that no touch of satire shall besmirch its purity. How many brilliant jokes have been strangled in their birth? How many *jeux d'esprit* have sparkled for a moment before the spectacles of this stern inquisitor, and then perished, only he and the Examiner of Plays will perhaps ever know. Surely fun is not so plentiful in this work-day world of ours that we should have our bright thoughts smothered, and our 'flashes of merriment' that might have 'set the house in a roar' extinguished, that the tender susceptibilities of an Ayrton, a Lowe, and a Bruce might not be wounded.

' Shall joyous mirth no more '  
Engage our raised souls, pat repartee,  
Or witty joke our airy senses move  
To pleasant laughter ?'

We suggest to 'Baily,' as he is not yet under the surveillance of a literary policeman, to keep 'a chapter of burlesque' open in March, in which shall be brought to light all the merry conceits, quips and cranks, sportive allusions and waggish jests, which are at present suppressed by the official Wet-Blanket. We undertake to edit such a chapter, and we invite the parents of jokes which met with an untimely end at Christmas to resuscitate them and send them to our initials, 'care of Baily,' and we will marshal them in order with as much impartiality as if they had been our own offspring. Lady contributors are particularly invited, as in these days of female ascendancy it will not do to ignore mother-wit. But we are wandering from our theme, to which we fear we shall find it difficult to return. Having given the reader a glimpse of the world of fancy and imagination which may be revealed in the pages of 'Baily' in the month of March, how shall we now 'lure the tassel gentle back again' to our few dry crumbs of verbal criticism?

Khadim, in Hindostanee, signifies a servant, and is from *khad*, a kite, a rapacious bird: we derive *cad*, a low fellow, from the same root. Gyp, a college bedmaker, is acknowledged to be from *γῦψ*, a vulture, a bird of prey, and the name is said to define correctly the

rapacity of its bearer. It appears that servants are looked upon as 'birds of a feather' all the world over. Nouse, shrewdness, is from the Greek word *vous*, signifying knowledge, the root of which is the Sanscrit *nus*, which has the same meaning.

To pander is generally believed to have originated with Pandarus, who assisted Troilus and Cressida in their amours; we fear, however, that panders have existed both before and since the Trojan War, and we are disposed to believe that the word has its origin in the Hindostanee word *pandā*, a minister who presides at the temple of an idol, and *panders*, like all heathen priests, to the vices of the worshippers. In old English, amongst other meanings, harry signifies to torment, and 'Old Harry,' a nickname for the devil, means the old tormentor.

Our word murder seems to have some connection with the Hindostanee *murda*, a corpse, and *māti*, earth, recalls to our recollection mattock, a spade, an instrument with which earth is turned up. There are many coincidences between Hindostanee and English words which can scarcely be accidental. Kurt signifies to amputate, and so does to curtail; kur is a cowardly savage, and so is a cur. In both languages lath is a stick, a bang is a sound. Barid is a bandage. A pig of lead reminds us of *pighlao*, fused metal. Charcoal is from *chār*, ashes. A bumpkin, a country lout, is from *bhum*, the earth. A dangler is a foolish fellow who follows women about without any particular attachment, and the Hindostanee word *dang*, silly, effeminate, seems to characterize a dangler precisely. We think we shall be giving the straight *tip* when we adduce the Hindostanee *tipna*, 'to feel with the tips of the fingers,' as the origin of that word. Chemistry is a word which is wonderfully altered from its original meaning; we have it from the French, but the original is the Coptic *chemia*, signifying the magic art, in which the early professors of chemistry were thought to be adepts. The interjection *pish!* is Hindostanee, and may be used by the Brahmin of India and the Archbishop of Canterbury when they wish to express contempt.

Huzza was originally the battle-cry of the hussars, or Hungarian light horse, but it is now the national shout of the English when they wish to express their joy cheerily. A Welch rabbit is said to be merely a Welch rarebit. We talk of a 'pretty kettle of fish,' and kettle is vulgarly supposed to refer to the culinary vessel in which fish is boiled; this, however, is a mistake, as kettle is a kind of net in which fish is caught, and 'a pretty kettle of fish' merely means a bad catch. 'To curry favour' was, originally, to curry favel, or the chesnut horse; the Spanish jennets, which were ridden by ladies of high degree, were generally of that colour, and in the stables of the nobility there was emulation amongst the grooms to bring the coats of the palfreys into fine bright condition, by the aid of the curry-comb, that the favour of the riders might be propitiated, hence the origin of the phrase.

In the Thieves' Argot, *klobber* signifies any kind of clothes; a *tog* is a coat, and is probably an abbreviation of the Latin *toga*. Mill-tog

is a shirt ; it really means a dirty shirt, mill being from the Hindostanee mail, dirty. Kadees are hats, and strides a pair of trowsers. Dook is the hand, and ogles are the eyes. A watch chain is a slang ; and to speel for a jerry and slang is to gamble for a watch and chain ; speel is, no doubt, from the German spielen, to play, and has been introduced by the German Jews, who are frequently the keepers of fences, or houses for receiving stolen goods. Coldbath prison is called the Steel, from the hard discipline in vogue there, or it may be an abbreviation of Bastile. Detectives are Scotch fleas, we suppose because they are lively and troublesome. Hunting *blewey* (a corruption of the German *blei*) is stealing lead from the roofs of houses ; a stolen roll of flannel or calico is a deadman. A silk handkerchief is a stook ; a cotton one has no more dignified appellation than that of a clout. To go about with begging-letters is to maunder with stiffis. Posh is halfpence, from the Gipsy word posh, half. A purse when full is a pogue, when empty a skin. A pankin is a lodging-house, and is from the Greek *παν*, all, and *ken*, a house of call, which is from the Hindostanee khana, a house, or the Persian khan, an inn ; pankin, therefore, means a house, or inn, open to all comers. Narking on your pals is synonymous with splitting on your comrades. Swag is stolen property ; and, no doubt, a swaggerer was originally one who boasted of that which was not his own. Skaff is a mob of people. A prison is a star, which is an abbreviation of the Gipsy word stareeban. Panom, bread, is from the Latin panis, panem. Cully is a confederate, we suppose because he is a culled or chosen friend. Breaking into a house is cracking a crib ; a screw is a key, more particularly a false one. A magsman is a cute fellow who watches for country bumpkins, and decoys them into low boozing-kens to rob and cheat them ; the name is derived from the Hindostanee word maghz, signifying brains, which must be possessed in full measure by a tip-top magsman. A doctor is a crokus, we suppose from croke, to die ; a single woman is a tom-tit, or a tit-mouse ; an eating-house is a grubbing-ken ; a bell is a cry-baby ; a public-house is a kidleywink, composed of two German words, *kindlein*, children, and *winkel*, a corner. Picking pockets is buzzing ; a hog is a shilling, and he who spends a shilling 'goes the whole hog.'

The secret language of tramps and beggars is only partially understood by the thieves of London, and differs entirely in structure and origin from their Argot or Slang. It is not formed, as Slang is, by distortions of foreign words or by witty allusions to the manners of the day, but has been composed by the mother-wit of its rude inventors out of materials pre-existing in our own language. Its proper name is Cant. It is not always very easy to arrive at the derivation of Cant words. It is sufficiently clear why a hen is called a cackler, and a pig a grumpee ; but we must confess we were puzzled to determine why a book is called a woodenschate, or bacon mist-tschorer. Woodenschate is no doubt a very old name for a book, and it takes us back to the ancient times, when the binding of books was of wood, a material which has recently become fashionable



again for the same purpose. Mist-tschorer means literally, a 'thief in a middin,' and was probably applied first to the pig in his sty, and then to the animal's flesh when salted. Skranshers, apples, may be supposed to have some connection with crunching; and skroof, a hat, may be intended to indicate the state of the head under it. Yaffen, a dog, appears to be a rude imitation of the sound of barking; and gad, a chemise, perhaps has some occult reference to 'gadding about.' Trampler, a foot, and trods, shoes, explain themselves, and we must let growers, potatoes, do the same. Nebshâte, the nose, would seem to have the same etymological origin as the nabs or promontories on our north-east coast. Grubben-kens, teeth, are, no doubt, 'things acquainted with grub or food.' Faysom, hay, and strammel, straw, appear to be corruptions of the words they represent. It will be noticed that whilst the Thieves' Argot is replete with expressions having reference to the exigencies of town life, the language of Cant busies itself with the common objects of the country, and employs chiefly such terms as are indispensable in the daily life of the fraternity of tramps and beggars.

J. C. M. H.

## A DECADE OF TURF CRACKS.

THERE are certain owners of racehorses whom that proverbially long-suffering body, the British public, especially delight to honour with their support, if that word may be used to express the anxiety of the multitude to follow up their favourite colours year after year. Of such sportsmen it has been said, that if they entered a jackass in the Derby that animal would find no lack of supporters; which, after all, may be taken as a kind of coarse compliment to the ability, or good fortune, or good management, as the case may be, which governs their Turf policy. But, after all, it is mainly on the straightforwardness and good faith of their Turf idol of the moment, that the many-headed pin their allegiance; for owners renowned for their astuteness in racing matters, have, ere this, been found to be costly to follow, and to be endowed with a supreme indifference to the worship of the public, which they only condescend to notice in the light of trespassers or otherwise on their market property. The pursuit of Mail Trains, and others of that kidney, has turned out far from a profitable undertaking to those speculators who, in racing language, 'make handicaps their study,' because it is evident that an unscrupulous owner can quietly appropriate their investments time after time, and when the supply has ceased, and the 'followers' have begun to tire, can secure the longest of odds without any danger of interference. This double game is exceedingly profitable and amusing as long as it can be made to last, but the flock which yielded such apparently inexhaustible supplies of milk seems (*sero sed serio*) to have taken fright, and cannot be induced to face the

'pails' any longer. The Northern following of the late John Scott arose as much from a feeling of clanship and rivalry against the South, as from the popularity of any particular supporter of his stable; and the days have long since passed and gone when the 'tartan' and 'spots' attained the height of their glory, and the harlequin jacket was the pride of Belleisle. Since Teddington's Derby victory, Sir Joseph Hawley's cherry has been the rallying-point for many beside the men of Kent; but his fortune, though brilliant on the whole, has not been so consistently steady as that of the great Russley stable during the last ten years of its existence.

Mr. Merry possesses at present no great Derby favourite; but should any sign be made, or any vestige of form be shown during the ensuing spring, the clans will crowd as enthusiastically as of old in the wake of 'yellow and black,' and the faith of partizans on both sides the Border wax strong as ever in the Laird's cause:

'E'en Glasgow, the godly, its "fiver" will sport,  
While Falkirk demurely puts down its "punds Scotch."

From 'Thormanby's year' we may date the setting in of that tide of popular favour which has known no ebb since the mighty chesnut settled the 'Wizard of such dreaded fame' up the Epsom hill; and all his subsequent St. Leger shortcomings and autumn failures were well and nobly atoned for by the Ascot victory over his Doncaster conqueror. Thenceforth the son of Windhound and 'old Alice' was elevated higher than ever in popular esteem, and thenceforward, until this present year of grace, at some period or other of the racing season, a Russley champion has held undisputed sway as Derby favourite, and that solely owing to unquestioned and unquestionable superiority to his two-year-old compeers. Can any other stable boast of such a distinction?

This fact may be accounted for in two ways. Firstly, by the great Scottish ironmaster's method of home breeding and reliance on superior judgment for mating his mares and rearing their offspring; secondly, by his liberal and enterprising system of engaging his youngsters, and by his policy of running them out for their engagements, thereby ensuring an early and remunerative return for his ventures, with the 'main chance' for the most part still unimpaired. After Thormanby's example, it has, doubtless, become apparent that a thoroughly sound and game animal is not invariably doomed to 'go to pieces' after a hard season's work; while, on the other hand, if any doubt exists on the subject, it is as well for the questionable character to secure what he can in his two-year-old days. What can be the object of incurring a 'pyramid of forfeits' for a horse kept to be looked at, instead of his going forth into the world and measuring swords with his opponents, or what old John Osborne used to term 'sweating for the brass?' Is it not preferable to know the worst at once, instead of being lulled into a fool's paradise by the very fallible results of private trials or rough gallops?

Dundee, whose Neasham birthplace has contributed so many landmarks to the history of Turf and Stud, was quite the juvenile hero

of 1860. Moreover, as a son of 'Isles,' he had peculiar claims to Mr. Merry's affections; and a gamier piece of stuff Mat Dawson never had to work upon. Folkestone and Russley were his *aides-de-camp*; but we are told that he never gave them a moment's peace, but sent the dirt flying in their faces as often as they tried conclusions up Weathercock Hill. The tight little Birdcatcher nag worked hard in his two-year-old season, but the Criterion Hill finished up his 'awful hock,' and the handsome Oulston colt had to pioneer Dundee for his Derby preparation, and take what measure he could of Diophantus and Kettledrum in the Two Thousand. Yet, although he and Sweet Hawthorn performed somewhat ingloriously over the Rowley Mile, the Derby bay's position remained firm and unassailed; and the public, who suspected nothing, remained sanguine to the last, though the stable knew more, and doubted. Need we pause to repeat the twice-told tale of a contest where, if victory was lost, the vanquished gave his name to the race, and kept up the charter for that unflinching gameness and determination which served his 'sherry 'bay' sire so well, when Aldcroft came with his meteor rush past tiny Wells and St. Hubert in the finish of R. M.? And who shall say that his career as patriarch, if not yet crowned with the highest of success, has not enriched the racing world with pledges worthy of their brave descent? and who dares affirm that some avenger shall not one day spring from his loins to eclipse the glories of 'Bonnie 'Dundee?' After the bay's fall, Russley had to do the honours of the stable at Doncaster, and those who recollect Caller Ou's ever memorable St. Leger, will not need to be reminded of the perfection of condition the little chesnut showed, though the market told plainly enough how slightly the chance of the 'boy in yellow' was held by the stable. But if all hope for the great three-year-old races had faded away, there was a fair dawning of promise for the future in the coming generation. The Knave had told them the time of day in the Maiden Plate at Ascot, and the little ewe-necked son of Orlando was talked of for the great event of next year, when Buckstone, raw as an August walnut, showed them of what stuff he was made when Marignan could not shake him off in the Queen's Stand Plate. This very best son of Voltigeur who ever trod the Turf, like most of his tribe, was endowed with no great beauty or symmetry of form, but he inherited to the fullest that glorious action in which John Scott declared that Velocipede had no equal, and which is admittedly a saving clause in the ruthless condemnation of the Blacklock tribe. In the New Stakes, like many a good one before and since, the 'big 'un' knocked under to his penalty, and Alvediston again had the foot of him a few weeks afterwards at Stockbridge. After this the brown was carefully laid by in lavender until Thormanby started him in earnest for his Derby preparation, and it was left to Costa and The Knave to take what measure they could of his probable antagonists. But the above-mentioned were, as John Scott said of Queen Bertha, 'good ones, but not smashers,' and the lines they took always turned out exceedingly reliable, though the tight little son of Catherine

Hayes could get no more than one winning bracket to his name that season, when a fair field went down before him in the Chesterfield Stakes, a favourite race with Mr. Merry in after years. Express and Discretion were also useful time-keepers, and it was the two-year-olds, as usual, which helped to fill the Russley exchequer after Dundee's mishap. The 'Burlesque colt' had done wonders under Mat Dawson's careful tuition during his hours of retirement, and with Thormanby to lead work, and plenty of other talent to assist him, he progressed so well that the 'followers of Scott' had to knock under to the pride of the South, and Buckstone held undisputed sway in the Derby market. The spring form shown by Costa and Investment kept him as firm as a rock, and it was not until the clever Two Thousand victory of the Marquis that his position was fairly assailed, when, of course, the prestige of the Newmarket winner brought John Scott's horse once again to the fore. About this time, too, rumours began to be rife about a curb, and consequent stoppage in his work; yet the public faith was strong, and his backer stood loyally by the comedian. The 'day of days' came at last, but it was no good omen when the saddle had to be readjusted; and Mat Dawson, knowing how he still wanted time, looked wistfully after him when finally committed to poor Harry Grimshaw's hands. In the race, from want of a breast girth, which it was feared might interfere with his action, the saddle slipped backwards, and though he ran a fairly good third to Caractacus, the stable knew, from the close proximity of The Knave, that they might fairly move for a new trial at Doncaster, whose course was obviously better suited to his grand sweeping action.

The two-year-old element was hardly so conspicuous that season, but the *début* of Escape at Chester was looked upon in so satisfactory a light, that Mr. Merry found himself in possession of the favourites for two future Derbys. Bath, however, sadly shook the edifice of hope so confidently raised, and the son of Teddington subsequently ran so roguishly that his name was never heard of again in connection with the great Epsom race, in which Mr. Merry was destined to be for once unrepresented. The Wasp colt, too, turned out an impostor, and even at Ascot, their favourite vantage ground, Russley failed that year to make its usual mark. Goodwood, besides, was unpropitious, but at York things began to look up, and Buckstone trod closely on the Marquis's heels, when all the racing world turned them Doncaster-wards in September's prime. Before the saddling-bell had sounded its summons, the brown was first favourite; and, as the fifteen wound in long procession towards the starting-post, men felt that the old issue of North and South was once more set for decision, and between Challoner and Fordham lay the honours of the day. The mighty roar which greeted the hoisting of the number told that John Scott was leading back his seventeenth St. Leger winner, and the Russley cup was full, when 'Geordie' Bullock and Tim Whiffer once more made the black and yellow cry enough over the Cup course. Yet Lord Glasgow had to repent him of his rashness when he flung down

the gauntlet with Knowsley to the son of Voltigeur across the flat, though the big 'un had his hour of crowning triumph yet to come.

No Derby hopes kept up the spirit of the clans, when the memorable season of 1863 dawned on the racing world. Stradella's defeat of both Buckstone and The Marquis at Newmarket, despite the former's victory in the Claret, apparently settled all the chance of the heavy weights in the Chester Cup, and it was only after Asteroid had won that it became patent 'where the robbery had 'been,' when Mr. Merry, in his indignation, telegraphed home for Buckstone, and settled Sir Joseph's 'Legacy horse' in the Stewards' Cup. Neither of the 'Thousands' troubled the stable that year, and although Gladstone and Escape 'ran up' for the Biennial, the Ranger mania had not yet arisen, and the pen went through the name of Mr. Merry's Derby lot. In the Epsom Cup, Buckstone, with odds on him, had to succumb to 'staggers,' and the prospects of the Merry men for Ascot looked dismal enough. There matters began to mend, for Gladstone settled King of the Vale; and 'Now 'then, Covey,' was Mat Dawson's cry, when Scottish Chief shot out at the distance, and left Master Richard and Knight of Snowdon standing still. Ten to one became instantly the price of the 'sherry 'bay' for next year's Derby, and then up went the Cup numbers. Neither Buckstone nor his great rival, Tim Whiffler, could lay claim to being models of our *beau idéal* of the race-horse. 'Tim' had a sort of Fisherman look about him, and until fairly extended, the eye wandered vainly about in search of the secret of his great racing ability. Buckstone's action was of the easiest and smoothest, but he always seemed a narrowish nag, and sadly lacking quality. Long, long before the turn for home was made, only the two were in it, and almost by superhuman exertions did Sam Rogers lift his horse in, and divided the honours at the first time of asking. But when, in spite of rumours of 'staggers' and arrangements between owners, the two came forth to do battle again, it was glorious to see how Buckstone trod down Tim's heels for his pains in trying the cutting-down game, and, settling his opponent at the turn, took honours among the doughtiest champions of bygone years. Behind the Ditch there was grievous disappointment when Cambuscan deposed the Chief in the July; but the form through Midnight Mass they knew to be all wrong, and at the Chesterfield Hill Crytheia and Becky Sharpe were no use to the scion of 'Isles.' The Liverpool Summer Cup had lost none of its old prestige when The Knave did them all out of it that year, and Abingdon found out another two-year old winner in Crisis. Goodwood brought no better luck than last year, and the 'unkindest cut of all,' on the Cup day, when Buckstone, dry and overdone, could not get even placed for the Cup, and Scottish Chief had to yield his owner's favourite Molecomb to the wonderful Fille de l'Air. Thenceforth, the Chieftain betook himself to the calm seclusion of the Berkshire Downs, until the Derby saddling-bell should ring; and Buckstone passed into the hands of the mightiest of Chinese houses, with an eye to Celestial

trophies. But the Fates opposed his landing there, and along with Investment, somewhere in blue mid-ocean,—

‘He sleeps a calm and peaceful sleep,  
The salt waves dashing o’er him.’

Effie, after a respectable display at York, was the two-year-old heroine of Warwick, but Doncaster was a blank, though Crisis made a good fight of it with Bel Demonio in the Mile Nursery. Neither did the stable make any sign at Newmarket’s First October Meeting, but contented themselves with looking on and piling their money on Lioness for the Cæsarewitch. This daughter of Fandango Mr. Merry had purchased from Tom Dawson of Middleham, and so good was her trial with The Knave, who had cantered away with the Lothian’s Handicap and Queen’s Plate at Edinburgh, that owner and trainer were more than usually confident, and she came down the Bushes Hill almost pulling Covey out of the saddle. Crisis followed up her stable companion’s success by showing her heels to ten Clearwell competitors; and again the ‘yellow fever’ raged among the retainers of the Chieftain. Mr. Merry took his Cæsarewitch mare to show her points across the Border, and brought back the Roxburghe Handicap for his enterprise; but no crack left his box at Russley for the Houghton that autumn, and the ‘Merry men’ rested for the winter on their well-earned laurels.

The spring of ’64 saw the Chief firmer than ever for the Derby, and though Costa did not run up to expectation at Northampton, and Epsom gave them no line, Masquerade set everything right again by squandering her Biennial opponents at Newmarket, where Sir Roger came out as a fresh and shining light, and was forthwith backed for the Guineas. But the ‘pudgy’ little Saunterer fared no better over the Rowley Mile than did Masquerade in the Ladies D. M. contest, and General Peel and Tomato showed neither any mercy when it came to the tug of war. Crisis, who had run badly at head-quarters, shared the usual fate of favourites in the Dee Stakes at Chester, and Sir Roger again disappointed them at Bath, where his half-sister from Mœstissima also failed in the Weston. When Matt Dawson got the Chief to Epsom, it was the general impression among trainers that he had drawn his horse too fine, but nothing could shake his confidence, and when the starter took them in charge General Peel had to rest contented with the second place in favouritism. But at the distance the blaze face of Blair looked as formidable as poor ‘Blink’ seven years before, and the Scottish Earl split the pair of Scotch commoners with his lathering son of Young Melbourne. After this they had no fancy to stand Masquerade for the Oaks, and easy exercise was the order of the day for their crack, before the war note sounded an advance to the sylvan shades of Ascot. Bad beginnings oftentimes make good endings, and Zambezi, a neat little Saunterer colt, which Mr. Merry would not be denied at Mr. Newton’s Doncaster sale, could only get third for the Queen’s Stand Plate, owing to his jockey having come too late. But Liddington, about whose Derby chance they

were content to take 16 to 1 before even he showed in public, did not belie his great private reputation in the Biennial, and Gardevisure had to sing small before the young Orlando. The Ascot Wednesday saw Crisis second to Gem of the Sea for the Hunt Cup, and as she occupied the same position to Anglo-Saxon in Friday's Alexandra Plate, the position may be said to have been a tantalizing one. But the Cup day made ample amends, and never before or since has Fortune smiled so persistently on any colours as she did that day on the black and yellow of the Laird. Scottish Chief coming out like a giant refreshed after his long rest, and, far bigger than at Epsom, presented Knight of Snowdon with 14 lbs. and a neck beating in the Biennial; and then Zambezi, whose fine speed was utilized to the utmost, upset the Beaufort hopes on Kœnig over the T. Y. C. As for the Cup, the Chief had it all his own way, and it was a grand sight to see Covey let his head go at the distance, and to note his glorious action as he spun up the hill in front of his baffled foes. 'How about 'him for the Leger?' was the question asked when he pulled up; but he was fated never to set foot on Doncaster Town Moor or any other racecourse, for the erring fore-leg went at last, and his owner was not the man to stand by and see the public robbed while the pen was at hand to be drawn through his name. Liddington's New Stakes victory was the easiest we ever witnessed, for Jim Adams was pulling at him and laughing to himself all the way up from the road, where the brown bay had his field already settled, and 8 to 1 became his taking price, before backers had time to fetch their breath. Liddington's last appearance in the character of a two-year-old was at Newmarket July, where he made as many enemies as friends by his slovenly July defeat of The Duke, but recovered all his ancient prestige by his clever defeat of the Marquis's horse in the Chesterfield. Never did betting rage so fast and furious between the pair as on both occasions, but their eagerly-anticipated Derby meeting was to come to nought, and the whirligig of time brought round changes which none could have expected to succeed the bright heyday of their renown.

The Sussex campaign was as disastrous as Ascot was successful, for Zambezi performed in the most unaccountable style with Kœnig, and the Stewards' Cup luck of Crisis was as provoking as ever. Pilgrim, too, another of the shifty Saunterers, could not be persuaded to show his home form abroad, and the Vest colt made matters no better. Zambezi's exhibition at York put the stable quite out of heart about the black, and so his best friends were quite unprepared for the Champagne surprise at Doncaster, where the hard ground seemed to suit him, and some reported 'dark' wonders could not get within hail of him at the finish. There, too, in the Nursery, the Vest colt atoned for his Goodwood shortcomings, and Mr. Merry had at least four animals at shortening prices in the Derby quotations. At Newmarket Cantata won the rich Buckenham, and Sir Roger had an unprofitable shy at the beautiful Ely, but still everything combined to show the undoubted form of the Russley

stable, and the public stood by its luck accordingly. At the next Suffolk meeting, Vest colt had to play a very subordinate part in the Clearwell to the mighty Gladiateur, and in the interlude at Kelso Sir Roger settled Borealis for the Roxburghe Handicap. Nothing went from Russley for the Criterion, and the sheeted string went into winter quarters with the Derby favourite at its head, and several others reckoned to be capable of taking the vacant step should anything happen to the crack.

Wild Charley broke the ice for the stable, in the spring, by a very creditable victory over Ackworth and other speedy ones in the Northampton Trial, and from an outside price, when the merits of his performance were somewhat unduly underrated, came gradually into increased demand for Epsom. He was a particularly handsome brown horse, quite of the Wild Dayrell stamp, though few expected he would turn the sheet-anchor of Russley on the 'day of days.' Vest colt did no good for the Stakes, nor did he succeed in taking any measure of his Newmarket Biennial field, which brought out that most gigantic impostor of modern times, the calf-kneed Kangaroo. Mœstissima filly showed alike her 'glory and her shame;' and the sudden withdrawal of Liddington from the Derby gave a colour to the ugly rumours current concerning him, though his many supporters still hoped against hope for his forlorn chance in the Guineas. Epsom Spring offered no special attractions, and so Newmarket Spring at last brought on the solution of the great Liddington mystery, and an answer to the important question, 'Which is the 'winner of the Two Thousand?' Notwithstanding all the reports to his discredit, the persistent followers of public form still clung to their idol of other days, and the deposed Derby favourite almost divided the honours of favouritism with the vaunted Bedminster of Kingsclere renown. For ourselves, as we watched Mat Dawson cantering down towards the Ditch Stables, in attendance on Liddington and Zambezi, we could not give up all hope; but the market had told its tale surely enough, and Gladiateur and Archimedes were 'necks' in advance of the roarer, with the little black close up. Chester was flat, stale, and unprofitable, and there was nothing to make even the semblance of a show for the yellow jacket; but Bath brought out Student, for whom it was no disgrace to be beaten over the Weston half-mile by that speedy wonder Vespasian, more especially as the Oxford bay was very short of preparation. That neat filly Mirella, a half-sister to the hapless Liddington, also made her first public entrance here into racing life, and Vest colt one last essay to redeem an already blasted reputation. Before Epsom again drew all England to its carnival, the edifice of misfortune at Russley had been crowned, for distemper laid low their best and bravest, and those whom it spared were doomed to broken blood-vessels, so that the republic might well be despaired of. Wild Charley came in solitary glory; but all hope had long since departed, and Mat Dawson put the elegant horse to rights with no Thormanby confidence in his usually cheerful face. Edwards did not persevere with his coughing charge; but the 'Phemy



'colt' sported silk no more, and the foreigners, we believe, claimed him for their own. By Ascot time influenza had done its worst, and those who put in an appearance looked sick and sorry; but the stable had identified themselves with the Gratitude interests, and all came right once more in the Hunt Cup. At Stockbridge both Student and the 'Bold Robin' laid siege to the Troy Stakes; but the judge's fiat was a dead heat, and it was left for Newmarket to decide the supremacy of Lord Portsmouth's bold outlaw over the more elegant descendant of Blanche of Middlebie. This model of a brood mare, whose praises the 'Druid' has so justly sung, was sent to Oxford, we believe, in default of any more convenient Birdcatcher alliance, and Mat Dawson had the satisfaction of seeing his foresight and enterprise well rewarded, while the union also laid the foundation of Oxford's fame, and has resulted in the resuscitation of a strain of blood which had been unaccountably suffered to fall into unmerited neglect. Student, however, became the legitimate successor to Scottish Chief and Liddington in Chesterfield honours, and Goodwood saw him quite in his zenith, with Findon, Molecomb, and Bentinck Memorial at his feet, and Primate coming out, with fair promise of placing Ellen Middleton's name once more on the list of stud celebrities. The brown son of St. Albans had every attribute of speed and stoutness; but it was the heart that failed him, and neither kindness nor severity could induce him to do his 'level best.' Zambezi's Biennial victory at York could raise no Leger hopes; but as a sort of counterpoise to Robin Hood's defeat of the crack Russley two-year-old, the 'Cheshire-cheese-headed' Beelzebub cut down the Portsmouth bay at Exeter, only to succumb in his turn to foemen of lesser account. This scion of Voltigeur and Katherine Logie was veritably as 'ugly as sin' itself, and the mighty majesty of Blacklock had bestowed no sort of form or symmetry on its ill-favoured representative. In the Doncaster Champagne The Primate actually divided premiership in the betting with Lord Lyon, but Arthur Edwards could do no more than look on at the dead-heaters; and the little black Saunterer, after making play for a mile in Gladiateur's St. Leger, settled down once more into the character of a Turf mediocrity. Longdown settled him in the Grand Duke Michael, and Newmarket 'F.O.' would have proved a sad blank had it not been for the victory of Crisis in the October Handicap—a success by which the stable profited not at all. Things were rather more promising at the next head-quarters meeting, where Liddington fairly bounced Chattanooga out of a rich sweepstakes, and Mirella was the heroine of the Bretby. Primate also 'made an effort' after the fashion of Mrs. Dombey, and also picked up a good stake without any trouble at the Houghton, where Beelzebub, if he claimed to be the Prince of Flies, at any rate belied his title to the designation of Prince of Flyers. And so the curtain fell upon the last act of the legitimate Turf drama of Gladiateur's year.

*(To be concluded.)*

## WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

## NO. VI.

'THE wolf-hounds at Trefranc Rocks to-morrow at 8.' No sooner had that fixture been announced, than away sped the grateful peasant, fast as his heavy sabots could carry him, to communicate the glad news to the surrounding hamlets. Up hill and down dale, over many a mile of rough country did he speed, like Malise bearing the fiery cross when Vich-Alpine summoned his mountain clans to the muster-place at Lanric Mead. Not a hamlet nor a hut within many leagues of that centre but knew the rendezvous, and responded to the peasant's cry of 'War and death to the wolf;' not a glen that sent not its hardy tenant forth to destroy the skulking robber, that, first or last, had plundered each and all of them in turn, and brought want and misery to so many hearths.

Any one wishing to see the Celtic population of Lower Brittany in its rude simplicity, natural, wild, and unchanged as it is by the varnish of modern civilization, should go to a wolf-hunt: the peasant's blood is then up, and, both in garb and action, he fairly represents the appearance and character of our ancient forefathers, as described by Tacitus and other later authors. Clad so far as his waist in a shaggy goat-skin mantle, his nether limbs encased in the coarsest sackcloth, quaintly fashioned in the form of spacious 'bragues' or tight fitting to the leg, his feet stockingless, but protected by huge beechen sabots well stuffed with straw, and his long curly locks, which apparently have never been violated either by scissors or comb, falling wildly over his back and shoulders, he presents the appearance of a veritable Ancient Breton, such as that individual might be supposed to have been before the period of the Saxon Heptarchy. Then see him in chase, his weapon a club or a pike, if he is not rich enough to possess a gun, and his game the wolf! He is then 'the noble savage' all over; his passion is roused, and the hunting instinct natural to man blazes out in him uncontrollably, and converts at once the peaceable Breton peasant into the similitude of a wild Huron or a Crow-foot Indian.

His cries of 'A'hr bleiz, a'hr bleiz!' when the wolf is afoot are almost unearthly, his object being, doubtless, to cheer the hounds and terrify the wolf; but that he should be more successful in the latter than the former result may be gathered from the tone of execration, very bitter and very unmusical, that accompanies every shout. He grinds it out, as it were, through his teeth; and the sound of 'A'hr bleiz, a'hr bleiz!' ringing through the woods, is enough to terrify the stoutest wolf; and if a stranger hear the yell, it will remain impressed on his memory for many a future day.

Not commonly, however, does the Louvetier communicate the meet of the wolf-hounds to the peasantry at large; it is only when wolf or a litter of wolves become exceptionally bold and destructive, that he proclaims the war-note aloud, and the whole country is

gathered together, far and near, to 'avenge the havoc and check its farther progress. On such occasions, as may be supposed, the beauty of the chase is sadly marred by the hubbub and confusion accompanying the hounds on every side; the danger, too, from the whistling slugs and wild use of their musketry by the peasants is often serious; and St. Prix, like many a master of hounds in this country, is sometimes sorely tried by his motley and unruly crowd.

It was a glorious hunting morning the day they met at Trefranc; no gossamer glittered on the grass, no 'spangles decked the thorn;' but the soft west wind blew freshly over the heath, the clouds were high, and all betokened steady weather and good scent.

'If it's not more than one old dog wolf that has done all this 'mischief,' said St. Prix, as we approached the clump of beech trees that towered over the little hamlet of Trefranc, 'he'll find some 'difficulty in clearing the cover with a whole skin.'

His experienced eye had detected, at the distance of half a league, a perfect cordon of peasants surrounding those points of the cover at which wolves pointing for Dualt were accustomed to break in times past.

'It will be a fiery ordeal for him, at all events,' said Keryfan, noting the crowd; 'I devoutly hope the wolf's will be the only skin 'to suffer on the occasion. For myself, I'll take precious care to 'give those muskets a wide berth, as I should sorely object to a 'slug wound from such weapons. To be potted by a peasant in 'mistake for a wolf would indeed be an inglorious finale.'

'Quite right, too,' said St. Prix; 'follow the hounds closely, and 'the chances are you will be clear of all danger from the flying shot. 'The wolf usually keeps well ahead of them; and where he breaks 'there will break the storm of leaden hail.'

This bit of advice was of course intended for me; as, with the exception of St. Prix himself, no men in Brittany had seen so many wolves killed as Keryfan and Kergoorlas; whereas this was my first experience of an open peasants' day. The Louvetier had scarcely done speaking when Louis Trevarreg, the trustiest of his piqueurs, advanced rapidly from the cover side, leading old Tonnerre, the famous limier or tufter in a leash, and, lifting his hat respectfully, Louis informed us he had tracked in a couple of old wolves where they had crossed the brook in the northern valley; that Tonnerre had nearly dragged his arm off in his eagerness to follow the trail; and that, on laying on the pack, he ventured to say they would rouse them in less than half an hour.

'I knew there must be more than one wolf' at Trefranc,' said St. Prix, 'to have done so much mischief. The cowardly brutes 'rarely commit wholesale murder single-handed.'

The pack, consisting this day of not more than twelve couple, just two-thirds of the lot usually hunted on less dangerous occasions, sat quietly on their haunches on a plot of short heather within a hundred yards of us, but down wind of the cover we were about to draw. The moment, however, they discovered the Louvetier's

voice, vain were the whips and frantic efforts of the piqueurs to prevent their rushing forward to welcome his arrival; and, considering they were all in couples, it was a marvel to me that no accident occurred by their fouling the horse's legs, as they pressed forward tumultuously on every side and even under his very girths. But St. Prix, who had a caress for one and a kind word for another, was delighted at the demonstration, and took no heed whatever, neither did his horse, of the jingling chains and uproarious action evinced by the hounds. On my expressing surprise at the steadiness of his hunter, he said, with a smile, 'Ah! Barbe-Bleu knows better, when I am on his back, than to kick at a hound; but, left to himself, and without a hand on his bridle, a more dangerous brute never accompanied a pack.' I have often heard the immortal Jack Russell, the keenest of all hound observers, say, that it is not the man who feeds the hounds, nor the man who hunts them in the field, whom the hounds love best; but the man who opens their kennel door and gives them freedom; here then, methought, was an exception; St. Prix neither fed nor unkennelled his hounds, but led and cheered them to the chase; and yet he, unquestionably, was their chief joy. Not a hound looked at a piqueur from that instant to the end of the day.

'Let go six couple,' said St. Prix to the piqueurs, as they rushed up to secure the hounds; 'and hold the rest in couple till you hear my horn; then, if it sounds "Le Loup," slip them all.'

This order was occasioned by St. Prix's knowing the cover of Trefranc to be a favourite one for foxes; and the result soon proved its necessity. We then trotted off with the uncoupled hounds, Louis Trevarreg being our pilot, to the brook-side where the wolves had left their tracks ere they entered the great cover. When at least a hundred yards from the spot, the hounds, catching wind of the scent, dashed eagerly forward, and, throwing their deep tongues simultaneously, shot like arrows into the cover and disappeared in full cry. I could see a shade of uneasiness on St. Prix's countenance as he listened, still and mute as a statue, to detect, if he could, any change in the hounds' tongues, as they carried the drag merrily over the hill and towards the strongest holding in the valley below. Once or twice he looked round at me and just nodded his head approvingly; as much as to say, 'They're all right now, and will soon have him on his legs.' Once or twice, too, he put his horn to his lips to give the signal; but, as his fine ear distinguished that, as yet, hot as the drag was, the wolf was still unroused, that cumbrous but useful and picturesque instrument swung back unsounded over his shoulder-blade. I wondered, at the moment, what some of our hard-riding masters of hounds would say, if they were constrained by fashion to carry such horns; and I pictured to myself the fractured bones and contusions they would inevitably sustain by the encumbrance of such heavy metal attached to them when they fell. How St. Prix escaped utter annihilation, as he and his horse rolled over together amid pits, grips, and granite boulders will be a

mystery to me so long as I live! Some angel must have guarded him tenderly.

Bang, bang, bang! from the hill above, and the shrieking sound of slugs hurtling through the air but a few yards above our heads roused me from my momentary abstraction: then, instantly, the shout from many brazen throats of 'yr louarn, yr louarn!'—a fox, a fox—resounded on our ears. The hounds heard it at once, and, throwing up their heads, the cry suddenly ceased. St. Prix turned pale with rage, and dashing into the forest, rode straight for the quarter-whence the wild yells were continued. No whip in the world, not even Jack Goddard in the golden age of the Heythrop, could have got at his hounds and stopped the mischief more promptly. As he crashed through the bushes, in the very nick of time, and headed the leading hounds, one short blast of his horn gathered the six couple around him like a stroke of magic; and, before they could feel for the scent on which the peasants were hallooing them, he lifted them back at a hand canter, and in a few seconds recovered the line from which they had been so vexatiously diverted. Had they settled on the fox, the wolves, in all probability, would have slipped away and our sport been marred for the day. The peasants, too, would have been greatly annoyed at the result of their own riotous behaviour. A wolf with a good start in his favour, and a distant strong point, like the Forest of Dault, to gain, is as bad to catch as the wildest fox that ever broke from a Dartmoor tor. However, all's well that ends well; every hound was quickly again at work and the cover cracking with the music. St. Prix's horn, too, was again, ever and anon, lifted spasmodically to his cheek; but it was only drag, and the Louvetier still gave no signal.

The hounds, with their mouths away from us, were now pointing for a precipitous rocky ravine, matted with thorny brushwood and the wild clematis, through which it was all but impossible on horse-back to force one's way. Twice I was dragged bodily from the saddle to the ground, while my coat was literally torn to tatters on my back; the clematis, intertwined with the bushes, formed a rope-like rigging as difficult to pass through as the shrouds of a ship; and I longed for a cutlass to hew my way through the provoking growth. St. Prix, however, in his close-fitting hunting-cap and green velvetten attire, still forged ahead, and I could see him between me and the sky-line fighting bravely forward, but, like myself, at some distance astern of the hounds. Notwithstanding the Louvetier's advice to stick to the hounds, Keryfan and Kergoorlas, as I very soon found, had avoided this pass, and traversing a more open part of the cover, had joined the peasants on the opposite hill.

I was just emerging from a network of clematis, by which I had been nearly strangled, when I caught sight of 'Barbe-Bleu' jerked back suddenly on his haunches, and St. Prix grasping at his horn; at the same moment, the hounds' heads being turned in my direction, the angrier, sharper tone of their tongues told me at once the wolf was afoot, and they hard at him entering the ravine. Instantly the

exciting blast of 'Le Loup' rung from the Louvetier's horn, and, responding to the signal, at least half a dozen other horns proclaimed the 'find' from distant parts of the cover. Then the 'relais,' the six couple in hand, were thrown in at front, till what with hounds, horns, and echoes, the old forest of Trefranc fairly rocked with applause. Had Diana been there, that wild sylvan harmony would have driven her mad with delight; and had the goddess seen Keryfan as, now with the hill in his favour, he crashed through the cover, clearing the clematis before him like so many cobwebs, her anti-matrimonial views would have vanished like a summer cloud, and she must have lost her heart to him for ever. But, if the truth be told, had Venus herself been there, I doubt very much if, under the circumstances, Keryfan would have looked a second time at her; so strong and so pure is the passion for the chase that, when it is kindled, not even 'Love is lord of all.'

For a whole hour the hounds appeared glued to their game, driving hard every moment of the time, and carrying a grand head whenever the hollow cover enabled them to do so; but as yet not a wolf had been viewed by one of the field, nor was it known for certain whether a brace or a single wolf was in front of the hounds. However, this doubt was soon dispelled. A long, narrow strip of open, short heather lay exactly in the line for which the chase was now pointing, and, as the cover in this direction ran, like a peninsula, far out from its main area, whatever the hounds were running was bound to break at the far end or turn short back, there and then, in the face of them and the mounted field.

Simultaneously, and side by side, a brace of grand old wolves now broke over the heather, striding, with an easy, long gallop, as evenly together as a pair of well-matched leaders in the old Quicksilver mail. Had they suspected, however, that in escaping from Charybdis they would only be falling into the jaws of Scylla's dogs, no power would have forced them to quit the stronghold of Trefranc. There, at least, if not gorged with flesh, they might have baffled the stoutest hounds in Christendom for many a long day; but this was the downwind point, and wary and suspicious as they ever are, it was simply beyond the compass of their eyes, ears, or nose to discover that fifty peasants or more stood at short intervals on the edge of that cover, each bearing a deadly weapon expressly for their destruction.

The fusilade at that moment was terrific, but scarcely less deafening than the hue and cry raised by the peasants at sight of their enemy. One wolf fell dead, riddled with slugs, but the other, evidently badly hit, headed back, and either squatting in the brushwood, as the hounds flung over him, or shooting past them unviewed, he managed to gain the main cover without further difficulty.

The danger of that fusilade was in reality no joke, even to the chasseurs that followed the hounds. Keryfan, notwithstanding his precaution, received a shot in his bridle arm; but, thanks to a thick jacket and the intervening distance, it was a mere scratch—drew blood and no more. Two of the peasants, however, fared far

worse : one carried his leg as if badly wounded in that limb, while the other lay on his side in the heather, groaning aloud in his agony. A crowd had collected around him, eager to help the poor fellow, and equally anxious, each one of them, to shift the imputation of having shot him on any one's shoulders but their own, while all stoutly swore that every slug of their guns would be found in the dead wolf's body. On drawing near to investigate the extent of the injury, I was somewhat startled to find that the wounded man was Kledan Kam, the braconnier ; but, although the slug had cut an ugly gash in the fleshy part of his lower back, and it bled profusely, the missile had not lodged there ; so I cheered his heart speedily with a goutte of brandy and the assurance that he would be all right again in a few days. When the pain had a little abated, and he had recognised me as one of the chasseurs at Locrist on the previous day, his thoughts instantly reverted to the charge of setting a wolf-trap made against him by St. Prix. 'I assure you, monsieur,' he said, 'I am too fond of hunting the wolf with gun and hounds to set a night-trap for him ; and Monsieur de St. Prix's refusal to believe my word has wounded me more painfully than this cursed slug, and pray tell him so.'

For one hour over the fallen foe a fanfare of horns proclaimed the victory far and wide, while the hounds, sitting on their haunches, and every now and then taking a savage grip at the gaunt brute's throat, bayed a wild response to the joyous notes. It was evidently St. Prix's object to rest his hounds, otherwise he must have paid readier attention to the entreaties of the peasants, and gone at once in pursuit of the other wounded wolf ; besides, fearing perhaps the damage his hounds might receive in their encounter with that formidable antagonist, he purposely delayed proceedings, hoping the wolf might bleed to death ere the hounds closed with him in some unapproachable ravine of that great cover. If such were his reasons, he was doubtless right in his dilatory tactics, though I confess I fully shared the impatience loudly expressed by the excited peasants.

The bombardment of the wolves reminded me of a scene which, many years ago, I more than once witnessed on the south coast of Devon. Between the rugged cliffs on the west side of Dartmouth Harbour and Start Point extends a beach of rough sea-sand for a distance of more than two miles, at the back of which, that is, on the land side, a lake of fresh water, called Slapton Lea, runs parallel with the sea, and is divided from it only by that narrow sandy barrier throughout the whole distance. The Lea, bountifully fed from the valleys above by two never-failing trout-streams, abounds with jack, perch, roach, and eels ; and in winter swarms of wildfowl, especially coot, which are bred among the reeds, frequent its waters. The principal owner is Sir Lydston Newman, although a strip of the lake on the eastern side belongs to Mr. Toll ; but that portion of it is so overgrown with long reeds and aquatic plants that, serviceable as it is for a breeding-place for the wildfowl, it is not so convenient for the passage of boats as the western and larger portion, the property

of Sir Lydston Newman. Most kind and liberal is the baronet with respect to sport on this water ; a grand public 'Lea day' is annually fixed for the bombardment of the wildfowl, and every farmer 'outwardly given' to such amusement, for many a mile round, looks forward to it as the one great holiday for the winter season. But, ye gods ! if there are swarms of coot darkening the air, swarms of shot are flying after them from every available quarter ; not ordinary gun-shot, but No. 2, slugs, and swan drops, and those, too, impelled by fabulous charges of powder from fowling-pieces of antiquated fashion and mighty length. The last time I was present five boats, each manned with four or five gunners, traversed the lake to and fro abreast, while an army of outsiders flanked the water's edge on each shore, and at every flight of the fowl, utterly regardless of consequences, these last poured their hap-hazard volleys, high or low, into the passing fowl, and not unfrequently into some unlucky boat. Such a cry and commotion as then arose it is utterly impossible to describe. Threats of vengeance were hurled back, and sometimes, if a farmer was hit, a return shot was instantly fired at the offenders, right into the brown of them, promiscuously. Then the occasional bursting of a fowling-piece did more serious damage, and swelled the casualties of the Lea day into a frightful list.

Matters now are probably better managed ; but the scene I have endeavoured to describe is no exaggerated picture of a 'grand Lea day' in former times, when bell-mouthed guns and flint-locks were far more general than detonators, and when French copper-caps not unfrequently burst like shells and flew in splinters into the gunner's face. From that day to the one at Trefranc I had seen nothing like it, nor, in point of casualty, was there a pin to choose between them.

But now to the wounded wolf. The hounds, clapped on to the scent, soon settled to it, and, to judge by the crash that followed, it might be supposed he was not a minute ahead of them. 'That's his blood they're enjoying,' said St. Prix to me, as he listened with intense delight to the rattling peal : 'the faster it trickles the better the scent, and, above all, the easier will be the victory to the hounds in the last fight.'

'Then it will be soon over,' I remarked, hearing the pack driving desperately. 'If badly hit, he can't last long at that pace.'

'He is an hour ahead of them,' rejoined St. Prix, 'and will keep going so long as life lasts.'

We now rode to head the chase, safe, at least for a time, from the random shots of the peasants, many of whom still lingered behind feasting their eyes on the carcass of the fallen wolf, while the remainder straggled on, unposted, in the rear of the hounds ; but ever, as we reached the far side of this great cover, the wolf, shirking the edge of it, doubled back for its innermost depths, and again and again threw us out and baffled St. Prix's hope of being able to help his hounds with his *couteau de chasse* in the last savage struggle. An accident now occurred to Kergoorlas that I greatly marvel did not end more seriously. His horse put his fore legs into a badger's



earth and almost turned a summersault on his rider. The latter, however, as luck would have it, fell on a heap of soft, newly-excavated earth, and, although he smashed his horn flat as an opera hat, he escaped with only a few bruises.

I was hastening towards him with the view of rendering all the assistance in my power, when I heard the hounds throw up and the cry suddenly cease, and at once all was quiet as the lull after a raging storm. Kergoorlas heard it too, and, casting his horse's snaffle-rein over the stump of a blackthorn, dashed on foot into the cover like a foxhound running for blood. St. Prix's head, about a hundred yards in front of us, was still visible above the scrub; and, with that for our guide, Kergoorlas and I together forced our way as best we could towards the heart of the cover. Before, however, we could reach the very spot, the angry growl of the hounds worrying the wolf fell on our ears. Then came the fighting, tearing, and death-struggle of the powerful brute, and with it the occasional shrieking howl of a hound lamed or maimed for life. It was barely half a minute after our arrival ere St. Prix, having lashed Barbe-Bleu at a safe distance, joined the fray; and no Irishman at Donnybrook ever dashed into a row with more alacrity. In he went into the thick of it, his right hand aloft and his couiteau flashing in the sun. One stroke, quick as lightning it need be, struck the wolf to the heart, and he fell a lifeless carcase among the exulting hounds.

After many a fanfare on his and Keryfan's horns, the peasants crowded in from every point; and Hercules returning from the capture of the wild boar of Erymanthus could never have received a heartier ovation from the inhabitants of that country than St. Prix from the wild Breton peasants of this district. He was their deliverer from the scourge that devastated their little flocks and brought their grim poverty to its last pinch; and to him they were according their hero worship with a truly grateful heart. Had he performed this feat of public utility in the days of magnificent old Rome, a temple 'with 'costly sculpture decked' would have been reared to his honour, and he promoted to the skies.

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## JACK BLAKE; OR, LANDED AT LAST.

### CHAPTER V.—THE DAY.

It was a raw, cold morning, about the middle of April. Daybreak had hardly commenced, and most of the world were yet asleep. But some were up and doing: at Mr. Crafty's there evidently was something in the wind. The trainer was buttoned up in his thick box cloth top-coat.

'Where's Ned?' he asked, of a sleepy-eyed, slipshod girl. 'Surely he is up?'

'More than an hour ago, sir,' she answered.

'Well, just run to the stable and tell him I want him. I'll mind

'the saucepan. Here, Ned,' he exclaimed, as that person made his appearance ; 'a drop of hot rum and milk, my boy ; keep the cob-webs and cold out. It's a deuced chilly morning. Any rain ?'

'Not a drop falling, sir. I'd rather have none of the rum ; but I don't mind some of the milk, for it is cold.'

'Just as you like, Ned. How is Oats ?'

'Could not be better. Had his feed—that is, a small one—and two or three goes down of water. He's dressed, saddled, and all right, sir.'

'That's the ticket, Ned. Well, get on with them ; and tell 'em to send my cob round. Now, Thummas,'—to his factotum,—'just in time for a drain—are the weights all right ?'

'Yes, sir,' said the man, as soon as he could speak after the hot and strong mixture he had just swallowed.

'Three stun of lead in the saddle-cloth ?' asked the trainer.

'Three stun to a hounce, sir,' replied he with the hairy cap.

'All right, Thummas, bring it here,'—he was too suspicious to trust any one—'I'll take it on the cob.'

'Very well, sir ; I'll fetch it.'

'Just chuck it into the weighing-chair, will you, Thummas ?' he said, as the man returned with it. 'It's as well to see it is right oneself. Yes, the correct ticket ; three stun exactly. Well, go after the horses ; I'll catch you up.'

'Ah !' he exclaimed, as the man left the room, 'you're a good hand, Thummas, but I don't intend to trust you or any one else with everything,' and, lifting up the cloth, took two three-pounds and a one-pound lead from it. 'Now no one will be so wise as myself,' he muttered ; 'it don't do to trust every one with the secrets of the stable.' And getting on to his cob, and placing the saddle-cloth before him, he cantered away.

'Now, Thummas,'—as he pulled up on the cold, bleak down, where they were waiting for him—'get 'em ready quick ; this ain't a regular trial, you know ; only just to have a bit of a fresh line ; they go at even weight.' He added in a whisper, 'Seen any one about ?'

'Not a soul, sir. Ra-ther too early, even for touts. We've got it all to ourselves at any rate this morning.'

'So much the better, Thummas. Go and see Oats saddled all right ; I'll look to the old un,' and taking the cloth, proceeded to saddle the horse who was to lead Wild Oats and Tearaway in their gallop.

'Now, boy,'—to the shivering lad who stood at the horse's head—'off with your coat. Here, one of you, just come and catch hold of his head, and I'll give Bill a leg up. Got anything in your pocket ?' he demanded of the lad.

'Nothing, sir,' answered the young knight of the pigskin. 'It's the same jacket and togs, sir, as you weighed me in last night,' he said, as he saw his master looking searchingly at him.

'I see it is,' returned the other, shortly. 'Now, Ned, you'll

'both of you go at half speed till you passes me beyond there,' and he pointed out a place. 'Then, when you sees me hold up my hat, put them along, and I'll canter across to the finish. Do you both understand?'

'Yes, sir,' they answered.

'Very well, then; walk to the usual place, and start yourselves.'

'Are you ready?' asked Ned of the other.

'Yes.'

'Then go,' returned the rider of Wild Oats. 'Ah, Mr. Crafty,' he said to himself as he settled himself in the saddle, 'I mean to come Yorkshire over you this morning. I'm not such a muff as you take me for.' The smaller lad on the trial horse was leading a length. 'Don't make it too hot yet, Bill,' he shouted to him. 'Look out for the governor's signal; he's not given it yet.'

The horses were just extending themselves, when his quick eye caught a head pop up in the fern.

'Pull your horse, Bill,' he yelled out. 'I think Oats is gone.' The other lad looking back, and seeing Oats being stopped, pulled his own.

'What's the matter, Ned?' he asked, as he saw the other dismount quickly and feel the horse's front leg.

'I think Oats is broke down, Bill,' he answered, in a loud voice. 'Go to Mr. Crafty, and tell him—— Ah! here he is,'—as the trainer galloped breathlessly up.

'What's up, Ned; what's up?' he demanded.

'Touts out, sir,' he answered; 'so I thought I'd gammon them. Ah, there they go,'—as he pointed to two men leaping the fence into the wood beyond.

'Damnation!' passionately ejaculated the trainer. 'One can never do anything for these infernal ruffians. This,' he said to himself, 'will send the horse back in the market quicker than I intended. Never mind, Ned; take the horses to the old tree and begin again; they're gone now.'

Again did the horses commence their work, but at a shorter distance. The old one could not shake Wild Oats off; he hung like a shadow on his quarters, and finished half a length in front of him.

'There, Thummas,' exclaimed the elated Mr. Crafty; 'there's form for you; even weights. What can beat him now?'

'Nothing, sir, I should think. Oh, you precious 'umbug you,' he muttered, as he turned away. 'You can't come the double on me. You think I don't know as well as you that the cloth is short of weight; you wouldn't have stuck to it so close else. No, Mr. Crafty; you may gammon the greens, but you don't me. I'm fly to all your dodges. However, the horse is a good one;—far better than any one knows.'

It will be seen he was a pretty good judge; but neither master nor man knew that Oats, by his owner's orders, sent down privately to Ned Stockman, had been carrying three pounds more than they were aware of.

Two men were sitting in a wood, munching a lump of bread and cheese.

'Ha, ha! Sam,' said one, 'this is a go. Oats broke down! Old 'Crafty tried to steal a march on us: not if we knows it, old boy. 'Here, take a suck at this,' and he presented a bottle to his companion, who grasped it, and put it to his mouth. 'Easy, old chap,' remonstrated the other; 'easy does it. Dashed if you won't choke 'yourself. It's neat rum.'

Two more villainous countenances could not be seen than the two men's. Although they were decently dressed in flash sporting clothes, they looked like what they were—two thorough blackguards.

'Now,' said the one addressed as Sam, 'what's to be done? Had 'I better go up to town, or wire to the governor? You know he's 'particular. What's best to be done?'

'Why, wire, of course,' answered the other. 'Yer would get 'mops and brooms before yer got half way there. Wire, of course; 'much the safest and quickest.'

That morning, about ten A.M., the following telegram reached a noted bookmaker:

'Oats and Steamtug had a trial this morning. Oats broke down 'on the near foreleg. Walked home, led by lad.'

Another reached Jack Blake about the same time:

'You will learn something about "O" in the course of the day. 'Don't believe it; all right. Now's the time to do business.'

'Well, Portman, what do you make of this?' asked Jack of the Captain.

'Why, that the time for action is come. That Ned has been 'down on them in some way. I'm off to ——,'—naming a book-maker—'and shall also go to Tat's myself this afternoon. You will 'be certain to get a letter from Ned Stockman to-morrow morning. 'In meantime we must not be idle, but make hay whilst the sun 'shines.'

That day, at the Corner, the Captain found a rumour going about that Oats was supposed to have broken down under trial, and 44 to 4 laid against him. These odds were taken by the Blake confederacy commissioners: who invested as much of their coins as they could at this price.

The next day, when the news came that the horse was all right, great was the consternation.

'Hang it,' said the Captain, 'they will play tricks with us, and 'they must suffer in consequence.'

Blake received, as the Captain said, a letter from Ned:

'18th April.

'HONOURED SIR,

'Crafty is as big a rogue as ever I came across. I have 'found out that a certain party for him is laying against the horse. 'I don't think much has been done yet, as he has been so firm. I 'pulled him yesterday, in his gallop with Steamtug. As I was

'watched by touts, an idea crossed my brain, so I jumped down and felt his leg. Two fellows bolted into the wood, to be off, no doubt, with the news that the horse was broken down. Put the public right as regards Oats. He is as sound as a roach; and we galloped him with Steamtug directly after, and he beat Steamtug by half a length.

'Your humble servant,  
'EDWARD STOCKMAN.'

Mr. Crafty also thought it incumbent on him to make a statement, and the following appeared in the papers :

'SIR,

'A report has got in the papers that Wild Oats broke down yesterday in a short gallop with Steamtug. Such is not the case. His rider stopped him, as he was watched by touts. As we do not choose to have such fellows about, or encourage them, he did quite right. The horse is perfectly sound, and finished his gallop immediately after, with good results.

'I am,

'SAMUEL CRAFTY,  
'Trainer of Wild Oats.'

'18th April.'

The bookmakers were mad. Telegrams flew to Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, to hedge as quick as could be done; but the Blake firm stuck to theirs.

'Not a rap will I hedge,' said Portman. 'I'll teach them to play their tricks with me, if Oats does pull it off I shall warm up the ring as they never have been warmed up before. Hang this betting, though; I hate it. But I'll give them such a dusting as they never yet had.'

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It was a muggy, drizzly night, and, although on the eve of the great race, there were few people about; it was indeed a cheerless time. Yet Epsom was never fuller; the town was crammed to suffocation—not a bed could be had for love or money. Passing along one might hear the roystering party within; and now and then the chorus of some popular comic song fell on the ear. A poor, half-starved creature occasionally flitted along, and stopped listening, as the voices were heard through the well-closed windows: 'A little more salmon?'—'John, fill Mr. Snobbington's glass. Champagne or Moselle, my dear fellow? Hock? Very well, Hock let it be.'

Oh, for a crust of bread—only a few of the crumbs from the rich man's table! But no. No charitable hand was thrust forth to satisfy the craving hunger, the gnawing want. And wretched poverty crawled away with a sigh.

In a snug parlour was seated a jovial party. No want was there; all was comfort, and hilarity. Some ten or twelve people were present. The fragrance of good tobacco filled the air, and stifled the

delicate aroma from the claret jugs on the table ; all were enjoying themselves as men with means know how.

The giver of the feast was Mr. Salmon, a West-end London swell. He was a young man, some five or six-and-twenty ; money was of little object to him—there was an abundance and to spare ; yet he knew the value of it ; and though he lived up to his income, never exceeded it. He spent all on himself, and charity, in any shape, was a thing unknown to him.

His father had been a fishmonger ; and after toiling all his life to make a fortune, when he had made it, and thought of retiring, he was obliged to retire himself from this busy world, to a crowded London burial-ground—old Alderman Salmon was defunct. The Fishmongers' Company gave him a splendid funeral, or, rather, attended it ; Fred Salmon, having a mind above common *souls*, cut the fish business—sold it, and, from one hack, which he cantered down the Row of an afternoon, and Richmond on a Sunday, now appeared with a well-got-up groom behind him, or varied it by flashing along the Serpentine in a loudly-painted mail phaeton, drawn by high-priced and high-stepping greys.

Such was Mr. Salmon, the chief of the choice spirits assembled in the parlour we have spoken of ; they were all of the fast-going order, but one could see at a glance they were not true bloods. There is something in the real born and well-bred man that no one can mistake.

Amongst the guests was one restless little individual ; his keen, cold grey eye kept roving about, as if in constant dread of something or somebody.

'You don't seem up to the mark to-night, old man,' said his host to him.

'Let him alone,' returned another ; 'he knows what he is about. He has been particularly chary of the wine this evening ; and quite right, too. You must remember Nobbler rides Oats to-morrow—don't you, old boy ?'

'Yes, sir—yes,' returned the man, sharply. 'Does not do to stick your head in the manger too deeply, or into the bucket either, before a great race. I don't want a couple of hours' walk in the flannels to-morrow morning. I must go to bed sober and quiet to-night, and get up as strong as a lion.'

'Well, Nobbler,' demanded another, 'do you really—honour bright, you know—think Oats will pull through ?'

'Pull through ? Yes, and a bit to spare. In my 'pinion, there's not one can make him gallop. I wish I was as certain of ten thousand a year, paid quarterly in advance.'

The fellow well knew the unfortunate horse was to be 'pulled ;' that he and the stable had, by means of agents, laid against him ; that their pretended backings were all false ; that they were going to fill their pockets, at the owners', their friends', and the public's expense.

'Halloa, Fred !' cried out one hilarious gentleman, 'what the deuce is the matter with you ? You look as solemn and down-

‘on-your-luck as a party going to be hanged. Fair one proved false? “Your Molly has ne’er been unkind, she declares,”—old song you know.’

‘Ah,’ said the gentleman thus appealed to, ‘chaff away—you can do that well.’

‘Why—yes, my boy. There’s plenty of that commodity at this establishment; a large and extensive assortment always on hand; orders earnestly solicited, and immediately executed; commands from the country, or unknown correspondents, to be accompanied by a remittance, or banker’s reference, on which they will be executed with strictness, promptitude, and dispatch. Samples and testimonials post-free. Present cash prices quoted. That’s the ticket, ain’t it?’

The volatile young gentleman’s discourse was interrupted by Mr. Salmon’s man entering, and saying a gentleman wished to see Mr. Nobbler immediately.

‘Don’t be long, old fellow!’ exclaimed one, as the eminent lightweight left the room. ‘Top up with an eye-opener of hot brandy and water before you go to Bedfordshire. You’ll come with a rush to-morrow, and lick ’em on the post.’

Mr. Nobbler, on going to the street door, saw a man impatiently pacing up and down; he had a great-coat on, and was muffled up, so much so that his face could not be distinguished.

‘Is it you that wish to speak to me?’ asked Mr. Nobbler, approaching him.

‘Yes, it is me,’ said Mr. Crafty, letting his face be seen. ‘Come along, man, where we cannot be heard;’ and grasping the lightweight’s arm, so hard, that it made that illustrious individual shrink back, led him away.

‘No d——d foolery, now!’ said the trainer, hoarsely. ‘Come along; the game’s up—we’re smashed!’

‘Smashed? What do you mean?’ he asked of Crafty, as they turned into a narrow lane.

‘Why, I mean this, Nobbler: we have been betrayed and done for. Listen. I came up with the nags this afternoon all safe; no horses travelled better, look better, or are better. Well, we get them into their boxes all right; they were done up and quiet. Just as I was going to lock up and give the key to Ned, who should come up but Sir Frederick, Mr. Jack, and Captain Portman. “Well,” says Mr. Jack, “how are the horses, Crafty?” “Beautiful, sir,” says I; “could not be better. Come and see them.” “They are indeed in splendid condition,” says the gentleman—“could not be better; you *have* done them justice.” “But,” says Captain Portman, “*are* you going to do them and yourself justice?” “What do you mean, sir?” says I. “Just this, Crafty,” says he. “You are the d——est scoundrel unhung! Do you think I’m not up to all your tricks?—that Oats is to be roped by the Nobbler—that you have all been laying against him on the sly? Now you never set foot in this

“stable again.” I was going to let fly at him, but I was took all aback in a trimble, like. “Just look, Crafty. Here are many of your letters—not that there is much in them, you are too cunning for that—but here is something that will astonish your weak nerves—here are all your bills for corn and hay, ‘I promise to pay,’ and so on. Now, all these I have bought up. If you and your precious jockey are not out of Epsom—nay, out of England—in less than six hours, I’ll have you arrested ; not for the bills, but for this”—and he whispered something in my ear, that I dare not tell even you, Nobbler. “Go back to your place,” says he, “and save what you can out of your house ; for others will be in to-morrow who will not use you so well as we have. Others have got judgment on your protested bills—so use your time well. Here, Ned,” says he to Stockman, “is the key of the stable. You and Joe remain all night by the horses ; don’t let a soul come near you. I’ll send you what you want in the way of eating and drinking.” And away the three walked, leaving me you may suppose how.’

‘Good Lord ! Mr. Crafty,’ said the light-weight, sucking the end of a small ash-plant he carried in his hand, ‘what is to be done ?’

‘Done, you fool !’ replied the other. ‘Why we must hook it—skedaddle—make ourselves scarce. All my things were packed in two-horse vans directly I left home ; two nags and my hack are now in France, or nearly so. Here is a telegram from my old woman. It’s short, but to the mark. I meant to go anyhow, so this affair does not much matter :

“From A. C. to Mr. Crafty, Nag’s Head, Epsom.

“Dover, 6.30 P.M.

“All right ; start in ten minutes. All on board.”

‘There, you see,’ continued he, ‘the old woman is fly—the kids, horses and all cleared out. We must go to town at once, get down to Dover by the mail train, and start by the first boat in the morning. I’ve lined my nest pretty well. You’ll come, of course. I shall train for the mossoos, and you will ride ; if I cannot get any horses to prepare, I’ll run some of my own, and we will work the oracle in that way.’

It is needless to say, Mr. Salmon saw nothing of the light-weight again that night.

\* \* \* \*

*The day has come—the Wednesday that so many look forward to with anxious hearts—a day that is fraught with endless misery, ruin, and poverty to hundreds, and rejoicings to others.*

The happy holiday-seekers are alone to be envied ; no care, no killing excitement for them ; their only thought is that the hampers containing the good things of this life may have come in safety—that the champagne may not have burst over the pigeon and chicken pies, or the salad dressing and mustard may not have been broken over the tarts and strawberries.



Henry's thoughts are on the iced bitter beer; Charles's, that he may lose a dozen pairs of gloves to his pretty, bright-eyed cousin; and Ellen, that Edward may be brought to book, on returning, pop the question, and not go to that horrid Cremorne, as he intended. No dashing wildly into the ring with these, trying, through their own and their agents' means, to hedge, at any sacrifice, or laying out plans to go abroad, and live on limited means, unknown and uncared-for—anything to escape the disgrace of remaining at home, posted, and pointed at as a *defaulter*. Such is racing at the present day—betting. The miserable and unwholesome mania of betting will, before long, be the Turf's ruin and downfall.

To say that Sir Frederick and his party were not anxious would be stating what was not a fact. The Baronet's carriage was drawn up opposite the Stand, in a place where they could see the finish. Sir Frederick, Lady Di, her daughter, and Miss Portman occupied it. Captain Portman and Jack were too busy elsewhere. A rumour had gone about that something was wrong in Oats's stable; but the public were satisfied when they saw the beautiful favourite and his stable companion walking quietly about the paddock.

Three o'clock is approaching fast; and gradually it oozes out that the Nobbler, from some cause or other, is *non est*, that the trainer is also amongst the missing, that a perfectly unknown hand is to ride Jack Blake's horse, Wild Oats.

'You may be sure, for our own sakes,' replied Captain Portman, in answer to endless questions, 'that we should not put a bad hand up. You will know more about Ned Stockman after the race.'

A hundred 'Oh's!' burst forth as Oats was stripped. 'Beautiful indeed!'—'Magnificent condition!' Then there were the 'Bah's!' from the opposition, 'he win a Derby! Pickles! Too light in the middle piece.' 'Those quarters won't carry him up to the Bushes.' 'Those front-legs will be useless after the Corner is passed;' and so on.

Jack has given his jock a leg up.

'Ride your own way, Stockman,' said he. 'I cannot give you any advice; you know the horse better than I do, and what can be done with him; but do not make too much use of him at first.'

Out of the paddock they go in a line, except some few who saddle far away out of the crowd.

The noble horse follows his stable companion as quietly as a lamb, his bright coat glistening like satin in the sun. 'Hard to beat,' said hundreds as he swept past the Grand Stand, with such an even, clock-like movement, that even those who had laid heavily against him could not but admire the noble animal.

'A workman on him, at any rate,' exclaimed a well-known leviathan agent, as he scanned the slight and elegant figure of Ned Stockman. 'He will be there or thereabouts. Even money, to five thousand,' he shouted out in a stentorian voice, 'that Oats wins or is placed!' But there was no response.

The inmates of Sir Frederick's carriage were flushed and trembling.

'God grant that the boy may pull through!' as he tossed down a glass of sherry, to conceal his agitation.

'All right, sir,' whispered his old butler, as he took the glass from his master's hand, 'Mr. Jack wins, for a thousand.'

Jack and the Captain had cantered across to see the start. What anxious moments!

There is something unearthly in the excitement of the few minutes preceding the start for the Derby. Such a scene in the way of racing there is not in the whole world. At last a sudden roar is heard: 'They're off!'—'Hats off!'—'No, no—a false start!'

Thousands of glasses are bent towards the other side of the Downs. Yes, it was a false start—some horses are turned and returning; others are endeavoured to be stopped by their jocks.

'Good God, Di!' exclaimed Sir Frederick to his wife, 'I cannot stand this much longer. I wish it was over, one way or the other; this excitement is killing.'

Another roar: 'They're off!'—'Hats off in front!'—'They're off.' This time it was no false alarm. They were off.

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## DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THERE are a few things in this world, even to a contented mind, which make us desirous of riches, and one is certainly the power of commanding deer-stalking. The Anglo-Saxon seems to be born with a remarkable passion for climbing mountains, and the love of rambling over beautiful scenery, with the addition of the cream of the chase, is a passion that seems to be uppermost in the minds of Englishmen. I confess to an intense love for beautiful scenery, and to a still greater passion for the chase; and my lucky star, having given me the run of a forest, rented by one of the kindest and most enthusiastic of British sportsmen, it has occurred to me that some of my adventures in pursuit of the monarch of the wilds may be amusing to your readers.

There are, of course, many ways of working a forest according to the nature of the ground. For instance, in Athole, where the hills are very smooth and the stalking is difficult, in consequence of the absence of rocks and hollows on the hill tops, they are obliged to resort to driving; and Scrope, in his charming book, describes very accurately the plan pursued in that forest. In Mar and the forests of Ross-shire, where the ground is more broken, stalking is the rule, and there are two ways of carrying this out; one is to go out with a procession of stalkers, gillies, dogs, and ponies after breakfast, and to spend the day in endeavouring to get near the great herds of deer, which are resting on the mountain-tops and in the corries; and the other is to go at early dawn, with as few attendants as possible, and to get shots at the stags as they return from their feeding grounds to

the places they intend to rest on till evening. As a visitor to a well-regulated forest, of course you are bound to follow the custom of the place; and if hospitality keeps you up dining, and dancing reels till a late hour, you are in no condition to climb the mountain before dawn, and you must fall into the regular order of things, and take your chance of a shot when you can get it.

The system, however, of following deer in the middle of the day, when they naturally rest after feeding all night, is not beneficial to a forest. It is much more difficult to get near the best stags when they have taken up a position of rest than it is at dawn, when they are straggling back from their night's banquet; and they are more easily alarmed by frightened grouse and ptarmigan during the day. Their position is, moreover, guarded by straggling hinds and small stags, and for one shot you will get at midday you will get three at dawn, and with less disturbance of your stock of deer on the ground. Some people, who dislike going out before dawn, call the early shot a poaching system; but for filling a larder with venison, and keeping your deer quiet, the shot at dawn and in the evening is the best. During the day the deer should be undisturbed if the stock is to be kept on the ground, and they should be hunted by deer hounds as little as possible.

The ground on which I exercised my talents as a deer-stalker was very favourable to quiet morning stalking, and it, moreover, possessed the invaluable advantage to a casual like myself of having some wild outlying mountains very difficult of access over the villainous tracks which led to them. The distinguished guests therefore preferred the more-easily reached beats nearer home; and I, in common with those pariahs of creation, the younger sons, used to flounder off in the dark to stalk the distant corries—

‘ Hunt the wild deer the forest through,  
And then return with evening dew.’

But it was a very delightful life, and it was made still more pleasant by the erection of a little snugery in a far distant nook of the mountains, where a tired deer-stalker could rest after a day's sport, and turn out before dawn for a shot at the stags as they came up out of the valleys. It was from this point of vantage that I made my greatest successes; and I must first describe the ground, and then narrate the incidents attendant on successful forays amongst the stags.

You must picture to yourself, first, a wide valley, having on its right a lofty mountain rugged with granite rocks, and on its top small grassy corries, the chosen resting-places of the old stags. The hinds and small stags, as a rule, remained in the valley, and did not trouble the higher corries. Consequently the chance of getting a muckle hart was greatly increased by this fortunate disposition of the ‘cervus elephas.’ On the left, a broad-topped hill, dimpled with corries, and having a dividing lateral valley between it and the adjoining mountain, gave great scope to the harts and hinds. The whole formed a little forest in itself; but the distance from head-quarters, and the inconve-

nient shape of the mountain slopes, added to its vicinity to the march, rendered it an unpopular beat to those who had to come from the lodge over the execrable roads that then existed, and for many years it formed a sort of Botany Bay for detrimentals. The erection of the hut altered the whole aspect of affairs, and converted it into a paradise.

Our mode of procedure was first to have a confidential interview with the cook on the question of supplies, and then to pack a pair of grouse panniers with food and fluids on one side, dry clothes and 'backey' on the other, and to send a boy off to the hut with instructions to place the hampers in the bothy, lock the door, leave the key under an adjacent stone, go home, and to return next day with a pony and suitable saddle to carry off the deer deceased. This done, one started with a cheerful heart to the mountain on the right of the valley, spent the day in circumventing the wily enemy; and at dusk, after sending home the produce of the chase, the solitary Crusoe shouldered his rifle, and made tracks for the hut.

There is something very jolly in finding oneself comfortably ensconced before a blazing fire of pine roots and dry turf. The chicken *à la financière* simmering in one saucepan, the *soubise* preparing in another, the liquids of approved quality sparkling on the table, and an appetite such as deer-stalking alone can give; and to feel that to-morrow morning, if the alarum will only make noise enough, one will be up and away before dawn to sit on the mountain slopes, see the sun rise, and intercept a muckle hart on his way from the rich grass of the river side to the high corries.

It was on a lovely September morning when I first essayed my hand upon the difficulties of stalking alone. The cook had behaved like an angel, and had given me such a supply of his best cutlets and *soubise*, his most artistic hashed venison in great jars, and a horse load of other agreeable provender, that I felt, no matter what the weather turned out, I could make life serene in my highland bothy. It is all nonsense talking about roughing it, and eating skillygalee and brose. I contend that the biped is an owlet who lives badly when he can live well, and the commissariat is undoubtedly the first duty of man; to keep his powder dry is his duty to his country. However, I saw my panniers vanishing up the track, and I set off for the east side of my great mountain, intending to search all the corries on the opposite side to my hut, and at night to cross the summit, and descend like a locust on my provender. The day was Italian: the sky intehsely blue, as if it never rained except under protest; and when I got to a point to command a view of the face of the hill I dismounted, and commenced that eye-aching process of searching the slopes and corries for a right stag.

The mountain was shaped like a pear: at the broader end there were three corries facing the south; lower down a great basin of a corrie facing the east, and then the hill tapered to a point at the river side. My first spy was to the upper corries, and there in the nearest hollow I saw about twenty good stags close to a chaos of rocks, behind which an elephant might have stalked them. Lower down in

the large eastern corrie was a good stag, with a lot of hinds and small fry, and away over the dividing ridge of the second and third corries I saw the tops of a stag's horns against the sky. It was a sweet thing in deer-stalking—that bright blue sky, the blooming heather, a heart at rest within one's breast, and sunshine in the land, nobody to interfere with one, or to order one about, and exercise those humiliating instructions that an imperious deer-stalker dispenses to the novice. I had a boy with me, who I instructed to plant himself close to a large rock commanding the face of the mountain. If I came to a given point and waved my coat, he was to bring the pony up the brae to me. If I stood still, and held my rifle above my head, he was to take it for granted I was a dismal failure, and to go home, and to come to me at the hut on the following day.

Having settled this with him, I waded through the river and set off up the brae to corrie No. 1. The wind was blowing gently in my face, and as I climbed the hill-side I remembered that there was a large ten-pointed stag amongst the lot, with a fine round head, and I knew the boy was watching him with the telescope and scanning all my dodges, and that at night he would tell the whole of them to the stalkers at the lodge, and have a joyous laugh over the presumption of the Saxon in desiring to stalk for himself. However, away I went up to the rocks, and crawled through them till I got a view of the corrie. There they were, the pretty dears, about seventy yards away; but the ten-pointer invisible behind a bank. I rested patiently upon the heather, when suddenly the object of my solicitude walked slowly out from his concealment, and stood broadside, just long enough to enable me to draw a bead upon his heart. The thud of the ball satisfied me he was fatally hit, and I laid quietly on my face till the herd disappeared over the brow without him. I then walked gaily forward; and on the slope below me lay my esteemed friend in his last agonies. Before I could take off my coat for a signal Sandy was up and away to me. The Celt had watched the whole transaction, and was with me by the time I had completed the gralloch. We hoisted the slain on to the back of the pony, after nearly rupturing our carotids, and I despatched my trusty henchman down the brae, with instructions to throw the stag off in the middle of the road down the valley, so as to compel any one going down the track with an unloaded pony to pick him up and take him down to the larder, and then to return to the rock for a second venture. Meantime I refreshed myself with alcoholic stimulant, and set off for the eastern corrie, where I knew there was a good stag. The corrie was a difficult nut to crack, as it faced the east, and the wind being in the west it was impossible to come in over the higher part of the ground, and the face of the corrie was so smooth that stalking from either side was out of the question. The deer had planted themselves right in the middle, out of shot of any cover, and the only approach I could discover was up a small water-course from below. I knew that stalking from below deer was generally a failure; but there was nothing else to be done, so I descended carefully behind the shoulder

of the hill and got into the burn. To crawl up it was a difficulty which might have puzzled a serpent ; but by dint of very gentle progress over the exposed portions of the route, I contrived to get within 150 yards of the herd, and beyond that a mouse could not have crawled unobserved. The deer were all reposing with their faces down-hill, and I rested in a little hollow, hoping that they would get up and feed towards me. They did so ; but of course every ragged old hind and little stag rose first and fed downwards ; the muckle hart remaining a fixture, as if he knew his value, and intended to defeat my strategy. By degrees they came nearer and nearer, till it became a question whether I should back out of the hole I was in, or fire at him as he laid upon the heather. One hundred and fifty yards is a long shot at a deer reposing amongst rocks and high heather ; and whilst I was debating a little stag walked almost into me, whisked round, and set off helter-skelter along the hill-side, followed by the rest of the herd. The muckle hart jumped up and came slanting down the hill to join them ; and as he came within range, I held well in front of him and pulled the trigger. The ball hit him a sonorous thud, and he set his back up and went tearing along ; but as the herd sloped up the brae he slanted down away from them, and went slowly away by himself. I was afraid he would cross the shoulder of the hill, and that I should lose him in the shades of evening, and I ran hard in order to get above him, and keep him down below me towards the expectant pony. Presently he staggered, and then fell down and demised, without a further expenditure of ammunition ; and my youthful Highlander appearing to the signal of the coat, we hoisted him on the pony and sent him home. My first stag had fortunately been taken on by a passing gillie and, assured of my two deer reaching the larder by nightfall, I turned my face to the hut, and reached my bower of bliss as the last rays of light departed from the western sky.

The motto of ' *Vita bene acta senectutem facit beatam* ' was evidently intended to apply to a deer-stalker. How delightful it is, after gorging one's-self like a boa-constrictor with the fat of the land, to sink into an arm-chair and speculate on the angry remarks of rival deer-stalkers on those two muckle harts, when they surveyed their fat haunches and handsome heads as they swung from the beams of the deer-larder ; and then the charming sensation of repose, as one sank into oblivion embosomed in soft witneys : and how delightful the morning-bath in the burn at the door, and the climb up the western hill as the first streaks of dawn came trembling up above the far distant eastern mountains. The morning was as lovely as the previous day ; and as I walked cautiously up the bed of the burn, the old cock-grouse were beginning their morning orisons, and were taking short flights and settling down on the tops of hillocks, with their—' bur-r-r kebeck kebeck kebeck.' The burn was sufficiently deep to enable me to reach the upper corries unobserved by any deer on the slopes below, and by the time I reached a point behind which I could turn to the right or left along the hill-side, behind projecting

steps of the mountain face, the light was clear enough to enable me to survey the valley, and ascertain if there was anything worth shooting at on my side of the glen. On my right, a long spur ran down the valley, the face of which had been burnt the previous year : on it I observed a dark object which I took to be a stone, but a squint of the glass showed me a golden eagle, sitting on the ground with his feathers ruffled up like one of the Zoological eagles on a wet day. I had never shot an eagle, and I bethought myself that such an ornithological addition to my previous day's bag would be rather a triumph. I set off, therefore, in hot haste behind the brow to get within shot of my little friend ; and when I flattened the cap on my head and peeped cautiously over the brow, the eagle was walking slowly along the slope below me. I accordingly popped down on my hands and knees, and proceeded to crawl over the sharp points of the burnt heather sticks, in the fond belief that I should get within shot. How far he walked and I crawled I can scarcely say, but at last he walked over a brow, and I ran gingerly to a commanding point, thinking his demise a certainty. I cocked my rifle, rose gently up ; and there he was—not ; but down below me, with his great wings stretched out, he was sailing away across the valley, and making for the rocky spurs of the opposite mountain.

There are ' sells ' in life which induce us to make use of language by no means canonical, and I confess to having execrated considerably over the result of my first effort at eagle-stalking ; however, there was nothing for it but to sit down and pick the broken heather sticks out of my knees ; and having extracted a small bundle of firewood out of my kneecaps, I proceeded to survey the slopes on my left. Oh joy and contentment ! what did I see ? A bevy of hinds and little stags, and amongst them a great hummeled stag—an antlered monarch without his horns. There had been a tradition that an enormous hummeled stag existed in the country, to which all the rams of Derby and the shorthorns of Britain were mere infants : and there he was, looking like a rhinoceros amongst a herd of goats. ' Here's another ' triumph ! ' I exclaimed to myself, as I dived behind the brow and panted up the slope to get above the herd. The ground was perfection—rocks and hollows sufficient to conceal a four-in-hand. The grouse behaved to admiration : they flew every way but over the deer ; and I reached the brow directly above them, just as the leading hind came slowly up. A little hillock gave me ample concealment and an excellent rest for my rifle ; and there I reposed as hinds and little stags filed by. First came the wary old hind, looking sharply about her ; then a little stag, indifferent to consequences ; then more hinds and calves ; and last of all the great hummel. As he landed on the top of the brow, about fifty yards from me, he stopped to look around. I drew a bead on the junction of his neck and shoulder, pressed gently on the trigger ; a bang—smack, followed, and the great hummel lay stretched upon the heather. The small fry scampered off in hot haste ; and when I walked up to my demised friend, he certainly justified the tradition of the Highlanders

—he was a terrible great beast. I divested myself of my coat, tucked up my sleeves, and proceeded, *secundem artem*, to gralloch the defunct. It struck me as he lay upon the heather that he was rather odd in his proportions; and when I came to relieve him of his heart and lungs, there came out a bronchial arrangement about the size of a patent solid-leather portmanteau. He was diseased in some way or other, and he had not even the merits of a Strasbourg goose, for he was as lean as a crockery crate, and had not an ounce of fat about him. However, I covered him up to keep the crows off, shouldered my rifle, and sloped down the brae to my hut, where I consoled myself with an elaborate breakfast, and at mid-day the boy arriving, we hoisted the mammoth on to the horse's back, and the youthful Celt conveyed the old skeleton down the valley to the lodge.

How I wound up with a royal stag in the evening,—how I killed four stags, and wounded a fifth, with three shots during a scrimmage in the midst of a thunderstorm, I will narrate hereafter, in the event of your thinking the adventures of a Solitary Deer-stalker worthy of a place in your magazine. Meantime I subscribe myself,

Yours, very truly,  
AN OLD MOUNTAINEER.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—January Joys.

THE New Year broke with a gladness not entirely due—God be thanked—to gormandizing and revelry, to the well-worn melodies of music halls, to legs, however shapely, or to 'splendid forms,' however much exposed, to the glare of the limelight or the glitter of Dutch metal, to bewildering ballets, gorgeous Godivas and fascinating fairies—though of all these elements of 'happiness' there were enough and to spare—but the joy had this time something in it of the true ring, spread through every class, and was as sincere in Bethnal Green as in Belgravia. It was no empty lip service that besought the Almighty to bless the Prince of Wales, no passing enthusiasm of the hour which called for that second National Anthem at every place of public resort, and the notes of which stirred even the most *blasé*, but something abiding—to stay with us and bring forth, let us hope, its fruit in due season. So 1872 has dawned auspiciously; and though *atra cura* may be an undesired outside passenger on many of our chariots we must remember that—

'No suns on earth  
Unclouded glitter,'

and take the heat and light when we can get them:—

'*Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est,*'

is sound Christian as well as Pagan philosophy, and we humbly commend its study to our readers.

But who talks or thinks of philosophy in the opening week of January, while Field Marshal Harris is marshalling his virgin squadrons in Covent



Garden, clad in polished mail, against whom the private boxes offer but a feeble resistance, and the stalls are utterly routed? Philosophy indeed! We should like to see the philosopher who would stand a charge of those gilded warriors, in their '250 suits of gold and silver armour' (*vide bill*), and about whom Poodle and Doodle talk much at the club, being on a winking acquaintance (poor young men!) with what we may call the light division of this famous army—and to be recognised by a member of which (in blue satin knickerbockers, and very little else), as they march past the footlights, is bliss supreme. But it is not only Poodle and Doodle who are led captive. Did we not see on the opening night old Methuselah and Lord Rufus Pompilion in the front row? Was there not, as near the orchestra as he could possibly get, the eminent Tootletum, Q.C., clearly as much at home—perhaps a good deal more so, than he is even in the Hight Court of Bothereation with a badgered witness and a jury well in hand? And who but Sir Minto Julep, the no less eminent physician, under cover of his little girl—the impostor!—did we not find our next neighbour? He told us he always made a point of taking one of his children on the first night—which we have no doubt was the truth—and he paid great attention to the ballet. And the spectacle was certainly worthy of the attention bestowed upon it, though 'Bluebeard' is the oldest of stories. Some people, alas! are old enough to remember a charming representation of the legend in the Vestris days at old Covent Garden, and when that most charming of actresses sang a parody on 'Nix my dolly pals fake away,' that went straight to our heart—or what we thought was our heart—at eighteen; and when James Bland played the ferocious monarch in a way as no burlesque potentate has ever been played before. But it is of no use thinking of the dead past when such a Fatima as Miss Rose Massey comes to the footlights, bringing with her recollections of a pretty face that we seemed to remember at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, some six or seven years ago, when the said pretty face was in the embryo of theatrical life and had not bloomed into Fatimas and blue satin. The gentleman who plays Bluebeard tries to be funny, and in some little way succeeds, which must be put down to his credit, seeing that the author is innocent of any assistance therein. We miss the Paynes, of course; but when the scene entitled *The Camp* dawns upon us and first gilded warrior blows a trumpet, sounding the *réveille*, answered by second gilded warrior (a stoutish party, who discreetly retires into the private life of the rear companies, her duty done), and the stage becomes gradually filled with glittering forms that make our eyes blink to look upon, we know we are in for the grand sensation, and prepare ourselves accordingly. It is a dazzling scene, Mr. Harris, or to whosoever the conception is due, and though the quality is not quite up to the high standard which two or three years ago used to prevail at the Garden, we must suppose that the supply is not equal to the demand, and that other enterprising stage directors have robbed you of some of those bright and ethereal beings that live in our memory. There was, if we may venture to say so, an absence on this occasion of etheriality in some members of the corps, which, while it spoke well for their condition, was hardly fitted for their costume. Not so bad, though, as at a certain theatre not a hundred miles from the Strand, where the only description we could give of the *corps de ballet*—if we were called upon to give one, which, fortunately, we are not—would be by referring to the back files of that excellent journal, 'The Field,' for its account of the Cattle Show: for prize animals read ballet girls, and the description would be correct to the letter. We did not see any advertisements of 'Thorley's Food for

'Cattle' in the lobbies of the said theatre, but perhaps that was an oversight. We humbly submit that these gorgeous and seductive young ladies should—such as require it—go into a course of training before Christmas. Joseph Dawson and Tom Jennings seem by the late returns in the sporting papers to have their stables as full as they can hold; but they are kind-hearted men, and next year perhaps might strain a point to find accommodation for a few of the most urgent cases, and if they were not brought fit to the post after a week or so at Bedford Lodge or Phantom Cottage, we should despair of them. But to return. With the evolutions of the warriors ended, old Methuselah closed his glass, Pompilion disappeared, and Tootletum, Q.C., looked round the house with a *blasé* air. Clearly, there was nothing more to be seen. The transformation was like all other transformations—the same full-blown beauties in the same impossible attitudes under a glare of electric light, the same indistinct fairy whose elocution has been so sadly neglected, and the final catastrophe into the Boundless Bosoms of Bliss. There was a harlequina who deserved notice, a Mdlle. Charlotte (which her name, not to deceive you, is Howard), who has an attractive face and figure, and moved well. An attempt at a Dolly Varden quadrille was a failure, which it need not have been, and the rest is silence. Let every reader of the 'Van' go and see Mrs. John Wood at the Adelphi, even if they have to sit out 'Notre Dame' in consequence. The piece in which she appears is nothing, it is true, but she is there with all that genuine humour with which she runs over, so to speak; and her singing of a nonsense song with Mrs. Mellon is a thing to see and hear. It is to be regretted that her great talents have not been more used by the author of 'Little Snowwhite,' but Mrs. Wood would drag fun even out of a burlesque at The Nudity, and what can we say more? Rumour reaches us from the wilds of Islington—where we understand the natives have erected a theatre—of a certain famous dancer (anything but) wasting her sweetness on the desert air of that suburb, and who, in connection with Offenbachian music, nightly charms audiences not entirely composed of Islingtonians. From what we could gather from a rather incoherent friend, who confessed to champagne in connection with the *corps de ballet* after the opera was over, a sight of 'wiry Sarah' (so, we regret to say, he called the *première danseuse*) must be worth the overland journey. We will see about it, and, if strictly correct, report to 'Baily.'

'Nothing doing' has been inscribed on all clubs where betting men do congregate, and, except now and then for a spasmodic effort to fling some life into the Derby, and, with the death of Master McGrath, to venture on some shots for the Waterloo Cup, everything has been dull. Of course Primrose has been made first favourite for the Grand National—but then she was last year, and may be considered a standing dish, now that Pearl Diver and The Colonel have gone, and The Lamb has become the property of the foreigner. Lord Poulett is to be pitied, for directly it transpired that he had parted with The Lamb, and had Rufus under his care, the latter shared the honours of favouritism with Primrose, and every knowing party shook his head mysteriously, and talked of the Irish horse. Talk, indeed; when we said there was 'nothing doing' we forgot the dreary talk and the dreary writing. The patent facts that if some well-known horse gets in with 10 st. 12 lb. in the Liverpool 'he will be very hard to beat,' and that if Prince Charlie trains on and does not turn out a roarer he will very likely be first favourite for the Derby, are mixed up with speculations as to what 'Joe,' 'Tom,' and 'Mat,' have got in the spring handicaps; the novel remark that the South country horses are more advanced in condition in the spring than the Northern, and

that Joseph Dawson is famous for the way in which he brings his horses to the post for their early engagements—a sentence which appears, and has appeared certainly for the last ten years, about this time in nearly all the sporting papers—all this, with never-ending *résumés* of the past season, fill up column after column till it pleases Mr. Topham (generally first in the field), or the Admiral, to give the racing world the first instalment of the weights. This year the agony has been prolonged, for Mr. Topham is a little later than usual, and while we write the weights have appeared, but too late for us to comment on them. So the columns of reflections on what may be the case should either of these eminent handicappers do, what there is no probability of their doing are for the present stopped. And yet we must not be hard on our fellow scribes. The exigencies of journalism are always demanding the tale of bricks, be the straw there or not, and a poor 'Van' driver is often driven hard for articles wherewith to load his vehicle in the dull season when there is 'nothing doing.' One comfort there is, that the public, hard up for excitement of some sort or other, greedily swallow anything (they generally do that, by-the-way), and the *canard* of one day has its brief existence till that of the morrow comes to oust it from its place. That the Prussian government were going to purchase the entire Middle Park Stud, and had got the Messrs. Blenkiron's lowest figure, which the agent had taken back to Bismarck and Berlin, has been one of the latest of these sporting rumours—but we doubt its correctness. That it would be to the disgrace of our government and country, should such a purchase be made, is an assertion few will contradict. It is useless to expect anything, we suppose, from the present, or, indeed, any other Ministry, in the way of assistance in the matter—it is against the traditions, we believe, of our glorious constitution; and, besides, with that munificent and princely establishment at Hampton Court, what can government possibly do more? By-the-way, we are authorised to contradict the rumour that Germany has also offered a large sum for that royal *baras*, with Col. Maude to be thrown in. Prince Bismarck has no such intention. No, we must look to private enterprise for preserving to us Middle Park, and we trust we shall not look in vain. Words of warning have been given, and, without being alarmists, we must raise our voice against that drain on our resources which for the last few years has been going on, and by which foreign countries and our own colonies have so much profited. It has been openly stated, and, we believe, with much truth, that if called on to remount our cavalry at short notice, we could not find 20,000 troop horses within the United Kingdom; and even supposing that there is some exaggeration here, it is a statement that, at least, demands investigation. If we only consider for a moment how large our exports of sires and brood mares has been within the last ten years, and how—on more than one occasion—the late owner of Middle Park stood forward with a princely liberality for the purpose of retaining in this country some of its best blood, we ought to perceive that a double duty devolves on us, not to allow the stud which Mr. Blenkiron collected with such cost and judgment to go to enrich the breed of the foreigner. But we hope and trust that there is no fear of this, and that what will be a standing reproach to us as a nation will be spared.

But towards the middle and end of the month, and with the warning of lengthening days to show us that spring is on the way, comes a little more animation into Turf affairs. The Grand National and the Two Thousand have absorbed the heavy share of the business, though the betting on the Derby has not been unimportant, and, personally, we have been well pleased to see two especial favourites of our own—the Maid Marian colt and Queen's Messenger

—in some demand for the latter race. We were much struck with the appearance of Baron Rothschild's colt during the July meeting at Newmarket, and we thought him and Queen's Messenger were Derby horses—for which thought we well remember we were much ridiculed by one of our best judges, who generally knows a racehorse when he sees him, in the coffee-room of the Rutland one morning. But, however, somebody else now appears to be of our way of thinking, particularly as regards Queen's Messenger, to whom large sums have been entrusted lately both for Guineas and Derby, while 'follow the Baron' has, evidently, other meanings besides Laburnum. It is wonderful how popular a little money makes a horse. Some public writers who last autumn scarcely mentioned his name are now of opinion, indeed have long held it, that Queen's Messenger is quite first-class, and that they would not be at all surprised to see Lord Falmouth win both Two Thousand and Derby with him! The Maid Marian colt had during the July week twisted legs, in addition to his being a lumbering unwieldy animal that Hayhoe could never train, but, Hey presto! a pony or two, and he is a grand-topped horse, one of the handsomest in training, &c., &c. Then people begin to inquire why Laburnum is first favourite for the two great races, and some of the double-event bets show which way the wind is blowing. Cremorne has come again for the Guineas, and Newmarket accounts describe him as doing good work and looking well, but at the same time as having a leading rein, which has an awkward look. We own, much as we admire Queen's Messenger, we do not quite understand his being backed for the Guineas in the way he has been, as we should think there are more than one or two who would beat him over the Rowley Mile; but the party who back him are (of course) of the clever division, so there is no more to be said. Our other fancy, the Maid Marian colt, is in the rather anomalous position of being backed for a good deal of money, but yet not much improving his place in the market, and there is a hankering after Ethelred, in the same stable; so 'following the Baron' may come a rather expensive luxury after all. Onslow figures in Derby quotations, but Queen's Messenger, among the second favourites, no doubt carries the money.

The Grand National Hunt Committee are seeking to bring about a much-needed alteration in the matter of the postponement of steeplechase meetings through frost or other weather, which we trust will be carried. At a meeting of the Committee, at the commencement of the year, a proposition of Lord Poulett, that in future steeplechase fixtures should not be postponed 'beyond the week for which they had been fixed,' was discussed, but before such a small number of members that it was felt to be improper to come to a decision then on the subject, which, therefore, awaits further ventilation. The 'postponement' question, and the latitude which Rule 75 in the Steeplechase Calendar gives to stewards, has always appeared to us open to objection, as one that in its working would lead to much needless expenditure of time and money. The lessee, promoter, or whatever be the originating power of the meeting has all the best of it as the rule at present stands, though it must be owned a postponed meeting—as witness the last Croydon one—rarely turns out anything but a failure, and on the owners and trainers falls the expense of keeping their horses for a length of time away from home, to say nothing of the more than probable interference of the postponed meeting, when it does come off, with some other in which they have horses engaged. Of course postponements are unavoidable, and the losses accruing therefrom must be taken into account by the promoters of these meetings; and we have a great notion that the said promoters would find the first loss the lightest. What

money were the Croydon Committee out of pocket by with their postponed venture? and would they have suffered to an equal extent if the whole affair had fallen through? The National Hunt are going, according to their charter, to try fresh fields this year, and have selected Abergavenny, in Monmouthshire, as the spot for their meeting, in conjunction with the local hunt gathering there. The country is described as a first-rate one; and Mr. Reginald Herbert, who is at home in Monmouthshire, and, moreover, one of the most active members of the Hunt Committee—a body not much given to activity *en masse*—will spare no time or trouble to bring off a successful meeting, we may be sure. There is an important addition, too, to the conditions of the Grand National race this year, which we hail most gladly. 'For *bonâ-fide* hunters' will now form part of those conditions; and we sincerely trust to see one of the class named win. Also that we shall really see some steeplechasers of the good old-fashioned sort—horses who can fence, and not only gallop—who can jump the obstacles, and not rush through them, or come to grief in attempting to do so. The disinterested getters-up of the cross-country meetings in the neighbourhood of town have been the means of introducing us to a class of 'steeple-chaser' who would not be able to clear the 'five-barred gates' at Hengler's or the Holborn Circus; and the exhibitions we have been treated to at Reading and elsewhere have tended to bring the sport into ridicule and contempt. Let us get clear of the Metropolitan circuit, and we shall be, let us hope, in a purer and more sportsmanlike atmosphere.

'All we want,' wrote a hunting acquaintance, at the end of December, from that country of big woods, open downs, and flints, Hants to wit, 'is rain, and plenty of it.' We hope not only our Hampshire friends, but others in the Shires and elsewhere, have had their wants satisfied by this time. Up to the girths, with the grass like a water-meadow, and the plough like a quagmire, has been the burden of the tale from most parts of the country; and of course the going has told on the cattle. To begin with Hampshire, as we have already mentioned the county: that good sportsman Mr. Henry Deacon had a day in the last week of the old year—we think it was the 23rd of December, when the H.H. met at Froyle Park—which is worth recording. They did not find there, according to custom, so trotted on to Sutton Common; and the hounds had been scarcely more than two or three minutes in Highwood before they found, and went away so quietly that the majority of the field were out of it at first, until the pack were seen going up the hill for Horsden Common; and it took some hard riding at best pace to get up with them. At Clare Park a slight check let up some of the stragglers; but they soon were on to him again, going a good pace over the anything but easy country to Dippenhall and Willey, and then crossing the Farnham road and the railway, came to another check in the Alice Holt Forest. But, without being interfered with, the hounds hit him off again, and away they went through Holt Pound, crossing the Petersfield road, where soon after the gallant fox was viewed, dead beat before the hounds, and he was finally run into near Frensham Hill Howe: time, 65 minutes, and distance about thirteen or near fourteen miles. The fox went as straight as a bird, and so did a select few of the men out; the hounds were left to themselves; and it was emphatically a run to rejoice the heart of the popular master, and all who saw it. The Hursley had something very special, too, on the 12th of January, when they met at the Rack and Manger, and after drawing Crawley Warren blank, found immediately at Dumper's Oak, and went away over the Stockbridge road, through North Park, over the open by Little Somborne Gorse, nearly to the Rack and Manger. Here the fox turned to the right, skirting up Somborne by Farley Mount to the Juniper

Busbes, pointing straight for Standon Gate, when a sheep-dog chased and turned him. Up to this point the time was 40 minutes, and already many horses had been ridden to a standstill. Lord Gardner had to change, and Tom Cannon, on a horse he had refused 500*l.* for, was reduced to a trot, while the number of tails whisking over backs told a tale of another description. A dense fog came on for a few minutes, and out of 130 horsemen (for there were at least that number at the meet) more than half lost the rest of the run, which is described by an eye-witness and a good judge as a specimen of the most beautiful hunting he had ever seen, to Umber's Wood, never touching a single covert, and viewing him dead beat before the hounds; but a fresh holloa lost them their fox, after one hour and three-quarters from find to finish. Well might Jem Goater, who was out, say that this run will ever be remembered by those who saw it; and all agreed that the good old days of Robert Cockburn and Stanley Lowe are returning. The hounds never touched one of their woodlands in this or in their extraordinary run on New Year's Day. The fields are apt to be unruly, and require keeping in order; but Colonel Nicoll had the laugh at them on this occasion. At first it was, 'Pray gentlemen—for God's sake, gentlemen, don't spoil your own sport!' &c., &c.; but when they got to Farley Mount the gallant Colonel had no need to use these exhortations, but, on the contrary, gave the field full permission to ride at them, over them, and catch them if they could. On the 19th they had another day's grand sport, the meet at Cranbury Park, and the house being full of guests, including the Prince of Leiningen, Lord William Lennox, &c.; there were about 200 horsemen out. A fox was quickly found close to the house, and away he went for Crab Wood, at such a pace that this, coupled with the state of the ground, led to a considerable tail. It had been 40 minutes up to this point; and here the judgment and perseverance of Alfred Summers, the huntsman, was the admiration of the whole field. The scent was not so good as in the open; but he worked his fox—a fine old dog one—on to Farnborne, where he was pulled down after 1 hour and 50 minutes. We regret to say that Mr. George Deane, so well known with these hounds and in Hampshire generally, had a bad fall in the beginning of the month, while putting his horse at a post-and-rails, which the latter scarcely rose at, falling over on Mr. Deane, who it was at first thought must be killed. He was found to have broken his right arm in two places, and, worst of all, the muscles of the left arm were much torn. There is great sympathy felt, we need hardly say, for so good a fellow and sportsman.

The Hambledon have had some good runs latterly, but they have been unfortunate in killing, their foxes getting to ground, the earths being most imperfectly stopped. On Friday, the 12th of January, they met on Stephen's Castle Down, 'cut time to waste' in drawing some hedgerows for an outlying fox, which, by-the-bye, is very seldom found, as in this case, went back to where they came from, drew Priestwood and Blackdown coverts blank, found in Durwood, took a ring round the covert, then away into the Hampshire country, through Bishop's Copse to Lipcombe's Rows, on through Godwin's Gorse, on towards Longwood Warren, when a hare jumped up in a fallow field in the middle of the pack, which caused a check for some little time, hit him off again on the Warren, and run him into Honeyman Rows, where there was a long check; went across Longwood Park into a thick hedgerow, got close to him, and run him a rattling pace into Durwood, to ground in a small earth; they were not allowed to dig him—'hard lines' for hounds, huntsman, and master, for they richly deserved their fox, and as they were very short of blood it was enough to spoil the hounds. On Saturday, the 20th, these

hounds had a very fine run; they met at the kennels, and went to Stoke Woods, and found directly; after some little time got away, leaving Granville Wood to the left, the first quarter of an hour very fast, then slow hunting, leaving the village of Soberton on the right to Hunborne Wood, through the end of it to Charles's Wood, where we got close to him, went away over the meadows into the Queen's Liberties, over the road into another of the Liberties, round which they rattled him at a tremendous pace, and run into him in Rookesbury Park amongst the fern; a more handsome or beautiful kill could not be; time, one hour and three-quarters. Mr. Sullivan deserves success, for no one tries harder to show sport.

Our friend Mr. Dear, too, has been doing well with his harriers, having had a clipping run, on the 29th of December, when they met at Norton Farm, and soon found a hare of the right sort, who went off in the direction of Tidbury, towards the wood, bearing to the right over the turnpike-road to Tufton Warren. The heavy land here told severely on many of the horses, and the pace was fast enough even for Lord Gardner. The hare now bore to the right to Bullington Cross, and was finally killed near the Common: time 35 minutes, without a check. Puss the second took them over the water-meadows to Hunton, leaving the field all behind, up Hunton Farm, over the road to Cranbourne Down, through Neston Copse, soon after which a fresh hare got up in view, and there was a check for a few minutes; but they soon got on the line, and hunted her slowly to Counsellor's Row, where the pace mended, and they ran into her dead beaten; time, 1 hour and 10 minutes. Mr. Dear thinks he never had two better runs. Lord Gardner was astonished at the pace of the little pack; and all the habitués who were out agreed with the master that it was the best day's sport they had ever had with him.

On Friday, the 19th, the Earl of Radnor's hounds had as fine a hunting run as ever was known in those parts. After more than an hour's hard work, their fox crossed the River Test at Oakley Hole, and took them a fresh line far into the Hursley country. But the hounds stuck to him most perseveringly, and worked him back over the same line, recrossing the River Test at the exact spot they had done an hour and a half before. Eventually they pulled him down as he was vainly trying to reach Blackpits, near to where he was found. Dale, the huntsman, having fortunately nicked his second horse, had the last thirty minutes entirely to himself, all the other horses having been brought to a walk: time, three hours and forty minutes.

These hounds had another great day on Friday last, running their fox to Heron Wood (Lord Malmesbury's), near Christ Church, a point of fifteen miles. Having got into a country where foxhounds had not been for years, and open traps were seen in all directions, the hounds were stopped.

In Bedfordshire, up to Christmas, Mr. Arkwright had been doing right well, particularly in the week before the festival, when they had a grand day with a real wild fox, found in Clifton Spinnies, who took them over a flying country for 1 hour and 40 minutes. Two days after that, a very quick 50 minutes, from Kempford Wood, cooked all the nags, and brought grief to many. Few better men than Mr. Arkwright are to be found among the roll of M.F.H.; and his hounds are perfection both in kennel and field. What the Oakeley country must be now, with all the wet on that heavy plough, we hardly like to think. From a valued correspondent we hear very good accounts of the Cambridgeshire—plenty of foxes everywhere, especially in Mr. Whitbread's coverts, though they swarm with pheasants too, a fact that bears out what has been so often observed in these pages, that if the owner of coverts says to his keeper, 'There *must* be foxes as well as pheasants,' that official manages to

produce both. Mr. Whitbread, it ought to be mentioned to his credit, unlike most game-preservers, instead of requesting the master of the hounds not to draw his coverts until the game has been shot, complains that he does not bring the hounds oftener. Mr. Lindæll had a very good run on the 29th of December, with an afternoon fox, from Thrapburgh Wood, rolling him over after 45 minutes, on the Cambridge side of Madingley. He has also had two or three good days in the Brampton country in the early part of January—one on the 1st, over the cream of the Fitzwilliam country, through Solon Wood, to Old Weston village. There is a rumour that Hardy, the huntsman, means to resign the horn at the end of the season, and retire into private life.

Leighton has been as jolly as ever. Most of the old faces are there, and there has been a good entry of young blood—of men who go well to hounds—especially Lords Clarendon and Carington.

Sherman's, the Railway Hotel, continues to be the head-quarters of the hunting men; but Morgan, at the Elephant and Castle, has come in for a share of patronage. Mr. Toynbee has his horses there, with Griffiths to do the rough-riding business; and from what we have seen of the form of the latter over a country, we do not consider that he merits the character given him in answer to the question put upon the dead walls of the metropolis.

Squire Lowndes has been showing good sport, chiefly on the Bedfordshire side—a country not much fancied by Londoners, but which harbours wild woodland foxes. Nothing could be better than his run from Aspley Heath, for 35 minutes, to ground in the Oakeley country. So severe was the pace, that Mr. Fleetwood Lowndes was the only one who could keep hounds in sight.

But the run most appreciated by sportsmen was that from Oakhill, by Shenley, Woughton on the Green, and Sympson, to Bow Brickhill. It only wanted a kill to make it perfection; but it is long odds on a good fox found at three o'clock in the afternoon about Christmas time. Hounds were tied to the scent, and were not to be checked by road or railroad, canal or river overflowing its banks. The first hound to take the water and breast the stream was Folly, one of this year's entry, from the Milton kennel. As darkness came on, the men in the roads had nothing to guide them but the cry of the hounds; but that enabled them to cut the pack off, and stop them before reaching the big woods above Bow Brickhill. The run of the season with Baron Rothschild's hounds has been chronicled in the January number of 'Baily;' but the Baron has had some others entitled to notice, not so remarkable for pace, but straight on end runs, trying the hunting of the hounds and the condition of the horses. That from Tring Windmill to Pen Village, early in the season, has been surpassed by the runs from Aston Abbotts to within three miles of Oxford, and from Hulcot to Blackthorn, near Bicester, each a 19-mile point. The last-named journey took place on the day of the Mentmore ball; and, had it not been for the assistance of the Buckinghamshire Branch Railway, the young ladies would have been short of partners. After the run twenty-eight dancing young men took tickets at Bicester station, to get back to their evening clothes.

The rain has brought scent and sport to the Cotswolds, where Lord Coventry's hounds have been doing well lately, and accounting for their foxes after good old-fashioned runs. December 27th was a capital day. They drew the Leazas Brakes first, where that true friend to foxhunting, Mr. John Wilson, looks after and preserves the raw material for sport, and found a regular 'customer,' who, after treating them to a flying 20 minutes in the vale, took for the hills, and was eventually killed at Campden House, after a run of 3½ hours. Of course they changed two or three times, and it was a very hard day for hounds and horses. January 6th.—A good hour in the morning,



from Weston Park, was succeeded in the afternoon by a capital thing of 1 hour 6 minutes, with only one slight check, from Campden Wood, where the fox hung a good deal at starting, and the big pack treated them to a burst of music as they drove him through the covert which warmed the hearts of all who heard it. He was forced to fly, and meet his death as a game one should do, at the end of a good thing. January 13th saw a trimming gallop of 40 minutes, from Hidcote over the finest bit of country in the world. The bitches revelled in the grass, and flying over the large grazing-grounds, never gave their fox a chance, and killed him at Norton Hall, having beaten the horses fair and square all the way. On the 16th, at Bredon Hill, a pretty 40 minutes to ground with the first fox, and a good hunting run of 2 hours, over a rough country, brought the second one to hand.

The chief feature of the month in another part of the county appears to have taken place on the 23rd, when Lord Fitzhardinge brought his hounds by invitation to meet at Andoversford. The fact of the Berkeley hounds revisiting their own country was alone sufficient to ensure a large attendance, and the popularity of the present Lord being at least equal to that of his predecessors, who gained such celebrity on the Cotswold Hills, rendered the muster on this occasion a veritable bumper. Notwithstanding a wet, tempestuous morning, there were some fifteen hundred people of all sorts at the meet, and, despite the elements, this noted pack had an opportunity of showing what they could do against every disadvantage. Finding their first fox in a field close to Compton Grove, they took him at a merry pace by Casey Compton and across the brook through Withington and Chedworth to Star Wood, where the hounds divided: time, about thirty-eight minutes. The day concluded with a bad fox from Prison Coppice, near Northleach, who, with the hounds close at him, went straight away to some farm buildings, where he was killed and eaten.

In Leicestershire Mr. Tailby is having wonderful sport; and the condition in which Goodall brings out his hounds is the admiration of every one. Foxes have never run straighter than this season, and seem to select the very best lines in the country.

December 28th.—Met at Burton Overy. Found in Glenn Oaks, and had a very pretty 20 minutes, without a check, to Stoughton. Found second fox in Norton Gorse, and ran for 25 minutes without a check or turn, at best pace, past Houghton, Bushby, and Thurnby, to Evington.

January 9th.—Launde Abbey. Ground covered with snow, and frost very severe; but nothing stops Mr. Tailby, and having waited an hour, proceeded to draw Loddington Wood, where they killed a fox, and had a good hunting run of an hour, losing eventually at Skeffington Vale. Found again at Rolleston, and ran at a racing pace past Noseley, Goadby, Hallaton, Blaston, over Blaston Pastures, leaving Holt on the right, to Great Easton, where they lost at dark. This was a very fine run, ten miles from point to point, and as straight as a line.

January 11th.—Rolleston. Found at once, and ran fast to Stanton Wood, past Glooston, Cranoe, Slawston, nearly to Holt. Found again in Langton Candell, ran to Welham, over the Welland to Weston Ashley, by Brampton to Dingley to ground in the Pytchley country.

January 13th.—Burrow-on-the-Hill. Found in the Punch Bowl, came away past Dalby Hall, Gartree Hill, Great Dalby, Kirby, across the Wreake to Welby, in the Quorn country. A very good run; but unfortunately the fox crossed the Wreake at a place impracticable to horses. Had to journey twelve miles back to draw Owston Wood, the nearest cover, so the day was nearly over on arrival there.

January 16th.—Tugby. Found directly in Tugby Wood; ran through Loddington and Launde Wood to Launde Park, away at the lower end to Cole's Lodge, turned along the brook-side past Withcote, through Launde and Skeffington Woods, where they forced their fox clear of the woodlands, and ran very hard across the Tilton road to Cold Newton Hills, turned to the left past Billesdon Coplow, across the Leicester road at Houghton Turnpike, over the Billesdon Brook to Frishy, Ashlands, on to Rolleston, where they rolled him over in one of the large pastures. From Launde Park Wood the hounds never checked; and but a small proportion out of an immense field saw this severe run, which lasted nearly two hours. It is impossible to say too much in praise of the performance of the bitch pack this day. Through the woods at first, and subsequently in the open, they ran as if tied to their fox, and appeared at the finish to be ready to do all over again.

January 20th.—Ridlington. Found in Wardley Wood, and were out at the top in one minute, racing over the Uppingham road down the severe valley by Quaker's Lodge to Ridlington, and then at a great pace along the large pastures to Launde Park Wood, one turn round the cover and away again, close to their fox, to Belton over the hill to Leigh Lodge, along the brook nearly to Manton, where they came to the first check. Goodall hit him off at once, crossed the brook to Preston, leaving Ayston on the right, down the valley nearly to Glaston Gorse, turned under Granby Lodge, where a fresh fox jumped up and saved the hunted one's life, as the hounds could not be stopped. This run was over the best line of Mr. Tailby's wild country. Frank Goodall has been, as our hunting readers are aware, in want of a situation for next season; but one of his sort and name has not to wait long. Frank, who is brother of Will Goodall, the excellent first whip of the Belvoir, and of Stephen, now huntsman to the Heythrop, came to Mr. Tailby from the Cottesmore, and has won golden opinions from every one in Leicestershire; he is going to the Pytchley. Mr. Tailby will hunt his country next season himself two days a week.

The Pytchley have had some capital sport lately, despite the rough weather, which is fast making this fine country in places almost unfit to ride over. We regret to say that Mr. Craven met with an accident on the 20th, which will keep him a close prisoner for some time. He got a bad fall over some high and stiff rails, near Mowsley, breaking one collar bone and cracking the other—a rather singular double event. It is uncertain whether Mr. Craven will go on with the hounds after this season. Some members of the hunt appear to wish for a change in the staff, but nothing is settled at present—though, probably, Roake will want a new situation. The Quorn also require a new huntsman.

From Yorkshire comes the bad news that Sir George Wombwell resigns the mastership of the York and Ainsty at the end of the season. Taking the hounds in 1869, when the terrible calamity which deprived the country of the services of Sir Charles Slingsby occurred, Sir George Wombwell has had many difficulties to contend against, but has overcome them by tact and energy, and now lays down his office to the very great regret of every one, leaving to his successor, whoever he may be, everything made to his hand—a good pack of hounds, a good huntsman, and a country well stocked with foxes, without an enemy to fox-hunting in it. Tom Squires has made himself very popular, and greatly distinguished himself by killing his foxes in a most workmanlike manner. He is a good horseman, too, and has cattle under him hard to beat. Of course the question of a successor to Sir George is being much canvassed, and one or two names have been mentioned, Mr. G. Lowther, Lord Downe,

Colonel Fairfax, &c. ; but the first-named is, we believe, first favourite, though whether he would consent to take the hounds is uncertain. York is full of hunting men ; the 5th Dragoon Guards are quartered there, and Captain Pritchard, Captain Kennedy, and Mr. Trotter are as much to the front as they were last season with the Atherstone and the Pytchley. Lord Middleton had a good day on the 16th, 33 minutes, from Marr Whiu to Settrington Wood, and after that two hours' slow hunting. Earlier in the month, on the 6th, there was a quick 40 minutes, from Coneysthorpe Banks across the open nearly to Malton, and then over the road down to the Malton and Thirsk Railway, to ground in a drain. On non-hunting days, which are rare, by-the-way, except when frost interferes, the Yorkshire Gun Club provides sports for its members ; and their southern friends will be glad to learn that, in spite of the Dean of York's 'good-nature' and Cathedral interference, they have opened their new ground and pavilion near the barracks, and hope for a good season and the oiliest rocks. For this they are indebted to Captain Key, who, in the most spirited manner, has placed the ground at their disposal, and built the pavilion himself.

Farther north news comes to us from the Hurworth that the country is 'almost bottomless'—a truly awful state of things ; and yet Mr. Cookson manages to show sport, and has had some splendid runs, though we hear they want blood very much. Before the country got into the state it has this last month, they had some very quick things, when the foxes beat the hounds, and the hounds beat the horses ; but how many of the latter are *bors-de-combat* from what they call up there, 'clay burnt,' better known in the south as 'mud fever.' It is to be hoped the plague of rain and waters will cease, or there will be no sport worth having or recording. In spite of the weather, Croft is lively, however, and there are several new-comers to the Spa Hotel.

And we wind up our budget with some far south Devonshire notes, where Lord Portsmouth has been having capital sport ; and an M.F.H., on what we may term the half-pay list, bears testimony to the excellence of men, horses, and hounds. On the 29th and 30th of December they had good runs ; the first-named day from Meeth Gate, a pretty find in a hanging gorse, hunted him nicely about seven miles through lots of big coverts, and at last got to ground at Castle Hill, where some terriers were produced, who barked a good deal, but did nothing else. On the next day they had a clipping 55 minutes without a check, and killed in the open with the small pack—a very clever lot. Charles Littleworth, the huntsman, is a quick, active fellow, and Sam Morgan is a very good whip. They are mounted on little horses, or, rather, well-bred ponies, none of them over 15 hands, and they get about the hills like cats. On the 4th of this month, too, they had a capital day, and killed a brace of foxes after good runs (the last 1 hour and 25 minutes) with each. The foxes are wild animals in that part of the world, and take a deal of killing. We are happy to hear that the 'King of Devon,' the Rev. John Russell, is looking and going strong and well. May his reign be still long. We regret to say that Lord Poltimore gives up his hounds at the end of the season—a great loss.

By-the-way, a question was asked the other day in the field as to what was the correct costume to be worn in the hunting field by a man in mourning, and if a piece of crape on the left arm of a scarlet coat, as worn by officers in the army, was correct. The answer was that in the shires a black coat was the right thing, but that lately one mourner in the midland counties had evinced his grief for the departed by putting the crop and thong of his whip in the deepest mourning, and, not content with crape, had also mounted black spurs ! We would venture to suggest to this gentleman, whoever he may be, that one

thing is yet wanted to crown the edifice ; and that if for the rest of the season, discarding dog-cart or brougham, he would come to the meet in a mourning-coach, he would be fulfilling the proprieties in a way that would leave nothing to be desired.

Culpable would be the omission were we to say no word of farewell over the grave of poor Harry King. How popular was his life, how appreciated his services, even coming after those of a Charles Davis, the press has already testified ; our own acquaintance with him bore a personal character, and we deplore his loss not alone in the light of a public servant of thirty-five years' standing. It is a responsible and difficult post to fill, that of Huntsman to her Majesty's Buckhounds, more difficult now-a-days than in the bygone times of Chesterfield and D'Orsay. Now we want a man who must combine the obedience of a servant with the self-respect and firmness which may cope with the ignorance and assurance of an Easter Monday field at Maidenhead Thicket. Poor Harry knew this well—knew it, and acted up to his duty quietly and conscientiously. Well did he appreciate the characters of the two masters under whose successive rules he served, differing indeed in politics, but equally laudable as sportsmen and gentlemen. 'He never forgot,' said Harry, in allusion to one of them, 'that he was a nobleman, and that I was a servant.'

Space will not allow us to do more than glance at his doings in the field or in the kennel. We never saw him so well mounted as on Pantaloon, a horse by Hobbie Noble, that he rode for many years, and one that could not only gallop but stay ; he was also a very brilliant fencer, and a ride over the Harrow country on his back, such as on the famous occasion of their running from Denham to Willesden Junction in one hour and a quarter, was a thing not to be forgotten. Well do we remember the finish of that chase, poor Harry King, Shirley, George Fordham, and Stevey, with two others, the only ones actually with hounds in the last field, ere the newly-named deer, Harrow Boy, succumbed, after running an eleven-mile point as the crow flies. But it was in the kennel as much as out of it that the late huntsman will be missed. He loved his hounds, and made the most perfect friends of them : there was always a bit of biscuit to mark his approbation, while even an offender found a crumb of comfort after the infliction of punishment. 'It is,' said Harry, 'somebody for them to come to in the hour of trouble—like coming home.' There is an anecdote of him when whip to the Atherstone, which, we believe, may be relied on. He one day had a bad fall into a very deep ditch, his horse on the top of him, and Harry's head between his hind-legs. Unable to move, and with no assistance at hand, it was a question of speedy suffocation, when, taking out his knife, he *hamstrung* the horse.

His end was somewhat sudden. Only a short time previously he had said that his nerve was as good as ever, and his judgment better.' But we were not destined to keep him long with us, and we carried to the quiet churchyard one of whom we can truly say that he left behind him not an enemy in the world.

In the December 'Van' we noticed the death of 'young Jack Story, of 'Lockington,' and now have to record the demise of his father. On the death of the then Marquis of Hastings, in 1844, Mr. Story became Master of the Donington hounds, and was subsequently assisted in the management by Sir Seymour Blane. He was as well known, too, with the Quorn as any member of the hunt ; and, much sought after and very popular, he may be said to have 'lived his life and played the game all round.' Perhaps, too, he would have freely admitted

'That the best of the fun  
He owed it to horse and hound.'

One of the Old Surrey men, Mr. Henry Scott, well known in the time when Mr. Haig was master, has also departed. He was one of the best and straightest goers, too, with the Surrey Staghounds in their palmiest days (1832 to 1842). Nothing was too big for him; and it is remembered that he once took nine gates in a run, seven of which were consecutive.

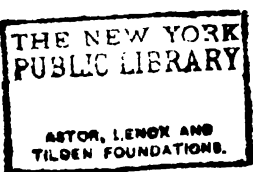
During the illness of the late Lord Brownlow, Mr. Scott undertook the mastership of one of the best packs of harriers in the country—a pack which was unfortunately dispersed at his lordship's death. Mr. Scott will be much missed in the neighbourhood of Croydon, where he had kept horses for forty years.

The announcement of a match between two amateurs, for a large stake, over one hundred yards of ground, being on the *tapis*, has for some time past nightly filled the West-End Clubs, where the fast Young England of the age do chiefly congregate, and has formed the subject of much conversation and an immense amount of wagering both inside and out those walls. The original stakes, although currently reported to be no less than 'a monkey,' had better be put down as the unknown quantity represented by  $x$ ; and the bets consequent thereon are equally past finding out. The articles were, however, scarcely dry when Mr. Sadlier's principal backer clenched the matter by laying 500 to 400 on him, after which sign of what might be expected, the betting was nearly even until the morning of the race. To hark back a little, a word about the previous performances of the competitors may be interesting. Mr. H. N. Tennant's had been actually *nil*, for he has, as far as can be ascertained, never before toed the mark in public, and in his only attempt in private was defeated. He, however, comes of running blood, being own brother to Mr. W. M. Tennant and Mr. H. A. Tennant, whose pedestrian accomplishments are too well known to require recapitulation; and it was whispered that he possessed a fair share of the family speed. Mr. W. N. Sadlier, formerly an officer in the Carabineers, had been out before. Last year he ran two matches, one with Sir Charles Legard, the other with Sir Charles Nugent, in each of which he was hailed the victor somewhat easily. The morning of the race, Tuesday, was anything but an agreeable one. However, about noon the clouds cleared away, and a large crowd had assembled by two p.m. at the grounds of the Amateur Athletic Club, Lillie Bridge, the chief ingredients of which had a marked military appearance. There were several carriages on the ground; and a coach, hailing from the Arlington, conveyed to the scene of action Mr. Sadlier, the Marquis of Queensbury, and several other members of that club. Little time was wasted, and at half-past two, to the tick of the clock, the competitors appeared, and each took a preparatory spin. They both looked well, trained to perfection, Mr. Sadlier having been 'put through the mill' by Isaacs, while Mr. Tennant's tutor was Perry, of Kensington. The betting, which had been as nearly even as possible—Sadlier perhaps for choice—now underwent a most extraordinary change. Mr. Tennant's style was most liked, while, at the same time, the report of an extraordinary trial got wind, and the odds soon rose from 6 to 4 to 9 to 4, and in some cases even more, on Tennant. Mr. W. M. Chinnery started them; and at the first attempt they dashed away. Mr. Sadlier, being quickest from the slips, appeared to lead for the first forty yards, then he was joined by Mr. Tennant, who took the lead in the next twenty, and won very cleverly by about a couple of yards. The time was stated to be  $10\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, which must be considered good, especially taking into account the wretched weather.

We are very happy in thinking that the soldiers are coming back this year to their old quarters, and that the Grand Military will be run at Rugby, over as

good a course as can be seen anywhere, and which was laid out last year by Captain Henry Cotton. It is all grass, very little ridge and furrow, all the fences are cut fair and level, and, without being large, are quite strong enough to prevent a galloping impostor from getting half way round. As we have always, since we have driven the 'Van,' advocated the superior claims of this, 'one of the finest steeplechase courses in England,' and protested with all our might against a metropolitan meeting for our soldiers to perform over, whether at Windsor or elsewhere, we heartily wish them a brilliant meeting on that famous hill-side which has witnessed so many good contests and so many good fellow-performers thereon. The only drawback to Rugby is want of accommodation in the town. Of stabling there is plenty, but the one hotel is full of hunting men from the ground to the attics. Why does not the L. and N.W.R. build a good hotel at the station, with a ball-room therein, that might hold 250 people—which the present one does not? Not that it is at all an unpleasant thing to cram 250 people into a room just capable of holding 150. On the contrary, it is one of the things that go to make the delight of these county assemblies. Rugby was fully equal to the occasion the other night on the occurrence of its annual Hunt Ball, and there was the usual miscellaneous collection of men who hunt to dance, and the usual show of creamy leathers, Peel's boots, and tea roses at Coton House the next morning—a very great success indeed.

And fain would we dwell on another ball, though, alas! there was no 'meet' (at least that we are aware of) the next day—a ball given by the directress of the youngest and prettiest of the London theatres to celebrate the anniversary of its opening, where there were roses other than 'tea,' and rank, literature, and fashion 'trod the boards' with unaccustomed ease. The Royal Court was a very pretty sight on the night of the 25th (perhaps if we said the early morning of the 26th we should be more correct), when Miss Litton welcomed her guests to a ball-room that the short space of an hour had extemporized—a charming *salon* backed by the greenest forest, through which only a brief space before King Richard had given vent to his feelings in song, and Isaac of York had been guilty of breakdowns, where Rebecca had stormed, and the most gallant of Ivanhoes had come to the rescue. But though these shadows had vanished the substance of them remained, and the talent and beauty of the metropolitan stage were there in addition, to form a *tout ensemble* than which we do not remember anything more charming. Perhaps the prettiest sight was when, about two a.m., the green forest suddenly drew up, and disclosed a brilliantly lighted stage with a large *buffet* at the back and a number of little supper tables, each just holding a *parti carrée*; a *buffet* where everything was to be had for the asking, and supper tables where there was wit as well as good things. How the evening, or, rather, morning sped; how the limelight shed its beams on the Danube River (which somehow got mixed up in the programme); and how the first gleam of London fog which is our present substitute for the sun broke in upon the pleasant festival, may be conceived, but we must not say. Perhaps we have said too much already about what was a private party, but our fair hostess (and she more than held her own among that press of beauty and bright forms) will forgive us, we hope. At this dull season of the year anything out-of-the-way charming and *piquante* deserves a record, however slight and unworthy, and so 'Baily' must perforce mention that night in Sloane Square.





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J. H. Mayland



# THE HISTORY OF THE

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### JOHN COUPLAND, ESQ.

THE subject of our present sketch, Mr. John Coupland—to whose life-like portrait we desire to call especial attention, as one of the happiest efforts of our artist—is of a Cheshire family, and, born in 1834, spent some seven or eight years of his early youth in India, where his sporting tastes having been developed in his boyhood, when he rode in steeplechase matches over Aintree, he soon established at Bombay a pack of hounds, which, in lack of foxes, hunted jackals and anything else they could find. On his return to England he regularly hunted in Cheshire with the Cheshire hounds, as well as of those of Sir Watkin Wynn; and during this time it was that Mr. Coupland imbibed his taste for the *science* of hunting, and picked up that knowledge, which has since stood him in such good stead, from the precepts and practices of Walker, Sir Watkin's well-known huntsman, than whom a better master could not have been found. In 1869, on the retirement of Mr. Musters, he took the Quorn, hunting that gentleman's hounds for one season, and then purchasing the Craven pack from Mr. George Willes, who had just given them up. Mr. Willes, during his mastership, had taken great pains with their breeding, and Mr. Coupland was able to bring a pack into Leicestershire showing some of the best blood in the country. He has done right well with them—not so well this season as last, for the scent has not been on the whole so good, and foxes have taken to lying out—but he has hunted the country thoroughly, the bad parts as well as the good, not favouring a popular meet or shirking a bad one, riding boldly to hounds, always in the first flight, sparing no expense where horseflesh is concerned, and his servants are mounted as himself. One commendable virtue is punctuality—not always, we fancy, practised by some past masters—and this Mr. Coupland possesses in a remarkable degree. There may be ten minutes' law, but beyond that there is no waiting, and the hounds are put into covert be late Meltonians there or not. In the management of his field—and a Quorn field was a difficulty even in the good old days—Mr. Coupland exhibits great tact and temper, and with but one object in view—to be a master not in name alone, but in reality; understanding

the duties of the post as well as its rights, he is content to work for that sole aim, the promotion of sport. Mr. Coupland is a very fine horseman, and a famous judge, popular with all classes, and a trump card of the well-known John Darby, of Rugby, of whom he is a capital customer.

The Master of the Quorn is a well-known whip, a member of the Coaching Club, and his drag a familiar one in the Park in the season. The four handsome chesnuts comprising Lord Carington's team, so well known and so much admired at meets of the C. C., were bought by his Lordship from Mr. Coupland. In the steeple-chase world Mr. Coupland's name is well known. He has ridden at Hoylake, and had one or two good cross-country horses, among them Stanton, an old flat performer, Bannockburn, who beat Brick and Walterstown at Birmingham, Roundtext, a good one among hunters, and others.

Mr. Coupland married, five years since, Mrs. C. F. Webster, a daughter of Sir Henry Calder, and granddaughter of the first Earl of Limerick. Mrs. Coupland does not hunt, but shares her husband's skill and fondness for driving.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

### THE SINNINGTON, SIR HARCOURT JOHNSTONE'S, AND THE CLEVELAND.

'ANOTHER pack of which I must tell you,' continued our friend, 'is the Sinnington, which claims to be, and I believe with reason, the oldest in England. Here we have still a good example of the way in which our forefathers conducted sport when there was no local magnate to bear the brunt of the expense in providing it for them, as the hounds are trencher fed, or, in other words, instead of a subscription towards the expenses each yeoman and farmer keeps a hound or two, as the case may be. The huntsman lives at Kirby Moorside, which, I suppose, we must designate as the head-quarters of the "Sinnington Hoont," where there is a small kennel, and, the day before hunting, goes round and collects his pack. Of course no feeding is wanted that evening, and he only has to take them to the meet the next day, find his fox, and kill him. The sport over, he troubles no further, but just rides home again; and one of the most amusing sights I ever witnessed is to see the independent manner in which his pack take their different routes. They by no chance go beyond the right turn of the road, but will stop in twos, threes, or singly (as the case may be), sit up on their haunches a few minutes, and watch him, as if to make sure that he does not intend to draw again, and, when satisfied on this point, put their sterns over their backs and trot leisurely off. By the time he reaches Kirby Moorside, he is entirely deserted, save by a few whose quarters are in and about

‘ that place. Some of them frequently have to go as far as fifteen miles alone, but they are seldom or never lost, and no instance is known of their killing sheep or doing mischief on the road.’

‘ How very extraordinary !’

‘ Yes, men accustomed to see hounds turned out in the style of the Duke of Beaufort’s or Lord Yarborough’s would scarcely believe it possible to hunt in this way ; nevertheless, it proves there is no royal road to sport, as few packs can show a better average of runs than the Sinnington, taking into consideration the country they hunt over.’

‘ I suppose it is a rough one ?’

‘ Very, being composed of dingles, woods, and steep hills, while part of it lies on the moors, where, at times, they find wild foxes that run the horses clean out of sight, and the hounds are not heard of for a day or two. Their low country is rather lost for the want of a few more coverts, or else there is a pretty bit to ride over round Normanby Bridge and Marton. The boundaries, I believe, have never been changed, and the hunt is formed in the shape of the letter V ; it is bounded eastwards by Lord Middleton’s and Sir Harcourt Johnstone’s, somewhere about Pickering, and westward by the Rye, nominally, but, practically, they can go as far as they like, even to Thirsk.’

‘ Who was the first master ?’

‘ I am afraid all record is lost, and the earliest I have been able to make out is Mr. Wells of Pickering, who hunted the country for some years, and at that time had part of the old Hambleton, which was the hill country above Thirsk, of which Mr. Fred Bell was the last master, whose huntsman, Thomas Swalwell, is still to be seen out with the Bedale on a young one : Mr. Marshall succeeded him, and his huntsman was George Brown, who carried the horn for sixteen seasons, and was presented with a testimonial on retiring, and was succeeded, in 1837, by John Atkinson.

‘ During this time Mr. John Abbey, Mr. R. Hill of Thornton, who hunted Sir H. Johnstone’s country, and Mr. C. Dowker were going with them, also Mr. Kendal, uncle of the present master.

‘ In the year 1840, Mr. W. Ewbank of Terrington, a racing man, was going. Mr. Marshall of Railton, Mr. Shepherd of Douthwaite Dale, Mr. Ellerby, of Salton, and Mr. Cowen, who kept the hotel at Helmsley.

‘ We also find Sir Thomas Legard of Duncombe Park, Lord Nevill, now Earl of Abergavenny, who lived at Woodhall, Mr. Mark Foulis, who went more with Sir Tatton Sykes, Mr. Cayley of Wydale, Mr. Strickland of Hildenley, also well known with the Holderness, Sir John Johnstone, who has divided his favours between many packs, John Woodall of Scarborough, E. Hebden of Scarborough, who has now hunted for many years, Nesfield of Scarborough, and Colonel (now General) Malcolm.

‘ E. S. Wormald succeeded Mr. Kendall, and after him came Mr. W. Worsley of Hovingham Hall, who hunted from Sinnington

‘ to the sea, and was master until about 1866, when Mr. Tom Kendall of Sinnington Hall took the post, which he still holds.

‘ The present huntsman, John, or, as he is more generally called Old Jack Parker, came in 1850, and is a specimen of the old-fashioned rough-and-ready type of huntsman, now but seldom seen. Standing six feet high or upwards, though an old man, he is as wiry and muscular as ever, and is a sportsman to the backbone; to use his own expression, he “comes of a fighting family, and was a bit wild when he was young,” and polished off some rum customers; though the licking a navvy, with whom he fell out at Thirsk Races, and knocked out of time when they subsequently met in a couple of rounds, he considers his greatest *coup*, and dwells on that mill with the fondest recollections. No quainter bit of character can be dropped on, than when Jack’s favourite “mountain dew” has mellowed him a little to hear him fight his battles o’er again. Mr. Digby Cayley has often taken him salmon-fishing, as he is quite an expert in all piscatorial matters; and on one occasion, when wandering by the river side at Kelso, he was collared by two keepers as a poacher. Jack submitted like a lamb to her shearers, until, after a two-mile walk, his master was reached, when, exclaiming “There’s my master, and I go no farther!” he hurled them off, and put himself into such a scientific attitude that they concluded, in spite of the odds, to let well alone, and abandon the idea of taking him to Kelso, so that his scientific attainments astonished the Tweed-side natives as much as his peculiar form of head-gear, of which they say they have seen none like it either before or since. He is a capital shot, and with an old flint gun holds his own at all local pigeon matches, and likes seeing a couple of game cocks settle their differences as much as he enjoyed a mill himself years ago; and I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which he expressed his wish to myself that his “wife Nelly” was present when we talked the subject over, with a couple of red hackles, “just to show you how she can set them.” Nelly is as game as her lord and master, and, a few years ago, would ride Jack’s horse round *en cavalier*, when he was not inclined for the job, and gather the hounds from their different quarters. She always does up the nags after hunting—latterly, I believe, assisted by her daughter, who, at one time, delighted in nothing more than giving Tip, by Duc an Dhurras, a gallop, and warmly remonstrated with her father on one occasion because he would not allow her to wear spurs. But, as Jack told us a couple of years ago, “She’s gotten’ over old for those kind of things, you know, now, sir.” The said Tip would carry no one but Jack or “the lassie,” and was a thundering big sixteen-two Irish horse that could jump a tower. He once topped a wall of Lord Feversham’s, built to keep the deer back. And when Jack was on the road from Thirsk to Northallerton, settled a dispute with the ‘pike woman by treating her gate in the same cavalier fashion; though, with tears in her eyes, the old lady begged Jack

‘ to desist, and said she would let him through free rather than he should risk his neck in the attempt. While the foxes are at rest in the summer months Parker keeps his hand in at the badgers; and, strange to say, his hounds will not speak to a fox when so engaged, and throw quite a different note when hunting “Brock.” Perhaps of the two he likes better to get away with Mr. Galtow’s otter-hounds, and swears “there never was such music heard as that.” At the hound show at York Lord Poltimore very much wanted to see him, and was duly introduced by Mr. Parrington, when Jack held out his hand and said, “I am very glad to see you;” then they got on famously, in spite of the desperately broad Yorkshire dialect in which Jack indulges, making an interpreter all but a necessity when he fraternizes with a South-countryman. His Lordship wanted to hear a real Yorkshire view-holloo—then, by Jove, Jack shouted and gave him one! No doubt Jack is the character of the age amongst huntsmen, and when he’s gone we ne’er shall look upon his like again.

‘ Between 1860 and the present time we find the following men hunting with the Sinnington, and most of them were present in a great run of over thirty miles from Stablers Wood in 1863. Hon. W. E. Duncombe, M.P., of Duncombe Park, now Lord Feversham, Mr. Thomas Kendall of Pickering, Mr. R. F. Harding of Pickering, Mr. J. Watson, Mr. Sowersby, Mr. J. Isherwood, Mr. R. Ellerby of Salton, the late Mr. W. Brand of Salton, Mr. Stephen Robson of Windlebeck, Mr. Wright, Mr. Grunden, also a farmer, Mr. George Lister, Mr. Robert Russell of Sproxton, Mr. F. Garbutt, Mr. W. Muzzeen of South Holme, and Mr. B. Muzzeen of South Holme, Mr. W. F. Barwick of Lund Head, and Mr. Horseman. Nor must I forget little Tom Ellerby, on his St. Beñnett pony, which he rode without stirrups, and, no matter what the country or the fence, there was Tom. No doubt now he has outgrown the pony and arrived at the dignity of stirrups; but he will never have a better nag or ride straighter than he did when I saw him in 1869. He was called the best rider in the hunt, and fairly deserved the title.

‘ In 1870 we find Mr. Wm. Willis, Mr. W. Fenwick of Ravenswick Park, and Captain Duncombe of Newton Hall, going well. The principal supporter is Lord Feversham, who owns nearly all the land they hunt over; and Mr. Darley also helps them.

‘ Is Sir Harcourt Johnstone’s an old country?’

‘ Mr. Richard Hill of Thornton Hall, near Pickering, began to keep hounds there in 1810, and up to his death, in 1858, hunted the district from Howe Bridge, near Malton, to Filey in the East Riding, and for a considerable number of years, by permission of Sir Tatton Sykes, hunted a portion of the Wold country from Sherburn to Hunmanby, which was given up when Mr. Wilmoughby, now Lord Middleton, took the country.

‘ Mr. Hill was a sort of second Sir Tatton Sykes, a regular old English gentleman, and noted for driving a piebald tandem. His first huntsman was John Booth, who was also his keeper; and his whip was Bob Hecklefield, who afterwards went to the Hurworth. On the death of Mr. Hill, the hounds were hunted by Mr. John Hill, his son, with a subscription, for three or four years, when he sold them to Lord Euston, now Duke of Grafton. They were bred from Mr. Osbaldeston’s blood, who was a great friend of Mr. Hill, and called the Thornton.

‘ Going at that time were Sir John Vanden Johnstone, father of the present master, Rev. S. R. Hill of Thornton Hall, one of the best sportsmen that ever crossed a horse, though now seldom seen in the saddle, Sir Digby Cayley of Brompton, Mr. John Baker of Ebberston, and Mr. Thomas Candler of West Ayton, two very old subscribers to the hunt; while from Scarborough were Messrs. Fife, Chaplin, Jessop, Cadman, and many men who hunt with Lord Middleton. Although no hunting men reside on the estates of Lord Londesborough and Lord Downe, there is no lack of foxes, although game is abundant.

‘ In 1862 Mr. Harcourt Johnstone took the country, started a new pack, and built kennels at Snainton, which is a more central position than Thornton. At first he hunted them himself; then Dick Christian, a nephew of old Dick, hunted them for three seasons, Stephen Shepherd, from the Bedale, being whip. Afterwards, Mr. John Hill hunted the hounds.

‘ The country goes up on the north-west as far as Crofton Bank, on the south to How Bridge, near Malton, and in the East Riding as far as Filey.

‘ Having told you all I can of the other Yorkshire packs, I will now close the account of the county of broad acres with a description of the Cleveland, another trencher-fed pack, like the Sinnington, but not boasting of quite the same antiquity as that hunt. In fact, the Cleveland country was originally hunted by Sir Charles Turner of Kirkleatham, about 1767, who rambled over this and the adjoining countries before the Hurworth was established; and he once had a great run from Airyholme to Kilton, with a fox called Old Cæsar, and another, from the same place, with Young Cæsar, who was killed at Roseberry Topping. This was the day that John Maynard of Harsey endeavoured to beat his old antagonist, Willy Ward of Neasham, who, it is said, once cried when his horse was tired and could go no farther. The Cleveland Hounds were first regularly established by John Andrews, a Kentish man, who located in Cleveland in the old smuggling times, who might well have sat to Mr. Surtees for his sketch of Michael Hardy; and things were conducted pretty much in the manner described in the opening chapters of “Handley Cross;” and in 1819, it is said that the field consisted of Old John, Young John, Tom, and the hounds, with John Parrington



‘ and a few others. The Young John here alluded to succeeded  
‘ his father (in fact, the hounds were in the family for three genera-  
‘ tions), built the kennels, and had a wonderful knack of dropping  
‘ down deep places. The history of the pack was given me, in the  
‘ following words, by one who knew them from boyhood :

‘ “ The Cleveland—originally the Roxby Hounds, or the ‘ Rousby  
‘ “ dogs,’ as they are more irreverently called—were hunted by the  
‘ “ dalesmen on foot: chasing hare one day and fox the other—  
‘ “ were established, under the mastership of the late John Andrew,  
‘ “ in 1817, who hunted them eighteen years, when he was suc-  
‘ “ ceeded by his son, usually called Young John, who was master  
‘ “ for twenty years, when he died, and his son Tom took the horn in  
‘ “ 1855, and hunted them with considerable success, till last season,  
‘ “ when declining health compelled him to give it up, and he only  
‘ “ survived his resignation a few weeks; when Mr. J. T. Wharton  
‘ “ of Skelton Castle took the management of affairs.

‘ “ The Cleveland Hounds have, until recent years, been carried  
‘ “ on by a most limited subscription. The hounds were trencher-  
‘ “ fed—none at all being kept in kennel during the summer, and  
‘ “ only a very few couples during the season. The practice was for a  
‘ “ boy, on a pony, to gather them from their quarters every Wednes-  
‘ “ day and Saturday to hunt on the Thursdays and Mondays. The  
‘ “ hounds knew by instinct when the day’s sport was over, and the  
‘ “ outlying ones took themselves off to their respective quarters as the  
‘ “ pack journeyed homewards. The late Henry Vansittart of Kirk-  
‘ “ leatham Hall, the owner of Perion (who bred Van Tromp and the  
‘ “ Flying Dutchman, which he sold to Lord Eglintoun), was a warm  
‘ “ supporter, as was also the late Colonel Hildyard of Stokesley.  
‘ “ Two better sportsmen never breathed. But the greatest amount  
‘ “ of support was given by the farmers in the district, all of whom  
‘ “ were sportsmen. The Cleveland foxes were celebrated for their  
‘ “ stoutness and gameness; for, although the country was never  
‘ “ stopped, it was not often a fox went to ground: they seemed to  
‘ “ know by instinct they would be dug out if they did so. On one  
‘ “ occasion, a fox was run to earth in one of the strongholds in the  
‘ “ Roxby country; the verdict was, ‘ Have him out!’ So they set  
‘ “ to work to drift for him. This operation can only be done in  
‘ “ sand; a man takes a trowel, following the direction of the earth  
‘ “ and lying on his stomach, scoops a passage for himself, always  
‘ “ being careful to make the top of the earth the roof of the tunnel;  
‘ “ the sand is pushed back behind him, and taken away by a comrade  
‘ “ following. In the instance above alluded to the leading explorer  
‘ “ did not get to the fox until he had reached a point nine men’s  
‘ “ lengths from the entrance to the earth!

‘ “ The discovery of iron-stone in the Cleveland hills, and the  
‘ “ numerous mines opened, have almost turned the country upside-  
‘ “ down—or, rather, inside-out. Where strong coverts existed  
‘ “ a few years ago, away from the haunts of man, now the ground

“ is covered by iron foundries, and thickly populated. Saltburn-  
 “ by-thé-Sea, now a populous watering-place, had then no ex-  
 “ istence; Middlesborough, counting its forty thousand inha-  
 “ bitants, was a solitary farm in 1828, where the foxes had a  
 “ favourite breeding earth, and were well taken care of. It was  
 “ the practice of the Cleveland Hunt to begin the season at  
 “ Middlesbro’, where they always found one litter of cubs at least  
 “ in Mr. Parrington’s turnips.

“ Young John Andrew, as he was called, was a capital  
 “ horseman in his day; and his son Tom was equally good, and  
 “ knew every inch of the country. A Cleveland farmer could  
 “ hold his own in any country; and, a few years ago, such men as  
 “ the Peirsons of Thornton Fields, the Petch’s of Liverton, the  
 “ Parringtons of Middlesborough, were bad to beat; but undoubtedly  
 “ the most brilliant man of that day was the Rev. John Newton  
 “ of Kirby, who, though living in Cleveland, was equally celebrated  
 “ in the Bedale and Hurworth countries. Mr. Newton still lives  
 “ at Kirby Vicarage, beloved and esteemed by the whole neigh-  
 “ bourhood. Amongst the many famous sportsmen Cleveland can  
 “ claim as her sons—but now, alas! gone from us—may be men-  
 “ tioned the two Healeys of Stokesley, familiarly known as Jack  
 “ and Bill; Mr. Dryden of Normanby, popularly called Conny  
 “ Dryden, and George Peters of Larpool.

“ The Cleveland Hounds have had many marvellous runs;  
 “ perhaps the most extraordinary was with the ‘white fox,’ on the  
 “ 7th of December, 1848; when they ran him through at least a  
 “ dozen parishes, and killed him at Carlton, in Cleveland, after a  
 “ run of three hours and a half, without a check. Not one of the  
 “ field saw the finish; the huntsman and two or three others  
 “ struggled on the line, till they came up with the hounds, so dis-  
 “ tressed that, after killing their fox, they laid down around him.  
 “ There was incontestable proof that they had not changed: for  
 “ there lay the ‘white fox;’ and to this day his head may be seen  
 “ in Kirkleatham Hall.”

‘ Now tell me some of the leading men with these hounds.’

‘ Mr. Vansittart has been already mentioned, and Colonel Hild-  
 ‘ yard of Stokesley—who had the best horses in the country—kept a  
 ‘ perfect pack of harriers, and used to hunt fox now and then as well  
 ‘ as hare, and had great sport. Tom Salmon—afterwards with the  
 ‘ Hurworth—was his huntsman for many years, Edward Pullen of  
 ‘ Skinningrove, Sir William Foulis of Ingleby Manor, Mr. Arthur  
 ‘ Newcomen, who married Mr. Vansittart’s daughter.

‘ Then, in 1852, Lord de Lisle and Dudley of Ingleby Manor,  
 ‘ Mr. John Thomas Wharton of Skelton Castle, who has, this season,  
 ‘ assumed the mastership, on his opening day, at a public breakfast,  
 ‘ made a long speech on hunting, so much to the point that it ought to  
 ‘ have been printed in letters of gold, Watson Dixon, a yeoman,  
 ‘ of Marton, who acted as secretary, Major Elwon of Skutterskelfe,

‘ the Petch’s, already mentioned ; as were the Parringtons, and the  
‘ Rev. John Newton, who was going well a year or two ago. He  
‘ had a famous horse called The Dancing Master, which never  
‘ walked in his life, Bob Brunton of Marton, near Middlesborough,  
‘ who rides a good sort of horse, and is a nailer to hounds ; he is  
‘ now riding Joe Bennett, the four-year old with which he won the  
‘ 60*l.* prize at York show last year, and the tempting offer of 450*l.*  
‘ will not induce him to part with him. Now going with them are  
‘ Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen of Kirkleatham Hall, Mr. Isaac Wilson,  
‘ the great ironmaster, of Nunthorpe Hall, Mr. Thomas Vaughan of  
‘ Gunnergate Hall, Mr. Anthony Maynard, now of Newton Hall,  
‘ in the Durham county, a judge at the Royal Agricultural Shows,  
‘ Robert Colling, who has a farm at Rye Hills, near Marske.  
‘ Besides these, there are a lot of farmers, among whom we may  
‘ mention Mr. G. Robinson of Marton, Mr. T. Proud of Yearby,  
‘ Mr. Jackson of Normanby, Mr. J. Worllis of Coatham, not  
‘ forgetting Mr. Jack Walton of Acklam, who, on a grey by  
‘ Saunterer, goes as straight as an arrow, and when a fox is killed  
‘ will almost eat him himself, and many come from the Durham side,  
‘ and from Stockton-on-Tees.

‘ Not very long ago, at a meet of these hounds at Newby, for  
‘ Saymer Whin, a favourite covert, two or three men drove up  
‘ in a cart ; the pony was immediately whipped out of his harness,  
‘ a saddle and bridle clapped on his back, when the driver hunted  
‘ him for the rest of the day. This you would not see out of  
‘ Cleveland.’

‘ What is the nature of the country ?’

‘ It is both grass and plough, but chiefly plough ; on the hills, grass ;  
‘ in the vales, plough, and the best part is about Seamer and New-  
‘ ham. Guisborough is about their head-quarters. There is also a nice  
‘ slice of low country stretching from Redcar to Stokesley and Llambe.  
‘ The Sinnington once ran over it, when they finished near Roseberry  
‘ with only Jack Parker near them, and they slept out all that night.  
‘ The kennels are at Skelton, and the best coverts are Seamer, and  
‘ Newham, Lackenby Whin, and Kirkleatham Whins ; the rest  
‘ is all woods and gills or ravines.

‘ No one stops at Whitby, Redcar, or Saltburn-by-the-Sea for  
‘ hunting, as the neighbouring country is so very wild ; but at the  
‘ last place the Zerland Hotel can be recommended. Nor should  
‘ any one go to Kirby Moorside, unless he is inclined to put up with  
‘ accommodation about as good as he could get in a shepherd’s hut  
‘ in the bush. Should fate drop him there, he will find the Tontine  
‘ the best house as regards civility and comfort.’

## A DECADE OF TURF CRACKS.

*(Concluded from p. 203.)*

NEVER did a more brilliant field contest the Althorp Park Stakes than in 1866; and it was scarcely a disgrace to Marksman to have to cry enough to animals of such calibre as The Rake, Cellina, Fitzroy, and Knight of the Garter. Edwards, too, could not come through with the chesnut son of Dundee at the right moment, so the stable still hoped for the best. The very moderate Biennial form of The Primate, and the utter discomfiture of Beelzebub in the Column, brought no consolation to Student's backers, nor did Mirella's success hold out any very flattering prospects for the Ditch Mile. Epsom Spring brought tidings of grave import from Berkshire; and soon the luckless son of Oxford was melting away in Mr. Savile's Turkish bath at Newmarket, instead of breasting the gallops of White Horse or Weathercock Hills. Even his sanguine trainer held out no hope, and the bold Scot looked ruefully on as the last rites of saddling were performed and his bandaged champion strode mournfully towards the post. Marksman's defeat by Cellina, Hermit, and Lady Hester, gave an omen which many were wise enough to accept; and the Oxford bay died away to nothing long before the Bushes Hill saw Lord Lyon drawing easily homewards. Repulse and Bayonnette took care of Mirella in the One Thousand, and the elegant Gemma di Vergy filly still further disgraced herself at Chester, where Mr. Merry's old Dee Stakes luck left him for ever. Marksman had Achievement, D'Estournel, and Friponnier to face at Ascot; but Challoner's handling brought no confidence to the pride of Russley, though the home trying tackle told Mat Dawson surely enough what a real good one they had got when i' the vein. Long before Epsom, Student's death-note had been sounded, and Primate they declined to trust again. Mirella's Oaks luck was tantalizing; but the 'white feather' seemed the reigning device of the Merry stable, and it was left for Ascot and the Coronation to show how unreliable was the filly's form. The Royal meeting saw no change for the better in Primate's or Marksman's manners, though the former had managed to run second for the Grand Prize of Paris the week before. The youngster's form was a perfect mystery; but when Mat Dawson handed him over to Waugh's care after the Hampshire week, he had lost his maidenhood in the Coventry, and had further taken such heart of grace as to canter in for the Stockbridge Cup. All his previous conquerors, too, had shown good form, and public support rallied with his improved credentials. The Primate ran another of those 'eternal seconds,' on the bank of Tyne, and the July had not its usual charms for the supporters of yellow and black, who did not care to contribute towards Achievement's benefit behind the Ditch; so they were content to lie by and take what goods the gods provided for them on their favourite vantage ground in the Goodwood glades.

Zambezi could not get out of Klarinska's way in the Annesley, but Marksman, who had failed ignominiously in the Findon, decided to be on his best behaviour when his whilom conqueror, Bismarck, was made such a favourite for the Molecomb. Those frequent fellow-travellers, The Primate and Mirella, were the York representatives, and the former managed to pull off a rich sweepstake almost in spite of himself, while the filly, like the Campbells, 'ever fair and false,' utterly belied her title to favouritism in the Yorkshire Oaks. Doncaster saw Marksman once more worsted by Achievement, and more and more perplexing grew the problem of two-year-old form. Mayflower was the Buckenham winner at Newmarket, but she could hardly be said to have taken Knight of the Garter's measure in the Biennial, and Sœur de Charite found out her weak spot over the last half Ab. M. Yet at the next meeting the daughter of Thormanby lost no time in picking up 900 sovs., and the sister to Scottish Chief helped on matters. The decision of the Middle Park Plate held out still further hopes for the chesnut, who was withdrawn from the Blen-iron Prize solely through accident, but made some amends by placing a nice stake to his owner's credit the next day. In like manner the uncertain scion of Shot made some atonement for his unaccountable display in the Troy Stakes, by disposing of Blinkhoolie with the utmost ease in another rich sweep. With such a queer customer on hand, no wonder the canny ones north of the Tweed held aloof for a while, but, on second thoughts, it was deemed the best policy to throw in again with 'The Laird,' and so once more Marksman was in the ascendant, and 'he would if he could' became the consolation cry of his partisans.

Glenderg, a Doncaster purchase from the Newtonian string, for whom Mr. Merry was content to give 1150 guineas, was the Derby favourite presumptive in the next season, until folks began to wonder why his owner declined so many valuable engagements, contrary to his usual policy, and lost sight of the raking chesnut in their pursuit after more solid investments. Cawdor was his *avant-coureur* at Epsom, but turned out anything but the 'prosperous gentleman' renown had proclaimed him. Mayflower, third to the dead-heaters, Vauban and Wroughton, in the Craven Biennial, awoke all the old Marksman *furor*, but the First Spring only brought fresh disasters, and the proppy Vauban brought him to grief, though Knight of the Garter held his second place on sufferance only. Mayflower ran another dismal third to Achievement in the Ladies' Race, and Marksman had nothing to beat in the once-renowned Newmarket Stakes. Bath witnessed the *début* of what the 'Druid' was wont to describe as a 'very bad Thormanby-Sunbeam combination,' and Phœbus was little thought of as the herald of that Sunshine who was to take the racing world by surprise in after time. Marksman did not 'join his playmates' in the Epsom Paddock, but Sherwood's was his saddling-place, and as he swept past the Stand in his preliminary there was no grander sight to see. His was the 'very poetry of motion,' yet though he looked all over a winner coming down the hill,

where the hope of Danebury was settled, the craven heart would not respond when the final struggle came, and Hermit was the appointed 'snow-storm Derby' successor to Bloomsbury. Ascot, in whose Trial Stakes Black Diamond was the Russley conqueror, saw the last of the ill-fated Marksman, who limped back to his box in sorry plight, and though a faint gleam of St. Leger hope broke from time to time through the cloud of misfortune, his fate was sealed, and the Stud became his destination. The Parson, with his vile temper and curby hocks, quite dispelled any illusion his distinguished relationship might have aroused, but although he somewhat redeemed his character at Windsor, there was obviously no Derby future in store for him, and men kept looking around for the stable to make some more definite sign. Lady Elizabeth and Danebury were a thorn in most of the two-year-old sides of that season, and the soft turf of Newmarket's summer retreat was dinted by no plates from the great Berkshire stronghold. Goodwood was rather more to their taste, with Mayflower again to the fore in the Gratwicke, and The Parson performing with varying fortune throughout the piece. York was rather disastrous, and the ancient Black Duck was fought out as usual between Scottish noble and commoner, but the old Earl's luck in this particular stake stuck by him still. Mayflower had faded, and the lesser lights of the stable were on the wane. In addition to the withdrawal of Marksman, the yellow division had a sad time of it at Doncaster, when their Parson was left behind for the Champagne, and positively declined to take up his parable for the Municipal. The rest of the meeting was 'all but leather and 'prunella,' and Kelso withheld its usual healing balm. Nothing came for the first meeting at head quarters, and Bedford only showed up Liddington as a prince among platers. And so, without a Derby chance in prospect, ended the most disastrous season which has shed its influence over the fortunes of Russley since her colours have become a rallying-point for the followers of public form, and her name celebrated as a by-word for success.

Crocus was the 'earliest spring flower' of 1868, but the Brocklesby came too soon for even her to bloom, but at Epsom her promise, though yet deferred, showed fairer than before. De Vere and Trompette got before her over four furlongs, and Lure at six, and The Parson showed all his old temper and soft-heartedness in the City and Suburban. Yet over the Easy Ditch Mile he bade 'fare-well to the forest' of Charnwood, and positively distanced Court-mantle and The Spy. The edifice of hope raised so high was cruelly shattered in the Biennial, memorable for the close race between the Earl and Blue Gown; and the Derby and Guineas quotations knew no mention of the dappled brown again. Phœbus managed to pull through the Column and Bennington, but with such difficulty, and from so moderate a class of opponents, that he found no favour in backers' eyes. Sunstroke, a strapping son of Thor-manby and Sunflower, was selected to do battle for the stable over the Rowley Mile; but The Parson's performance with Lozenge and

Knight of the Garter made things look no healthier, and Cannon was riding him for very life as the dead-heaters came on full of running down the Bushes Hill. Phoebus went to Bath on a vain errand; but a real old-fashioned triumph was in store for Belladrum's followers in the Epsom Woodcote, where he came sailing away from Flower Girl and Atonement in the easiest fashion. Said to have been worsted in a trial with St. Mungo, the very handsome son of Stockwell and Catherine Hayes started at a comparatively long price, and sprang at once into prominent notice for the Derby, though it was whispered that the stable held aloof, content to bide their time. At the Ascot revels the 'Drum's' name came to be enrolled among 'New' winners, but Ryshworth stuck faster to him than his friends approved; and St. Mungo's performance in the Maiden Plate had the effect of somewhat lowering the idol in popular estimation. Still they laid odds on 'Merry's' with unbounded confidence at Stockbridge, though the sequel proved the plungers wrong; but Crocus brought home a couple of nice stakes; and The Parson, though he could not overhaul See Saw in the Biennial, yet showed his heels to Mortemer, Athena, and Blue Skin, under Daley's clever nursing. Owing to prudential reasons, Belladrum did not interfere with Ryshworth's July chance; but the rubber was left to be played out at Goodwood, with riders reversed, when The Skirmisher could not come amigh, and Fordham dismounted from Mr. Savile's 'pig of a horse,' never to sport yellow and scarlet again. The Ham Stakes and Molecomb were also credited to Russley by the same hero, which made some amends for the *fiascos* of Crocus in the Lavant and Findon, and the St. Mungo muddle in the Nursery. No one cared to oppose the Russley double-barrel in the Black Duck Stakes at York, for which Crocus walked over, and Belladrum was a looker-on at the contest which first brought his mighty rival Pretender into Derby notice. It was in the Doncaster Champagne, and after Crocus had given encouragement by her clever win in the Filly Stakes, that the first great knock-down blow came for the 'Drum's' reputation, and 'excited Yorkshire' stood looking on in amaze and dumbfounded at the result. The filly could bring them no consolation by her undaunted struggle with Ryshworth over the long T. Y. C., and even St. Mungo's Nursery triumph, somewhat dimmed by his Donnington Stakes performance, set them not on good terms with themselves, for the mischief came from a quarter least suspected. The sturdy St. Albans colt gave them a good turn at Kelso, and Belladrum once more sent his worshippers home rejoicing by his Buckenham defeat of Duke of Beaufort, and subsequent easy disposal of Martinique and Co. in the Triennial. Yet at the Second October Crocus ran as variably as ever, one day succumbing to Heather Bell and a Glasgow nameless one over the T. Y. C., and on the next, over the Bretby six furlongs, slipping Martinique in the Abingdon Mile Bottom, and cantering home the easiest of winners. Belladrum's withdrawal from the Middle Park Plate, his subsequent refusal to fling down the gauntlet to Pero

Gomez and Wild Oats in the Criterion, and his final 'settling' of Scottish Queen and Prince Imperial in the Troy, combined to cast an air of mystery about the horse on which his supporters among the outside public were led to put a wrong construction, but which only those in the secret could know and profit by, as more than one of the initiated most certainly did.

Competitor, a rather expensive Middle Park purchase, was the precursor in 1869 of such a two-year-old team as even 'The Baron' has hardly possessed. But his Althorp Park running was hardly forward enough to give the stable a line, and the public mind was turned rather towards the mystery surrounding Belladrum, whose shaky market status the Column performance of Crocus, who had wintered badly indeed, did not serve to mend. Down to the very hour of starting, none could pretend to fathom the depths profound of so well kept a secret, and after the hill had choked him there were to be found believers in him for the Derby still. Crocus showed in worse plight than ever over the D. M., and loud and long went up backers' lamentations for the Russley pair. Their roarer's Guineas performance cost them still more, for on a sudden they became aware what a great horse and good stayer they had in St. Mungo, who, but for overpowering Gradwell, and cutting himself sadly in the race, must have assuredly changed places with Knight of the Garter for the Chester Cup. Competitor, however, performed most creditably, and the sturdy son of St. Albans got quit of his Chester wounds, if not of their scars, in time to make a sad example of his Beaufort Cup opponents at Bath. The Weston Stakes brought out Lady of Lyons, whose merits were some time in obtaining their deserved recognition, owing to the superexcellent character of the Russley two-year-old reserves, but she could only finish second to Gamos.<sup>1</sup> There was a real gleam of Sunshine at Epsom, where that best of modern two-year-olds showed her blaze face first to Judge Clark in the Woodcote, until even the Belladrumites hoped faintly once more. But even passing Sherwood's his chance was over and past, and Mr. Bevill heard his 'grievous roar' as they turned into the furzes. Crocus struggled up fourth on Brigantine's most drenching Oaks day—but their cup of misfortune was not yet full. Between Epsom and Ascot influenza had done its deadly work, and in the Queen's Vase St. Mungo's leg went hopelessly, and the slings at Ascot Hotel were his summer portion. Phæbus did no good in the Stakes, but his distinguished sister had got round in time to show her heels to a goodly July field, and forthwith became reigning favourite for the Derby. Sunlight we saw for the first time striding fretfully along the Danebury Bottom; but Lady Annie found out his soft spot, and the knowing ones, when consulted, mentioned 'hocks' in a mysterious under tone. The big chesnut made no more friends in the Troy, and though he forced Kingcraft to gallop in the Goodwood Ham, the 'Bentinck' told another tale, and he took rank among the incorrigibles. Folks, too, discounted Sunshine's Lavant performance with Mantilla, but time saw that judgment triumphantly



confirmed. Lady of Lyons did not cut much of a figure with Paté at Windsor, but at York Sunlight lost his maidenhood in the Black Duck at last, and ran fairly with the flying Hester. Sunshine brought home the Biennial, and then wiped out Belladrum's Champagne defeat, and once more Mantilla was second. Sunlight declined to oblige in the long T. Y. C. race, and Crocus had fallen so low as to yield the Park Hill to Toison d'Or. Mantilla, with the Hopeful in hand, had another cut at Sunshine at Newmarket S. O., but with the same result, and then the former crowned the edifice of her glory by running Frivolity to the shortest of heads for the great Blenkiron Prize, with Kingcraft and a distinguished field behind her. Thenceforth for the remainder of the season, none had the temerity to try conclusions, and w. o. was affixed more than once to her name. Sunlight's Clearwell running, too, was good enough to frighten away his Glasgow opponents, and his fuglemen boasted more loudly than ever, when he settled Kingcraft up the Criterion Hill, and even had the best of Hester, had he chosen to follow up his advantage. Yet two 'bustles up' at Shrewsbury seemed to give him no confidence, though there were many who feared to stand against him too heavily, knowing what high racing powers he really possessed.

The strapping chesnut was early under orders in the succeeding year, but none cared to try conclusions with him in the Warwick Trial, wherein he, nevertheless, took the opportunity of showing that the old Adam was not even yet subdued. Epsom Spring was merely of plating interest, and Northampton brought out no promised Macgregor. Never were there such conflicting reports as to the capabilities of Mr. Merry's dark 'un; but, for once, the takers knew more than the layers, and such a frightful 'getting out' has probably never been witnessed. How he gradually increased in favouritism before the fall of the flag, and how Daley, giving him his head as they came down the hill, brought him home the easiest of winners, is matter of history; and the blank faces, cursings, and despair of those who had laid a bit over against him, are facts to which most of us can bear witness. His subsequent easy victory at Bath, where Perth founded a transient Derby reputation by his conquest of Digby Grand, it is unnecessary to dilate on; but we hasten to Epsom, where, the hottest favourite of modern days, he was doomed to defeat by a horse who never could come anigh the bold outlaw on the Heath, and absolutely failed to run into a place. What destroyed his chance is one of those mysteries which we probably shall never penetrate, but his Derby *fiasco* seemed to influence the stable in all their Epsom ventures. Queen of the Gipsies told them no good fortune in the Woodcote; Sunshine, short of work, but with the brave heart dauntless still, could only run second to the mare of many headaches in the Oaks, and, as if to crown all, their premier two-year old, the handsome little King of the Forest, was bowled over by Bicycle in the Stanley Stakes. The eight turned their steps homewards, with only Sunlight's Trial success to console them, and

to hope for better things at Ascot. And the better things came, for King of the Forest gave them a rare taste of his quality up the hill, Perth nobly sustained his Bath reputation, and Sunshine, jaded and faded, would suffer no protest against her Coronation. Lady of Lyons' Windsor Handicap success could hardly atone for Perth's untimely break down on the hard ground 'by Thames' glittering 'tide,' nor did his trip to Newcastle improve the 'King's' prospects, though he returned laden with Northern spoil. Stockbridge, where victory and defeat alike awaited him, quite settled his July chance, and Falkirk, with a trace of the family character about him, despite his Produce Stakes win, showed his moderation when pitted against Hannah and Co. behind the Newmarket ditch. Goodwood was 'glorious' to all intents and purposes, with King of the Forest reigning supreme over Findon and Bentinck fields; Sunlight showing the highest Doncaster promise, and Lady of Lyons avenging the unfortunate Oaks mishap of Sunshine in another 'Memorial.' The King's Stockton running was amply atoned for by issue of the Champagne, and the six dozen was never presented on behalf of a gamer or handsomer little champion. Queen of the Gipsies, another Chieftain's daughter, followed up her Doncaster Nursery success by a Bretby win, and Lady of Lyons brought honour to the home blood again in Scotland. And as to victories of lesser import, are they not fresh in the minds of that largely increasing body which takes pleasure in chronicling and treasuring up the smaller incidents connected with their best-loved stable?

Unpropitiously as fate has regarded the fortunes of the stable during the last decade, and grievous as have been its disappointments in failing to realise another Thormanby or Sunbeam triumph, its presiding genius and his devoted following have come up smiling year after year, notwithstanding the knock-down blows which would have made many a less adventurous spirit waver and yield. Statistics are proverbially dull, but our readers can reckon up for themselves the comfortable average annuity which, in despite of manifold disasters, has accrued to the credit of the Russley stable during the period of which we have been engaged in tracing the annals. Balancing one season with another, it will be found to amount to nearly the magic sum of 'ten thousand a year;' therefore, with so comparatively small a number of animals in training, there must be something over and above a mere reimbursement of expenses. It seems to matter not to whom the reins of stable government are confided, but the same success has attended Dawson and Waugh as now bids fair to keep Robert Peck's name before the public in his capacity of director-general of affairs at Russley. This shows plainly enough that it is to the excellence of the material to be worked upon rather than upon any pre-eminent ability of the trainer, that so marked a state of prosperity is to be attributed, and prove that it is at Croft, over which Winteringham presided so long and so faithfully, that the foundations are laid of a continuance of prosperity almost unparalleled in the history of the Turf. It has been shown over

and over again, that he will be most successful in Turf pursuits who utilizes home produce instead of seeking further a-field for high-priced commodities, which, before they can be expected to pay their way, must first of all realise the capital expended on them. Mr. Merry's expensive purchases, like those of many other people, have not been nearly so profitable as his more moderate ventures, or the produce of that very select coterie of mares of which old Sunflower is so prominent a member, and which is composed of those choice elements which Lord John Scott took such pride in collecting. As to the grave and potent seigneurs of the stud, who have been taught their first lesson in racing on the home gallops, their name is legion, and though Thormanby and Scottish Chief deservedly hold the highest place in the estimation of their master, a plenteous supply of good blood has been sown broadcast through the land, and both North and South bear testimony to its merits. High-class racing, of which Mr. Merry has been by far the most steadily munificent supporter, is hardly what it used to be, when we see influential stables deserting weight-for-age races in search of chicken handicaps and fifty-pound plates, but in these classes of races yellow and black is not often a conspicuous colour, save perhaps at some country meeting in the vicinity of head-quarters.

Thus have we traced the fortunes of the great Russley stable for a period which has witnessed the rise and fall of many a more pretentious establishment, and during which no racing stud of the same dimensions can be said to have been so consistently fortunate in its undertakings. We have taken it as the type of what such speculative property should be, and have striven to illustrate the various phases of its existence, with a view to point a moral for the guidance of those to come, while in the adornment of a tale we may perchance attract the transient attention of those for whom the past still possesses an interest.

AMPHION.

### EPIGRAM ON A HARD-RIDING YOUTH NAMED TAYLOR.

TAYLOR by name, but in no other sense,  
No tailor is he when he faces a fence ;  
To one Taylor alone can I fitly compare him, he  
Reminds me, out hunting, of good Bishop Jeremy ;  
For when fences are stiff, and the field does not fancy 'em,  
Like his namesake, he then becomes Dux Dubitantium ;  
And, when pitch'd from the saddle, he falls on his crown,  
He reminds me again of the Bishop of *Down*.

R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

## WOLF-HUNTING, AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

## NO. VII.

IN England the mode of entering young hounds to their game is simple enough; harriers take to it instinctively, and, getting their early blood with little difficulty, soon become useful workers. Fox-hounds require a longer process, the two months of September and October being scarcely sufficient to steady the puppies from riot and qualify them for the discipline and duty required of them in the following November. Otter-hounds, however, are far less readily entered than either of the former, owing, in the first place, to the scent being, as I hold it to be, an artificial one to hounds; and, in the next, to the many blank days that attend the sport, and to the difficulty of finding, and killing, when found, that wild animal. Consequently, otter-hounds rarely become clever and knowing in their work until they have had long experience, and become, at least, middle-aged hounds. The famous Carlisle hound Swimmer was never better than in his tenth season; and, according to Mr. Carrick, his owner, he did lots of 'useful work up to his fourteenth year, when the veteran died.

To enter hounds on wolf in the wild forests of Brittany, which, in Finisterre and Morbihan, at least, never lack that game, might be considered a simple process, and one requiring little or no trouble from the piqueurs charged with that service. But the fact is otherwise. Not only is there a vast variety of attractive scent, so tempting to young hounds, in the shape of hare, fox, martin cat, wild boar, and deer of different kinds, always to be met with in the covers frequented by the wolf, but, from the want of 'rides' or even footpaths, the covers themselves are, many of them, all but impenetrable, and so rocky that it is quite impossible for a score of piqueurs to check riot when hounds have settled to it in earnest in their deep ravines. Added to which, the scent of a wolf is at first distasteful to hounds; and many a time will a young hound, on crossing the fresh line, put up every bristle on his back, and, with strong symptoms of disgust and alarm, take refuge behind the heel of the nearest piqueur. Nor is this repugnance to the scent evinced by the cowardly or ill-bred hound; the most courageous puppy, famous for its ancestry of high-mettled wolf-hunters, will equally turn tail on its first acquaintance with the distasteful scent. The force of example, however, soon cures this difficulty, and the fire of the pack rapidly kindles a like flame in the well-bred hound. The covers and the 'riot' with which they abound are the chief hindrance; nor is this ever sufficiently overcome to render it safe to throw a pack of hounds into cover and draw for the wild beast without the aid of a trained tufter and piqueur: the former to hold the line, and by his action to indicate whether the scent is fresh or stale; and the latter with his eye, keen and practised as that of a Red Indian, to detect by

slot, spur, or heel, the nature of the game on which the hound is throwing his tongue.

The ancient process of entering hounds at wolf is described at length by Jacques du Fouilloux in that quaint work of his entitled '*La Vénerie*,' an authority regarded by the Gallic chasseurs of old with the highest respect, and quoted by them as Beckford is by the houndsmen of this country. It is not remarkable that '*The Thoughts*' of the latter, sound in reason as the arguments of '*Blackstone's Commentaries*,' and published in the early part of the present century, should still be our chief text-book in all matters relating to hounds, in kennel or chase; but it is very remarkable that Du Fouilloux's instructions, written as they were in the reign of Henry II. of France, that is, about 1550 A.D., more than three hundred years ago, should continue to be the French gentleman's chief guide in the science of venery down to the present day.

The Comte Charles de St. Prix, a thorough houndsman from his earliest years, looked upon Jacques du Fouilloux as a second St. Hubert, and had studied his precepts with so much care and respect, that he was ever ready to quote from '*La Vénerie*,' in support of all questions pertaining to hounds or beasts of chase. After our grand day at Trefranc the conversation on our homeward route turned to the subject of entering hounds at wolf; and, although he detailed to me minutely the method recommended by Du Fouilloux, I could see a twinkle in his eye when I inquired if that was really the practice he adopted in the management of his young hounds, as I said, it appeared to me a process of unnecessary trouble.

'Quite true,' he replied; 'we now find that waiting for the wolf to come to us, lying in ambush, is a tedious affair, and requires more patience than my piqueurs possess. Besides, shooting the brute before we hunt him is so antagonistic to the principle of fair play that I have ventured to differ from that great authority on this important point.'

The passage is altogether so quaint and so primitive in its injunctions that I am quite sure a free translation of it will amuse, if not astonish, the modern houndsman of this country; it runs thus:—

'Very necessary is it that princes and grand seigneurs should have hounds bred from a race that love to hunt the wolf, and that they should be well-fed together, so that they may become big, strong, and courageous. And if, peradventure, there should not be hounds already entered to the scent which could train them to their work, it would be advisable to slaughter a carcase and place it near a water-mill, on the other side of its small stream; and there, within the mill, to conceal a cross-bow man, armed with his cross-bow and bolt, to shoot at the wolf when he comes to devour the carcase; then, having wounded him, let him bring his young hounds, not more than a year or so old, and clap them on the blood and trace of the wolf, exciting and encouraging them to the scent with a goodly company of men. Thus, by following the trail of the blood, they will at length come up to the wounded wolf, and,

‘ disabled as he is, will bay around him ; and if he is dead they will paw him with their feet.

‘ That being done, it would be well to skin the wolf and cook his flesh, and when it is well cooked to chop it into pieces, and mixing it with good wheaten bread, milk, and cheese, to stuff it into the wolf’s skin, in order that it might be impregnated with the odour and taint of the brute. Then sound the horns, open the said skin near the throat and mouth, and let the hounds rush in and eat the whole. So ought all the first wolves, when taken, to be thus treated.’

The ordinary plan, however, adopted by St. Prix and other masters of wolf-hounds, considering the variety of riot to which young hounds are exposed, and the impenetrable character of the Breton covers, is found to be a safe and successful one : the limier, or tufter, first warms upon the drag, then a few steady old hounds are uncoupled, and when they have settled on the scent, another batch, the next steady to them, are allowed to join the cry ; and so on by relays, till at length the puppies are thrown in and encouraged by shout and horn to take their part in the exciting chase. Nor is this system discontinued when the season has advanced, and the young hounds have been well entered, for the farther reason that a Brittany pack is not kept exclusively to one game, but, on the contrary, is expected to hunt deer, boar, wolf, and fox, severally, as the season or occasion demands its use. However, as one hound takes best to this scent and another to that, their several fancies are soon ascertained ; and the relays are formed and thrown in according to the game they are most inclined to pursue.

Notwithstanding the universal belief in Brittany that wolves will not attack a human being, however young or defenceless, a fearful sensation prevailed at Carhaix, a month or so before my arrival, by the sudden disappearance of a peasant girl from the neighbourhood of Huelgoet, one of the wildest forests in the department of Finisterre. The poor little trot, only six years old, had been left by her parents, as is the common practice of that country, in charge of a small black sheep, which her mere presence was supposed to protect from the attack of wolves frequenting the adjoining forest. The plot of enclosed ground in which she was stationed was so overgrown with old broom that a score of Brittany bullocks might have wandered unseen beneath its topmost twigs, while here and there, from the densest portion of it, appeared sundry ominous track-ways, worn by wolves in their passage to and fro from the neighbouring cover. The parents of the child, well aware of these signs and the proximity of those dangerous robbers, yet never for one moment entertained a doubt either as to her safety or that of her charge ; and great indeed was their dismay and agony on finding, ere the sun went down, that no trace of either, beyond a few scattered bunches of wool, could be discovered in that or the adjoining fields. Tracks there were, however, in the soil, deep and recent, of the presence of a huge wolf close to the bank near which the child and sheep were last seen ; but

beyond the wool no other vestige was left to indicate the too probable fate of both.

Still, the belief of the peasantry in the inviolability of the human person by a wolf remained strong and unshaken ; and large parties, aided by the gendarmes of the district, banded themselves together and searched diligently for many days, and even weeks, in the forest of Huelgoet and the broom fields around. Fires, too, were lighted in lone spots and kept burning throughout the night, with the hope of attracting the little wanderer's attention and rescuing her, if alive, from the starvation to which she must otherwise succumb. But all efforts proved unsuccessful, till, at length, hope became extinguished in the hearts of all, save those of the parents. Some peasants, indeed, in their superstition, came to the conclusion that the foot-prints in the mud were those of the *Loup-garou*, and that the demon-wolf had carried off the child ; others thought that, had no such fate overtaken her, the sight of the wolf had probably scared her from the spot, that she had then wandered into the forest, and died there from hunger and exposure. This opinion, after awhile, seemed to be generally accepted, and farther search for the poor child was abandoned by the public as hopeless and unavailing.

The parents, however, parent-like, still clung to the belief that their little Marie was not lost to them for ever ; and for many a weary day they threaded the deepest nooks of Huelgoet, returning only at late eve, when the howling of the wolves was the sole sound that fell on their anxious ears, and the pale stars the sole light to guide them on their lonesome path. Nightly, too, they burned a resin-candle in the one small window of their cabin, trusting it might prove a beacon to guide the little wanderer home.

Six weeks or more had elapsed, and hope, with all, was at its lowest ebb, when a charcoal-burner, following his lonely avocation in the heart of the forest, was startled by the apparition of a child timidly approaching his hut ; this, of course, was little Marie ; but exposure and want of food had almost converted her into a living skeleton : her face begrimed with dirt and blackberry juice, her hair matted with particles of moss and other lichens, making her head look more like a bird's nest than that of a human being ; half clad, too, and wild in manner as any fawn of the forest, no wonder the simple peasant stared again and again before he could be assured it was a real child that crept into the darkest corner of his hut, too timid to speak, and yet pinched by hunger even to death's door.

A moment's thought, however, convinced him that this must be the lost child, respecting whom the gendarmes and others had already paid him sundry visits ; and, being of a kindly nature, the man, when he had fed her bountifully with his black buckwheat bread and washed her face, lifted her on his broad shoulders and carried her directly home to the cabin of her parents. Marie's eventful history was soon told : she had left the broom field in search of blackberries, and on returning to her charge was just in time to see a huge wolf jump the bank with the little sheep struggling in its jaws ; the beast

at once entered the forest, and Marie, crying and screaming, and hoping to scare it from its prey, followed on until she soon became lost in its mazes, and found it utterly impossible to retrace her steps or distinguish even the direction of her parents' home. Her sole food had been beechnuts, blackberries, and a few chesnuts; and, although sleeping nightly in the very presence of wolves, she had never been disturbed for a moment by a sight of the ravenous brutes.

The next morning after the sport at Trefranc we were all seated round the table of the *salle-d-manger*, discussing at the same time the various incidents of the chase and the bountiful *déjeuner* provided by the host, when Marseillier's jolly face, always bearing a happy smile, but now unusually lighted up with some pleasant intelligence, suddenly appeared in the room; and, as he lifted his paper cap and twisted his white apron on one side (for the cutlets and omelettes were still under his delicate manipulation), he marched up to St. Prix's chair and announced the arrival of a deputation from Tregantheru.

'They have come,' he said, 'to complain of the damage done to their crops by the wild boars in the neighbourhood of Laz and Kœnig, and entreat your aid.'

'They shall have it by all means,' said St. Prix, heartily; 'but show them in, Marseillier, and let us hear what they have to say on the subject.'

In a few seconds, accordingly, six veritable Breton peasants, all clad alike in dark, long-haired goat-skin jackets, tight canvas trousers close-buttoned down to the ankle, heavy sabots stuffed with hay instead of hose, and round-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, which, with a cluster of long curly locks, fairly overshadowed their shoulders, entered the room; and, after lifting their hats in salutation, and replacing them at once on their heads, the leader of the party proceeded forthwith to explain the object of their visit.

'We are come,' he said in the Breton tongue, 'to tell you of the damage done by the wild boars in our mountain land. Not a farm from Gourin to Chateauneuf that has not suffered from their ravages; not a crop that has not paid a heavy tax to those plunderers — whole fields of potatoes have been upturned by their snouts; and standing corn, where not eaten, has been trampled, like so much stubble, into the earth. Then, the chesnuts which, at Kilvern, were wont to supply our families and pigs with so much wholesome food, were totally demolished this autumn; in truth, if something is not done to diminish their number, they will ruin us all before next winter.'

The peasant's earnest appeal, as he stood forward with hand uplifted above his head, as if calling on a higher Power to attest the truth of his statement, amounted almost to eloquence, insomuch that his few simple words went like an arrow to the mark; and the Count de St. Prix, in spite of his anxiety to protect, so far as he reasonably could, the *feræ naturæ* of the Brittany forests, especially the rougher portion of them, at once gave his word that no effort of his



should be wanting to redress the evil of which the deputation so justly complained.

'Then, Monsieur de St. Prix,' said the peasant, respectfully, 'will you do us the favour to name an early day for bringing your hounds to Kilvern? The *môch meur* (the big pigs) have made that cover their head-quarters; and if you hunt and kill a few of them, the lesser swine will not be so bold in their depredations.'

'What say you, Kergoorlas,' inquired St. Prix, 'will Monday next suit you to bring your hounds to join us at Gourin? We could then give them a week in those covers, and probably supply our friends' (bowing to the deputation) 'with plenty of good chesnut-fed bacon for the rest of the winter.'

I could see the hitherto solemn faces of the peasants sparkle at the thought of not only killing but eating the plunderers that had grown fat on the produce of their small farms; the idea of retaliation to the extent suggested by St. Prix had not before occurred to them, and even now seemed to be sharpening their appetites in anticipation of the coming day.

'Certainly,' said M. Kergoorlas; 'Monday will suit me exactly; and if your hounds meet at Laz on that day, my pack shall draw Coet-Koenig on Tuesday, and take the alternate days with yours to the end of the week.'

And thus it was agreed, to the great satisfaction of the peasants, to make Gourin the head-quarters of the hunt, and to give the boars of Kilvern a rattling such as they had not met with for many a long year.

The deputation then withdrew into an adjoining *salon*, where, by St. Prix's order, they were regaled with food and wine to their hearts' content, Marseillier himself presiding, and by his pleasant manner and marvellous tales of the chase establishing himself for ever as the first of hosts in the peasants' eyes. If all the boars' heads promised to him that morning found their way to the Hôtel la Tour d'Auvergne, I can only say his guests would have no cause to grumble at the lack of *charcuterie* in that hostelry for many a day to come.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAY'S HARE-HUNTING IN SURREY.

HARE-hunting in Surrey, eh? Yes, it is hare-hunting in Surrey we are now about to tell you of. Had any one told us a month or two back that we should have chosen such a theme, we may perchance have doubted his sanity. But it is a fact, we assure you, that we have hare-hunting almost within the effluvia of London smoke. Ay, and a very decent gallop we had, too; no crowd, no mobbing, and plenty of room for one and all to enjoy themselves. Where was it? Gently, kind reader! shall we make known to the world at

large the precincts of the quiet little coterie who indulge their taste for currant jelly quietly and unobtrusively, and so draw down upon them a crowd of would-be sportsmen, mounted and unmounted, from London, to the ruin of their diversion? Far be the thought from us! We have so strong a sense of favours to come that we may fairly be termed grateful, and the time may arrive when we shall be glad of once more joining this snug party; so, as Byron says, we'll break no squares by naming streets. It happened that we found them out in this wise: we were sojourning, as is our wont when our wandering spirit drags us townward, with a right good fellow, who has pitched his tent not a thousand miles from the Crystal Palace, as good a judge of a hackney as trots into the Row of a May afternoon—and that is saying something for him. Now it so happens that when there is anything good in the market, whether he is full of horses or not, our friend will buy. He would stand by the side of Mr. Tom Pain and see hunter after hunter, the very pick of the shires, knocked down at half their value without moving a muscle; but put him in Tattersall's yard on a Milward Monday, and he will nod with such energy that his hat has to be put straight once in every three minutes at least. Or let a dealer trot past a good stepper just fourteen two and no more, up to fourteen stone with blood, and the most soothing cabana would not keep him in his chair a moment until he had found out who and what he was. 'Tis not that he rides them much, but his heart is set on a good cob, and he generally has as many of them as he can find room for. It so happened that just before our visit he had got hold of a new one, such a clipper, a whole-coloured dark chesnut, with a head that might serve a sculptor for a model, and an eye like a deer—a wild one too; it was a mare, and as impatient as the sex in general, so that our worthy host had quite a handful when he rode her.

It is a strange thing how free men are with mounts when they have a nag that carries too many guns for them, and our host was not quite exempt from the same weakness. Ask him to lend you Bill or Jack, two of his patent safeties, and the odds are a hundred to one against your getting your legs under his mahogany or tasting that very curious '47 port for twelve months at least; but that is a different thing from his offering you a mount on one that wants the wire edge taken off.

So it happened that, as we were strolling round the place on a bright crisp morning last October, after one of those breakfasts which his housekeeper knows so well how to put on the table—none of your bread and butter and toast affairs, washed down with thin tea or thick coffee, but a meal that sends you out full and fervent to face the labours of the day, in which the denizens of moor and loch are not forgotten, but come before you fresh and glorious as from their own native North. It was after breakfast, as, weed in mouth, we strolled through lawns full of flowers and gardens full of fruit, making one think it must have been always autumn in Eden, instead of, as the poet says, eternal spring, when, suddenly turning, 'Ariel,'

said he (it was a nickname he had given us from our wandering disposition), 'Ariel, I must go to town this morning. You had better 'have a ride until dinner-time; John will give you the new chesnut—' 'I should like your opinion of her.' Nothing loth, we threw one leg over the fiery little lady, and were so pleased with the mount that we wandered on through the lovely roads and lanes of Surrey, not caring whither, until we found that the deep meadows were exchanged for open arable, and the park-like scenery was replaced by fallow and stubble. But what is it makes the little mare start with pricked ears, and throw showers of foam-flakes from the bit, while the sweat is starting out at every pore. Let us pause and listen. Like a ring of bells comes a silvery sound from behind the hill yonder. As we live it is hounds! and the beauty discovered them some minutes ere we did. Yes, over the brow they come in a body, and the next instant horsemen and all are in view.

Here was a case. We never did and never could turn our back on hunting in any shape. But a borrowed horse was beneath us, a high-priced one, and the owner would as soon have thought of placing her in the hands of Uhlans as sending her to meet hounds. What is to be done? 'To be or not to be, that is the question,' and one that must be answered at once, for the chesnut is already wild with excitement. 'Here goes!' we exclaim, as, turning her head to a low hedge, she flies over it with a bound that would have cleared the Wissendine, and takes us at the rate of forty miles an hour across the field; but by the time we reach them the hare is lost, and the huntsman has commenced beating for another, so that we have time to take stock of the field as far as the fiery nature of our mount will allow. We find some twenty or twenty-five people present, and amongst them three ladies on chesnuts—one mounted on a short-tailed dark chesnut of superior character, and quite a hunter in appearance, the others on neat blood-looking nags. But the hounds? No time to look at them yet, for the huntsman has just jumped his coarse grey into some low underwood, where many of the field follow him; and a hobbledehoy on a wasp-like black pony has three distinct refusals, and gets over with a sad scramble at last; while many wisely decline to display any saltatorial prowess.

'So ho, there she goes!' exclaims some one, looking into the young wood; and the next moment the pack are full cry on the line, and we find ourselves racing across a field for another small covert, with all the steam turned on, and no brakes to work. We just manage to steady the mare ere we are accosted by a strange-looking individual—something of a cross between Garibaldi and Mark Lemon in the face—his trousers thrust into butcher boots, and mounted on a steed that must be own brother to Rosinante, high as a steeple, long as a ladder, and with a tail that would keep a whole generation of Waltons in horsehair. We gaze, awe-struck, at his bridle, a gag fearfully and wonderfully made, apparently a relic of some bygone age, and are just debating in our own mind what it is that keeps the horse from breaking in the middle and letting his

rider drop down through, when the latter asks if he shall 'cap' us for our field-money.' Having graduated with the Brighton, we tumble to his meaning, and commence a by no means easy search for halfcrowns, which, by some unaccountable propensity, always get into the wrong pocket when you are on a hot horse. At length the capping is achieved, and we are free for the day, having courteously declined to be placed on the list of permanent subscribers, as was kindly offered by our strange-looking friend. By this time the pack are going right merrily, and, having taken a line to ourselves on the down wind side of a cover, we soon have the pleasure of seeing the pack come towards us, and at the same time become aware that the establishment owns a whipper-in, whose principal duty appears to be getting what he can out of a groggy old-fashioned chesnut. Down a long hill we sail away in company with him and the pack, while a heavy-weight in green coat and top-boots comes thundering after us on a useful bay. Over a field road, and across a large piece of grass—our mount pulling like blazes, but the pack keeping well out of the way, so that it does not matter—and we sit down and square our shoulders as a very respectable trimmed quickset looms up before us, determined that, as they say, 'in for a penny in for a pound,' we will have a cut at it, although a nearer inspection shows a bank added thereto; but the pack frustrate our valorous resolve by running along under it, and so into the cover, where we found. Another round succeeds, in which pussy varies the scene by seeking shelter in a sheepfold, and no sooner do the hounds appear than away go the muttons in a regular stampede, setting hurdles and fences at defiance. Then back again to our old quarters, where we rouse the game afresh, and, as she threads the cover just before the pack, the old huntsman works himself up to a wonderful pitch of excitement, and blows his horn and cheers right merrily. Ruin and Bella come in for the greatest share of encouragement, and, at first, we pondered to whom or what he was addressing himself as he kept on, 'Hoick, Beller! Loo, Beller!' until finally adding, 'Good bitch!' he put us on the right scent. If 'Beller' did not drive out the hare, his noise or something else did. And now begun as pretty a piece of hunting as we ever saw. Tired of ringing, our game set her head straight over the open, and although the scent was far from good the pack worked perseveringly and well. Across lay grounds and fallows, through stubble and turnips they drove her, casting themselves when at fault, and wanting no assistance from their huntsman; so that it was really worth coming miles to see. At length we reached some enclosures; and some of the field having put up a fresh hare did what they could to spoil sport by holloaing them back to her. Luckily, the hounds held the line, and their huntsman let them alone, or all would have been over. Through some hedge-rows and across a well-wired park she led us, then ran the coverts like a fox—and quite as straight as one—into the open again, and up and down hills like roofs of churches, until at last—having fairly worked into the same field as their game, and just on

the point of running from scent to view, were forced to whip off because a preserve was at hand. It was hard lines, and no wonder many of the field pulled long faces; but necessity knows no law, and they must save the currant jelly for another day. A look at the pack did not endue us with the opinion that they were very fashionably bred, though they appeared more foxhound than anything else; and, as the secretary—or, at least, the man who gathers the money—informed us, ‘did not want a view, but were good ones to follow ‘scent, and equal to hunt hare, fox, or anything.’ Who was the master we never discovered, and, to the present day, whether it was the mild-looking gentleman in the unexceptionable boots, riding a dark brown cob with double-reined snaffle and martingale, the stout man on the bay, the young man in trousers on the fiery kicking brown (which, by the way, was much subdued at last), or one of the rest of the party, remains a mystery to us. At any rate, we now publicly express our gratitude for a most enjoyable gallop; and wish him, whoever he may be, good sport until the end of the chapter.

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WILD-FOWL SHOOTING IN DUTCH WATERS.

BY J. H.

How charming would our wanderings be rendered if our portmanteau could only be packed and presented to us at the termination of our journey, after the manner of the travellers in the ‘Arabian Nights.’ Half the pleasure of our holiday is destroyed when we are obliged to rise before daylight on a gloomy winter’s morning to ‘struggle’ over a plethoric portmanteau, to buckle and strap it, only to find that we have left out some important article that ought to have gone at the bottom. Then the hasty breakfast, followed by the dive into a rickety night-cab, that abstains from flying to pieces only by a perfect miracle of cohesion. Of course, our porter selects the worst cab on the stand, with an imbecile driver, ignorant of the locality of St. Kat’s Wharf, though fully alive to the business of overcharging a departing Briton. However, our wavering, quavering mind is made up, we are off for the sandbanks of Holland—the land of the immortal, alcoholic Van Dunk. We reach the river-side, where a hungry crowd of ragamuffins proceed to treat our portmanteau as Solomon proposed to do the disputed infant, whilst the inquiring spectators demand to know ‘Vere’s ye a going to?’ ‘To Holland,’ we exclaim, majestically. ‘To Hollind!’ reply the spectators, doubtfully; ‘in vich ‘boat are you going, to Hantwerp or Rotterdam?’ ‘To neither, ‘my noble swells,’ we reply; ‘we are going to land at—at Scheve-‘ning.’ ‘At Skeeving,’ respond the gapers, ironically; there aint ‘no sich place no veres, leastways the steamers don’t stop there.’ Hereupon arose a general murmur of indignation at the presumption of a passenger coming there with an indistinct idea of his destination.

Fortunately, an oleaginous cook, with a pound of piebald butter under his arm, suggested it might be Flushing. 'That's it,' we exclaim, and down the slippery stairs we 'vanish,' leaving the proprietor of the rickety cab in a state of towering indignation, holding half-a-crown in his hand, and demanding to be informed 'what that 'there meant?'—together with slightly blasphemous invocations upon his visual organs, to which we do not condescend to reply.

Reaching the deck of the steamer, I found Fountaine, my *compagnon de voyage* and the mentor who was to initiate me in the mysteries of Peter Hawker's art, had not arrived, and only one passenger put in an appearance—a Dutch Jew, who, in point of gorgeous magnificence of attire, threw all Houndsditch into the shade. The hour of departure draws nigh, but still no Fountaine. I get nervous, and prepare to go on shore, thinking I must have got into the wrong boat, when, to my relief, I see his beard come round the corner, and, secure of my fellow sufferer, I yield up the sum of one pound seven as the price of fourteen hours of sea-sickness, and prepare for the worst.

I need scarcely say that the wind was right ahead, and blowing savagely from the east. This was no more than I expected, for I never remember to have performed a voyage without a contrary wind, and I live in the secret conviction that whilst other men trace their descent from conquerors and heroes, mine come in a direct line from Jonas. All are on board. Away we go, past the Leviathan, past Gravesend, where draggle-tailed garlands and remnants of platforms remain as mementoes of the late interesting nuptials. Hunger reminds us of dinner, and we make an indescribable meal; then the sea gets rougher, and at each succeeding roll, doubts on the question of 'offerings to Neptune' become convictions. The captain kindly advises us to go to bed, and assures us 'it will be much worse presently,' of the truth of which remark we soon become painfully aware. Nevertheless, we sleep soundly, and in the morning are hurried out of bed to land at Flushing. Day is dawning in the east, awfully cold and bright. The towers of Flushing rise up from the vasty deep, and soon the pilot-boat receives us into its bosom, and under the steering of a gentleman in earrings and wooden shoes, named Smidge, we enter the haven, where Fountaine's vessel awaits us. We scramble on board, and I survey the ark in which I am to float upon the waters for nine days. Fancy had depicted to me a galliot of some fifty tons, like the Humber Billyboy; in the place of it, however, I found a *shutz* of twenty-five tons, having a small cabin of a capacity better adapted to the requirements of the poor dog Tray than for two such brawny Britishers as Fountaine and myself; whilst forward, a smaller cabin formed a roosting-place for the crew, consisting of two men and a boy.

Our intention on leaving London was to have reached Flushing by two in the morning, and with the flood tide to have sailed away into the regions of the happy hunting-grounds so as to have been at

the scene of action by low water—the propitious hour for slaughter. The east wind, however, had disposed otherwise; of course it was low water, our ship aground, and no chance of escaping till evening, or of shooting till the following day. With my teeth chattering, I make a feeble-minded effort to unpack my portmanteau, and a basin having been extracted from the hold, I perform my ablutions in public to the intense gratification of a host of the youthful scions of Flushing, who execute war-dances in wooden shoes on the draw-bridge over our heads, and go into ecstasies of astonishment on seeing a tooth-brush applied to its natural uses. A breakfast of cocoa, eggs, fried veal, and buttered toast partially thaws us, and that disposed of, we sally forth to look at the town.

At first sight the buildings appear to be constructed of brilliantly-coloured card-board. The dazzling polish of the knockers and bell-handles, the freshness of the paint, the largeness of the windows and the smallness of the houses, under a bright blue sky, perfectly bewilder the Londoner after the dingy, loop-holed abodes of his native city. Next to the pea-green church tower covered with an eruption of all sorts of bells, that seem possessed with St. Vitus's malady for ten minutes out of every quarter of an hour, a tiny little house on the quay insists on attracting notice by having an immense board on its front, on which is inscribed—

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‘Heavens!’ we exclaim to ourself; ‘what important national institution can this be that requires such a notification? we must investigate this mystery.’ A communicative Dutchman is fortunately at hand, who not only tells us it is ‘*Ze Clob*’—the Brooks’ of Flushing—but takes us in and shows us the exhilarating spectacle of four gallant warriors of the Dutch army playing at dominoes for the exciting sum of twopence sterling. Fancy, in a town the size of Little Pedlington, it being found necessary to put up a placard as large as the quondam notices of Warren’s jet blacking, to guide the wandering Boodle to his bower of bliss? From the window of ‘*Societit*,’ and from every house, the national banner floated in the breeze. It was the king’s birthday, and soldiers converging to a focus led us to anticipate the spectacle of a review.

On our way to the Grand Place we encounter our pilot Smidge—he of the earrings and wooden shoes! Ye gods, how changed! The gorgeous uniform of a National Guardsman had transformed him into an Adonis.

We follow Adonis to the Field of Mars, where we find part of an infantry regiment, some marines, artillerymen, and the National Guard preparing for the arrival of the reviewing general. The manœuvring to get them into line was worthy of the East Kent Militia, and the cold having rendered the chilblains of the National Guard unusually sensitive, the movement of stepping backwards, or wheeling into open column, gave rise to an interchange of remarks

between the front and rear ranks by no means indicative of high order and military discipline. Gorgeous commanders, in goloshes and spectacles, arrive in rapid succession. The bands pour forth the national anthem, 'God save the oranges.' We take off our hats, but as nobody else does so, we put them on again, and finally, as the cold is about zero, we move off in search of a fire, which we find, of our beloved Wallsend, at the house of Mynheer Hector, the Fortnum of Flushing, a little man about the size of a stick of sealing-wax, who gives us a lecture on Dutch political economy that entirely extinguishes our faith in Adam Smith and Ricardo. In his orations, he takes occasion to call our attention to his *curaçoa*, and whilst a very strong-minded Andromache goes off to the regions of Pluto in search of the essence of heartburn, Mr. Hector informs us that he is the Cobden of Holland, destined to do miracles of commercial greatness with the aid of a railway which will make Flushing the Liverpool of Germany—then shall Antwerp be annihilated, and as for Belgium—bah!

Sallying forth, revived by external and internal caloric, we stroll back along the quays, and take occasion to inspect a fine pair of stag's horns of some twenty points, mounted over a door on a wooden head, *dos-à-dos*, of course; and finally, from the deck of our ship, we survey the *élite* of Flushing as they cross the drawbridge, and take occasion to remark that list slippers do not improve the symmetry of the ladies' extremities, and, to a certain extent, justify the people of Hull in declaring that the Dutch women are web-footed. At last the rising tide released us—we pole down to the harbour mouth, get up sail, and away, beating up the Scheldt, with the wind in our teeth. Just outside the harbour we meet a schooner running down to Flushing, with a gunning-punt on its davits, and a wild duck very ostentatiously hung up in the rigging. The owner was a Mr. Flemming, with his friend, and 'a party' in yellow satin, who, I should think, must have execrated her luck in language not loud but deep, when, in place of 'the Casino,' she found herself tied down to the deck of a thirty-ton schooner, lying at anchor for six weeks in some arm of the sea, amongst the islands of Holland, where the prospect is limited to mudbanks and the top of an occasional farmhouse over the sea wall. All hands turned up to look at us, and they certainly had reason to open their eyes rather wide, for our boat presented the most comical appearance—a gunning-punt being hoisted on the davits on one side, and a wilderness of enormous hampers stowed all round. Doubtless they considered us poor lunatics, and we certainly voted they not many removes from the denizens of Hanwell, for they had been lying for six weeks on the best piece of shooting ground in the country, and had not got as much in that time as I killed at my first shot. Parting with our rivals, we turn up a narrow channel into one of the arms of the sea, which make the islands of Holland wash down their banks, and keep them in a perpetual panic—a state of affairs worse than that in the city, since the failure of the Dutch banks not only insures insolvency, but drowning



into the bargain. Presently we overtake a fishing vessel, and drive a successful bargain for a supply of soles, which add considerably to the garniture of our larder. Passing the ground on which our competitors of the schooner had spent their valuable time, we pull out our telescopes to see what they had left behind them, and the prospect was certainly good enough to justify our stopping for a day there on our way. Thousands of birds were visible. On all sides were enormous flocks of oyster-catchers, curlews, godwits, and sand-pipers. Ducks and mallards sat upon the mud, or flew about in long strings athwart the ambient air. Widgeon and teal formed inviting clusters, and, to crown all, a flock of barnacle geese crossed our bow, and settled 'convenient' for a shot. We were late, however, and to stop was to lose our next day's shooting, added to which we might find the birds wild, and take nothing by the motion. We accordingly sailed on till darkness compelled us to anchor, and all being made snug we turned in to do justice to the soles, veal, and rain-water which constituted our fare. The interior of the little cabin appears a marvel of ingenuity. On each side a couch forms a sofa by day and a bed by night; drawers underneath hold our clothes; cupboards in all sorts of corners disgorge crockery and glass, whilst a swinging table in the middle expands at the sight of the table-cloth, and looks quite festive under its burden of a decanter of rain-water, and a flask of schiedam—a very necessary adjunct, seeing that long droughts, and the innocence of the aborigines as to the science of filtration, had left the element from the tiles of Flushing strongly impregnated with what we imagined to be a feline taste.

The faithful Klein, who performs the functions of boatman, steward, cook, and valet, appears with a frying-pan, freighted with a polyglot assortment of eatables, which we attack with a voracity calculated to cause the ghost of Dando to rise up in gastronomic indignation. We then proposed a game of chess; and whilst Klein was ordering Kauffman to find the men, and Kauffman was coercing the boy into a rummage in the bunks, we both went fast asleep on our respective sofas, and I never awoke till the ship was under weigh at dawn on the following morning.

Strong language on the part of Fountaine had stirred us all up before dawn, and when I looked out of the cabin-door I found we were in a great estuary, with the ocean before us, and on an island to leeward rose the towers of the old town of Zeirikzee. Presently the top of a large sand-bank appeared above the waters, on which were thousands of fowl, and the anchor being deposited in the mud we pipe to breakfast.

The day was most unfavourable for duck-shooting, being blazingly bright, and Fountaine declared he would not have gone after the fowl had it not been that he wished to show me how the game was played. Breakfast concluded, we turned out, and whilst we make a telescopic inspection of the sand-bank, which was now bare for some two miles across, the whole mass of fowl rose

up and fled to the water, followed by an eagle, who cleared the ground in no time. 'Lower away the boat,' shouts Fountaine, 'and give us the boots and breeches.' I invest myself in fisherman's stockings, long boots, a mackintosh, and fisherman's breeches, over a coat, waistcoat, two guernseys, and a flannel shirt. He retires into the recesses of a mountain of raiment; we descend into the boat and push off, paddle to the shore, and then arrange ourselves for business. Fountaine lies on his face to the left of the gun, his chest on the ammunition-box. In his right hand he has a cross stick attached to the rudder-lines, and round his finger the trigger-cord. By turning the wrist he can move the head of the boat to the right or left, and a slight jerk fires the gun. I repose on the right, and Klein lies on his back, with his eyes just above the gun-wale and his right arm through a porthole in the wash-streak, gently punting the boat on with a pole.

As Fountaine had predicted, the first flock of birds we approach take alarm before we are within shot. One by one they fly up, till at last so few remain that it is useless to fire. We proceed on to another lot, who do the same, and finally we drive away eight flocks one after the other without getting a chance. Disgusted at our ill luck, we land upon the shore and walk up on to the great flat of sand, which at low water extends for six miles in length by two in breadth. We take to cockleing for pastime, and discover that millions of those little delicacies abide in these diggings. Whilst gaping about we spy a flock of ducks behind a bank which offers a little concealment, whereupon we waddle on board our punt, and turning up a cross channel gently pole along under the steep edge of the mud. The birds get uneasy, but wait just long enough for a shot. As the smoke clears away I bolt on shore, and run to get between the water and the winged fowl. We scrape up twenty, and proceed onwards to another flock, who are not so accommodating; but, as they abscond, Fountaine fires, and we gather up eight, after which we return to the vessel and scramble on board. I happen to take a squint at a long sand-bank on our left, where Fountaine says that mussel ducks (*i.e.* oyster-catchers) generally abide, and there I see a large flock of Brent geese. 'Ah,' says I, 'Brent geese!' 'Mussel ducks,' says Klein. 'Very well,' says I, 'pray proceed.' Fountaine, as we are passing them, takes up the glass and speedily discovers that I am right. We lower away the boat, tumble in, and make for the bank, and in such a hurry that neither Fountaine or Klein give themselves time to perceive that the geese are sitting in a long string, at the end of which, rather than the middle, it would be advisable to steer in order to take them end on instead of broadside. However, we make a happy-go-lucky onslaught, and the result was thirteen.

The wind increasing to a gale, we sail past the haven of Zeirikzee till we reach a square space that had once been a ploughed field, but which now formed a very convenient little harbour, the sea having obligingly washed a hole in the bank and compelled the na-

tives to put up an inner wall, leaving some twelve acres of harbour very conveniently situated and well sheltered. Here, whilst the angry waves tumbled about outside, we lay as snug as limpets. Soles, veal, and rain-water seasoned again restore exhausted nature, and at an early hour we surrender to Morpheus. Next morn being Sunday we donned civilised raiment for a visit to the old city of Zeirikzee, and whilst Klein prepared ham and eggs, Koffman, the mate, treated us to a Dutch hymn in the fore cabin, quite as much out of tune as the Gaelic psalms in the Presbyterian Church at Braemar, where the shepherd-dog used to look in at the door and join in the melody. Fountaine meanwhile whistled lively variations of the ballad of Lovely Peg in a minor key till the appearance of eggs and muffins gave him other occupation. Finally, our breakfast being completed, we put on mud-pattens and waded to the shore, climb the embankment, and sit down to contemplate the scene.

For miles those marvellous works of human ingenuity, the sea-walls, stretch away. All sorts of devices are practised to keep them together. On the upper face leagues of straw ropes are pegged down and woven into mats with hazel-sticks, to prevent the wash of the sea from sweeping away the earth, whilst millions of oak-poles are driven into the lower part of the banks in rows, with bricks and stones carefully arranged between, every scrap of material being carried from long distances. Where the angles of the banks are exposed to the gales, inner walls are erected to secure the safety of the land, and great must be the work and expense. Certainly the appearance of the sand-banks before they are enclosed, and the land afterwards, does not give one confidence in the ability of the natives to pay largely towards the embankments. Of this, however, 'deponent is unable to say much, as to his belief or other-wise, being uninformed.'

Inside, the flat land, divided into very small fields by very large ditches, is here and there dotted with primitive-looking farmhouses; small tracts of land at intervals are devoted to the growth of the aforementioned poles, and firewood: anything more 'dowly' on a cold winter's day it would be difficult to conceive; but fortunately Providence has tempered the Dutchman's mental capacity to endure the solitude. He seldom cares to go beyond his insular capital, and the Esquimaux is not more ignorant of the manners and customs of other lands, and more satisfied with his own, than our respected Van Vinkles of the island of Zeirikzee.

Between the sea-wall and the town stretched an expanse of land not unlike that about Ely. A good road conducts us to the capital, and along it we stroll with that air of happy contentment which a self-satisfied Briton usually assumes in a foreign land. At the commencement of the town a curious gate tower guards the entrance to the sleepy old city. The barred windows lead us to the conclusion that it is the Pentonville of Zeirikzee, and dreary indeed must be an incarceration within its walls, for even the pleasure of looking on that desolate expanse of mud and ocean is denied to the captive

Winkle, wooden shutters being interposed, so as to leave a prospect of the celestial regions only.

Alas ! poor Van Dunk, thought we, hast thou no Model Prison philanthropists in thy native land to make a beautiful case of No. 27, and ask him 'how he finds himself to-day, and if he's quite comfortable?' no admiring Creakle to inquire into the quality of the cocoa, and glow with indignation because the beef was tougher yesterday than 27 could wish. From the look of the place I should suspect that the Van Winkles have not yet arrived at our pitch of refinement, and reserve their tender interest for honest men rather than rogues. However, we pass under the gateway, and before us is the chief street of the town, snoozing in the sunshine.

'I gaze upon a city, a city new and strange;  
Down many a wat'ry vista my fancy takes a range;  
From side to side I saunter, and wonder can it be,  
That you are far, so far away, and I in Zeirikzee.'

A broad canal, a row of trees on each side, and a perspective of quaint old houses of all sorts and sizes, some covered with curious carving, present themselves before us. On one mansion the sporting tendencies of the proprietor had illustrated a boar hunt; on another the Old Testament is extensively displayed; King Nebuchadnezzar, with a large kitchen poker in his hand, is in the politest manner calling the attention of three gentlemen in court suits to the door of a (Dutch) oven, into which two of them are looking doubtfully, whilst the third seems to remonstrate on the smallness of the accommodation required by themselves and the company they expected. I longed to walk into the halls of the old mansions and take a survey of their carved oak, and into their gardens to discuss the merits of tulip beds.

We strolled on to the market-house, and from a sunny bench, surveying the people with the eye of a costumier, convinced ourselves of the fact that in these regions '*dress improvers*' are not required by either sex, Nature having bounteously supplied that *hiatus* or deficiency which other less favoured nations have to make up by artificial means.

Dinner over, and our plans for the morrow discussed, we make our beds and turn in. At dawn we have the pleasure of finding an intensely blue sky and a gale of wind roaring through the rigging, which renders Klein and Kauffman rebellious as to getting under weigh; strong language, however, produces the desired effect, and after breakfast we find ourselves running down to our ground of Saturday, followed by an uncomfortable sea. Kauffman did not seem to relish running down so far to leeward of his beloved harbour, and a large lot of fowl being huddled together on the weather shore, he suggests anchoring abreast of them and waiting for the wind to lull. We accordingly round to and down anchor. The longer we wait, however, the harder it blows, and at last Fountaine, rather than do nothing, determines to put off and try his luck. The punt is lowered, and considerable activity is required

to prevent her from being swamped or stove in alongside. Your journalist declines to be of the party in the punt, as he perceives that we have run a trifle too far to leeward, and he doubts the practicability of rowing or punting up to windward without swamping the boat, and were he manager instead of spectator, he would have up anchor and beat back a quarter of a mile before he put off, then by taking a slant of the wind and tide he would have come on shore just to leeward of the birds without an exertion. As it was, though Klein rowed his best, they got to shore too far to leeward, and had to pole up through a heavy sea, which nearly filled the boat, and drove them on the sand, whereon the ducks absconded, and they returned very wet and discomfited. Tide turning, we beat back again, and ensconced ourselves in our harbour, sufficiently far from the breakers to avoid the rolling which Dutch vessels are famous for, and which requires a strong stomach to withstand.

So far the expedition had been anything but a blaze of triumph, but the morrow was destined to be a day of success to your historiographer—a day to be marked with a white stone in the record of his sporting adventures, which he purposes giving some account of his doings in the next issue of ‘Baily.’

*(To be continued.)*

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## JACK BLAKE ; OR, LANDED AT LAST.

### CHAPTER VI.

‘THEY’RE off!’ Those significant words almost stop the beating hearts of thousands ; the wretched murderer in the dock, as he hears the fatal ‘guilty,’ can hardly be more lifeless than hundreds are when that one sentence, ‘They’re off!’ reaches their ears ; frequently their all, their future hopes and happiness, depending on the horse they have so recklessly backed.

Oh, that he may catch the judge’s eye ; if not ‘there,’ his number hoisted on the telegraph, ruin and starvation must be their future lot, their children and families plunged in wretchedness and misery because those who should have protected them wildly squandered away their maintenance.

The city clerk, on his miserable stipend, with a widowed mother or orphaned sister to provide for, fidgets uneasily on his high stool, dreading the day ; others, who have filched from their employers, with the intention of replacing the ‘small loan,’ should their spec turn up trumps, never thinking that they have committed a robbery, that disgrace and imprisonment must be their lot if discovered. How many thousands in this little island of ours bet who have not the means to pay, never heeding the old adage, ‘That those who cannot afford to lose, cannot afford to win ;’ that the poor, or those with limited means, cannot do as their richer neighbours.

The fatal mania for betting attacks now, and has for years, all classes, from the butler who purloins his master's spoons to meet his *engagements*, to the nobleman who does a bit of 'stiff,' or pulls up his carriage in the Strand, and sneaks into A.'s to pawn the family plate or his wife's diamonds.

Commissioners have made fortunes by the confiding credulity of thousands, countless thousands of victims, who knew as much about horses or betting as the 'Man in the Moon.'

I have no objection to the merry halfcrown 'sweep,' or even two or three tenners from those to whom it is of no consequence; but to think that men in this our nineteenth century should be mad enough to risk the fabulous sums they do, passes my poor comprehension.

'They're off!' Those magic words! plates are dropped, wine glasses are discarded. Lord Verdant Green throws away his just lighted two-shilling regalia, and Nobby Clark, the celebrated magsman, taking advantage of the excitement of the moment, eases Sir Noodle Muffington of his purse and 'wipe' at the same time; whilst a worthy squire from the Shires, in his anxiety to get to the ropes, finds he is minus the old family repeater.

On the downs, those glorious downs, all this goes on, and much more.

'They're off!' The Ethiopian serenaders stop the bones and banjo. The dark-eyed, brown-skinned gipsy discontinues her unceasing demand of 'Spare a bit of silver, my beautiful lady, to the 'poor gipsy. Tell your fortune, my noble gentleman?' Aunt Sally is deserted, and eighteen sticks a-penny is at a discount. The athletes and jugglers stop their antics; all turn out from the show booths in their tawdry and dirty finery; and even the giant condescends from behind his curtain to take a peep at the great race.

The tops of the drags swarm with men; thousands upon thousands have their eyes turned in the same direction, where they can first catch a glimpse of the gay and different-coloured caps appearing up the hill.

Epsom Downs have a great deal to answer for. Large and colossal fortunes have been made and lost there. Many a ruined gambler has taken his departure from them in agony and despair, and in the lonely solitude of his chamber destroyed that life God gave him by the pistol or poison; others, made of sterner stuff, rush to foreign lands, to bury their vain regrets far away from home and friends, unknown and uncared for, eking out a miserable existence by 'rattling the bones at the tables,' or drown remembrance and dull care by constant applications to the spirit flask, and in daily dread of a continental prison, from expected remittances long overdue not having come to hand—

'So poverty at home, and debts abroad,  
My present fortune bad, my hopes yet worse,  
What will become of me?'

'They're off!' Yes, they were off. How anxiously did all the

Blake family strain their eyes towards the Bushes, to catch a glimpse of the scarlet and black jacket and cap that Ned Stockman had donned that afternoon, to ride the favourite for the 'blue ribbon of the Turf.' Two false starts had been made; but Oats was as quiet as a lamb, as was also his stable companion Tearaway, in the same colours. At last a mass of horsemen galloping recklessly across the downs announce the great race has commenced in earnest.

Straining, eager eyes everywhere, except those gentlemen whose gooseberry-looking orbs had been dimmed by the gooseberry wine they had been imbibing under the name of champagne, who vacantly ask, 'What was up?' 'What the juce is all this row about?' and hiccup out for another bottle of 'fiz,' then lay their aching heads on their hands, or loll back in their hansom, indifferent to all save devoutly wishing the horrible nauseating sickness would leave them.

Such a sight as the Grand Stand at Epsom is not to be imagined; it must be seen to be believed.

The roar of thousands of voices in the distance, the yells, the shoutings, the waving of hats, that lasts during those agonizing three minutes! it seems as if all were seized with a sudden frenzy, and so they are—the frenzy of excitement.

At last a scarlet and black cap is seen in the front rank.

'Oats, in a canter!' from hundreds of throats.

'No such thing!' from a voice that was heard above all; 'it's Tearaway making the running.'

'Oats beaten off!' from another stentorian voice. 'Gameboy for ever! Blue wins!'

'By heavens!' said Sir Frederick, with his glasses to his eyes, 'Oats is not in the leading lot; it is the brown horse making the running at a terrific pace. Ah! there he is,' he exclaimed, as the sun flashed on the beautiful bay. 'Ned is lying well up in the second ruck.'

Two horsemen alone are stationary on a part of the downs where they commanded a fair view. The reins, which are dropped, are seized and held by half a score of urchins. Both gentlemen's glasses seem glued to their eyes, but not a word is spoken as yet.

'Tearaway making the running—it is a cracker!' exclaimed Captain Portman, at last. 'But where is Oats?'

'There he is,' replied his companion, 'in the middle of a lot; rare tailing already. There he is, coming out from his horses; he will be with the leading ones at the Corner; he is hard held.'

At the Corner, that well-known Corner, there is a bunch of animals, which have cost fortunes to bring to their present splendid condition, and fortunes are depending on them; but Oats is not amongst them; his rider did not hug the cords, he knew the danger of it; he comes, as a sailor would express it, 'midships,' or rather on the outside, and waits for the favourable moment to get through his horses.

That young head is on old shoulders; and, moreover, he knows his horse; no use has been made of him yet, and he is full of

running; he is bearing somewhat impatiently on his bridle, chafing for the moment that steady strain on his jaws may be relaxed. Wait, gallant horse, patience for a few moments!

Barely half the horses are now in the struggle; of the thirty odd that started only twelve or fifteen seem, to the frenzied multitude, to be in the race; but, in reality, there are not more than three or four dangerous.

How that mass heaves and surges to and fro! It is a brave, stout building to stand the strain.

'Oats!' 'Gameboy!' 'Bluemire!' 'Melody Colt!' 'Tearaway!' 'Non Est!' Every one shouts for his favourite; the partisans of each stable are mad.

Now the strain on Oats' jaw is a little eased, and he lays himself down to work.

'Dash me,' said Ned Stockman to himself, 'but he pulls a bit! 'No, no, my noble joker!' he muttered, through his clenched teeth; 'I cannot indulge you yet. I can't afford to let you have your own way, my boy! upon my solemn dick I can't!'

Tearaway has shot his bolt and dropped back. Never mind, good horse, you have done what was required of you, and done it well, too. You won't be last either—you'll come again presently.

The distance is reached. Most are calling on their animals; one alone sits patient, steady, and firm; he knows the time has not yet arrived to make his effort. Bar accidents, he has got them.

The multitude roar now. 'Black and red!' 'Blue!' 'Yellow!' 'Oats wins.' 'No, no, Gameboy in a canter!' is shouted by the hoarse throats of the interested.

Glance at that carriage of Sir Frederick's, those anxious blanched faces, quivering with the agony of excitement. Look at those two immovable horsemen sitting like statues, with their glasses to their eyes.

A grim smile illuminates the face of the Captain as he sees Oats draw up. 'Splendidly ridden! I've done the trick, I think,' he muttered. 'I have nearly landed my boy at last.'

Jack's hand trembles as he holds the glasses; an agonising moment to him; a few seconds more will decide it; he cannot speak, for his throat is parched and dry.

Along came those gay and flashing jackets. Black and red is in a more prominent position now.

'By Heavens, Oats will lose the race!' more than one exclaimed; 'why does not Ned send his horse along?'

'That comes of putting a tailor up, who has never ridden a race, an unknown hand—shameful usage to the public.'

'Wait!' roars out the stentorian voice again.

The whip arms are now at work, but still that horseman in the black and scarlet never lifts his hand. Nevertheless, his quick eye glances about anxiously.

'Now, old man,' he mutters; 'it is getting too close to be pleasant. I must set you going for a bit, till I shake my friend in the blue off.'



The breathless, anxious mass glare with straining eyeballs at the struggling horses. In an instant one is seen to shoot out—the black and scarlet; he stole away some two or three lengths ahead of the others. Crack, crack, crack, go the whips; the blue is creeping up, hugging the cords; then, and then only, does Ned slightly turn his head, but for a single instant, to take stock; ‘Now then,’ he exclaimed; ‘win or die!’

‘Oats wins in a canter!’ ‘No, no, Gameboy wins!’ ‘Blue for ever!’ But Oats had shaken the others off. No whip, no spur touched him, no scored or lacerated sides, no mark across his satin skin. He came striding along with even, clock-like action: he seemed slightly frightened at the unearthly roar; but the steady hand that never let his head go kept him straight; another instant, and it was over. Wild Oats had won the Derby, hard held, by half-a-dozen lengths.

Long before the riders returned to scale the numbers were hoisted. Gameboy run a game horse, and was sixth.

Look at Sir Frederick’s carriage now; no more anxious faces—the countenances were beaming with delight.

One man alone of that party, under pretence of looking for things in the hampers, is sobbing aloud—it is Sir Frederick’s old butler. Oats is returning, and walked past the winning-post. At his head is a flushed, handsome, happy-looking young man—it is his owner. Close behind him is Sir Frederick and the Captain.

‘God bless you, Stockman!’ exclaimed the Baronet. ‘I’ll not forget you, my boy! this is the best day’s work you have ever done or ever will do.’ And so it was.

‘Never in doubt, was it, Ned?’ asked the Captain.

‘Well, sir,’ replied the delighted jockey; ‘I did not know rightly I had got them till I was round the Corner; and though my horses hugged me a bit, once clear I was all safe. I could have won as far again if I had liked. I never touched him from beginning to end.’

Now the shouts are commencing again. The wild huzzas are deafening. The saddle is taken from the still panting steed, and even whilst it is being done the result is already known hundreds of miles away. The wires are flashing the news.

The sky is darkened by a cloud of pigeons; the banjo and bones are at it again; ceaseless popping of corks announce that the champagne tap is turned on in earnest.

Another wild huzza as the lucky rider of Wild Oats comes forth in his light overcoat, accompanied by Sir Frederick, his son, and Captain Portman.

The gallant horse is clothed and led away, followed by his game companion. Shouts again rend the air as he leaves the enclosure.

‘There!’ said Captain Portman, to a noted bookmaker; ‘I told you that you would know more about Ned Stockman after the race. It does not follow that to win a Derby, or any other great race, you must have a well-known fashionable light-weight—a fellow

'that travels about in his brougham, with a valet to attend on him, and is a great deal bigger man than his employer. Bosh! I think we have shown the public to-day that there are men—unknown men—who, if they had the chance, can ride just as well as your cracked-up jocks. Not that I wish to depreciate them in any way. Hunting is the school to give a fellow a knowledge of pace. Ned has shown you all that he not only possesses that knowledge, but is patient, can ride, knows how to save his horse, and when to come.'

Horses are now being put-to; cabs are already on their way to the little village; hundreds are wending their way to the stations, and leaving the ground. The grand excitement is at an end; the great race for the year is over. Few care for the other races on the Derby Day; those who stop are bent on enjoyment—if eating and drinking under every sort of difficulty can be called enjoyment.

On a clear grey day, years after Wild Oats had won the 'blue ribbon of the Turf,' a pack of foxhounds might be seen drawn up on the edge of a common. A fine-looking lot of dogs they were; the men, too, were well appointed and well mounted.

None had as yet arrived, though several pink coats in the distance were wending their way to the meet. Presently a gentleman on a weight-carrying blood horse trotted up, and, touching his hat courteously to the huntsman, said, 'Sir Fwedewick Blake's hounds, I believe?'

'Yes, sir, yes,' said the huntsman, raising his cap; 'but hunted by his son, Mr. John; he will be here directly. Sir Frederick comes out to-day, and when he does Mr. John always drives the Baronet.'

'Indeed,' said the stranger, for stranger he was. 'Does Sir Fwedewick hunt now?'

'Hunt, sir! yes, indeed he does; he is as keen as his son at it, though he cannot go quite so often at it as he would like—four days a-week is too much for him now. Very few men can beat him now, when on Grey Hercules—a horse now, sir, nearly twenty years old, but as fresh as a four-year old. Sir Frederick is wonderful fond of this meet. The young gentlemen, Mr. John's boys, will be out to-day; rare young gentlemen to ride they are, to be sure.'

'Mr. John's boys?' said the stranger, musingly; 'I did not know he had any old enough for that.'

'Oh yes, sir,' replied the cheery huntsman; 'one ten, and the other eight. Entered very well, sir, they did. Then they have a good hand to show them the way to cross a country—no one can beat Captain Portman even now; he and Sir Frederick are always in the first flight; rare men, both of them, but then they know the country so well.'

'Ah,' murmured the stranger, 'such is life! His children! and hunting, too! It seems but yesterday they were married. And Wild Oats, huntsman, and Tearaway, what of them?'

'They, sir,' replied the man, his eyes glistening as he spoke, 'are

‘in velvet, and have been ever since they ran for the Derby—stud-horses, sir; and such stock as they get, to be sure! Their subscriptions are always full. I rode Oats for the Derby, sir: the Baronet gave me a thousand pounds and a cottage for winning it; Mr. John a thousand, and Captain Portman the same. I was stud-groom for some years, but when the first whip died I took his place. I am not the huntsman, sir; Mr. John carries his own horn—and well he hunts them too. There comes Sir Frederick, sir, in the mail phaeton, and the young gentlemen riding beside him.’

‘And Miss Blake, where is she?’ continued the stranger.

‘She married years ago, sir, and is now on a visit with her husband and children at Sir Frederick’s.’

‘Changes, indeed!’ said the stranger, as he moved slowly away. ‘Thank God they are all right, and that I was rendered powerless to do the injury I intended. I made my own bed, and a deuced hard one it was to lie on for some years; however, thanks to Portman and my wife, I am yet well off.’

‘Well, Stockman, well,’ said Sir Frederick, as he drove up; ‘hounds all right? Who is the gentleman you were talking to?’

‘I don’t know, sir,’ replied the first whip. ‘He is quite a stranger to me.’

‘Ah,’ said the old gentleman, ‘some one come to see our hounds. They will not disgrace us. Well, we must show him sport. This is the best meet. We have a flying country. I am glad he picked out to-day. It is a difficult country, though, to one not used to it. ‘You had better tell him, Stockman,’ said the Baronet, clambering into his saddle, ‘that if he wishes to see the finish, he had better keep near you, instead of taking a line of his own.’

‘How goes the time, Jack?’ asked Captain Portman of the young master.

‘Twenty minutes good, Portman. I wonder who the stranger is. But here comes my father. He has been talking to Stockman; perhaps he knows.’

As Sir Frederick rode towards his son and Captain Portman, the stranger did so likewise. Coming up, he said—

‘Sir Fwedewick, Jack, Portman, will you ‘shake hands, and forgive an erring, but repentant man?’

‘Good God!’ exclaimed the Baronet. ‘Lord Lavender! Of course I will shake hands with you. I am right glad to see you in the old land again. I know you have suffered long and deeply. Jack is glad to see you; so is Portman.’

‘Indeed we are,’ answered both, grasping him by the hand.

‘And Lady Lavender,’ intercepted the Baronet, ‘how is she? Where are you located? You must come and stay with us.’

And so it was arranged that Lord and Lady Lavender and their two children should come to Sir Frederick’s the next day on a visit.

‘Tell me,’ continued the Baronet, as the hounds were drawing the cover, ‘what became of Crafty.’

‘Oh, he and the Nobbler drank themselves to death in about a year. The widow married a Frenchman. But, see! the fox has broken,’ pointing to the wily varmint, as he stole away, whisking his brush, as if in defiance.

‘It’s the old stager!’ exclaimed the Baronet. ‘He has beaten us three times before; we are in for a stinger.’

The hunt was still continued, but the shades of evening were falling apace; yet five men might be seen struggling along, following the hounds. These were the Baronet, Lord Lavender, Jack Blake, Captain Portman, and Ned Stockman.

‘Gad!’ exclaimed the Baronet, as his horse, from fatigue, nearly floundered on to his nose. ‘It is a good thing we all nicked in for our second horses. I can’t go another field.’

‘Or I either,’ answered the others.

‘The fox will never live to reach the covert,’ said the huntsman, as he viewed the wet and beaten animal dragging himself along, with his brush trailing behind him, very different from the defiant manner he whisked it over his back when he broke covert. The huntsman’s prediction was verified; the gallant animal was pulled down one field from the covert.

No one save the five horsemen heard the who-op that was given; the large field had tailed off long ago. The famous Berrow Coppice Run was talked of for years after.

Our tale is now done. Since I began it many changes have taken place in the hunting world. There is one evil gaining ground apace. Many letters have been written, but to no effect. The noble sport of fox-hunting will soon exist no longer if WIRE is to ruin dogs, horses, and men. No one will be able to go a yard. Let us hope that the erring in this way will see the wickedness and folly of wire. Let us hope that racing will soon be on a better footing, that betting will be abolished, that two-year-old stakes will be done away with. The Turf wants many changes. My readers may think Jack Blake and his racing transactions overdrawn. They actually occurred to a friend of mine. He had a fearful sum depending on a horse he really knew nothing about, belonging to a worthy Baronet. I was stupified when he told me of the magnitude of the sum. I said to him, ‘What on earth would you have done if it had not come off right?’

He answered, ‘I should not have been here to tell you the tale.’ There was terrible significance in his words. ‘However, old fellow,’ he continued, ‘I never bet a farthing again. I have been at it for years; but I am *landed at last*.’

## MY FIRST LION-HUNT.

FROM my very boyhood I have been devoted to the sports of the field and flood, and I can remember well the delight with which I dropped my first brace of birds on a 1st of September—now, alas ! many years ago. Since that eventful day I have carried my gun in pretty nearly every part of the world where sport is to be had ; and the adventure I am about to relate is but one of many in the pursuit of my favourite pastime.

It is now some twenty years since I was at a place on the south coast of Africa, called Elephant Bay. We had heard that lions were to be found, so a party of natives were employed to discover their whereabouts for us ; and early one morning a hunter came off to the ship, and told us that the night before they had tracked a lioness to her lair, and that for a ‘ consideration ’ they would conduct a party of us to the spot. This was, as my readers will easily imagine, glorious news ; so at noon a party of four of us, neither of whom had ever shot anything wilder than a hare, landed, and after a sweltering walk of about five miles through dense bush and scrub, arrived at the scene of action.

On coming in sight of the natives who had been left to watch the animal, I at once saw that it would be a case of close quarters, as the men only made signs, and would not speak ; and on our quietly asking where our expected foe was hanging out, they pointed to a large tree, certainly not more than forty yards distant from us. Taking a good look at the caps of my rifle, and feeling with the rod that both balls were close down, I took up a position in front of the tree just in the line of road the natives said the beast was in the habit of taking when going abroad, and placed a native with my second gun close behind me ; the rest of our party and the native hunters distributing themselves in a circle round the tree, so as to be ready for her whichever side she broke cover. All being ready, a signal was made to a number of natives stationed in the adjacent trees, and they began to shout at the top of their voices ; and in an instant we heard a noise like the growling of a mastiff, increasing in sound and intensity. My readers must not fancy that the noise they hear from the kingly beast in captivity is anything like that which he makes when in his native wilds. Placing his mouth near the ground, the monster gives a prolonged growl, which reverberates around in a volume of sound which can be heard for miles, striking every living thing with terror. Such was the sound which now broke the stillness of the air. The native behind me pressed my arm, and told me she was ‘ very ‘angry.’ Immediately after this she got up, and we saw her for the first time, as she began walking up and down under the tree, as you see the animals in the Zoo do in their cages, lashing her sides with her tail, and sometimes throwing it right over her back.

All at once she saw me, rather stooped the fore part of her body,

put back her ears, opened her mouth, gave three or four heavy growls, and showed the whitest set of teeth I ever saw in my life. At this moment I fired my right-hand barrel direct at the dent between her eyes, and no sooner had I done so than, with a frightful roar of agony and rage, down she came full upon me. Thank God! I was steady and cool, and let her have the second barrel full in the chest; but it failed to stop her. I had just time to seize my second gun from the native, who, fortunately, stood like a rock, and not being able to get it to my shoulder, I fired both barrels from my hip straight into her chest; but that did not suffice to stop the infuriated brute, for with a plunge she threw me flat on my back, and laid on me, with one paw on each side of my chest.

She then put her head down, with that kind of growling noise with which a bull-terrier worries any kind of varmint, right over my throat and chest. To attempt to describe the horrors of the situation I was in would be simply an impossibility; my friends and the natives stood transfixed with fear, utterly unable to render me the slightest assistance.

But one little accidental circumstance saved my life. In being thrown down I had providentially kept hold of my second gun, and on the brute stooping to worry me I thrust it up in involuntary self-defence. Laying hold of it in her massive teeth, she shook it out of my hands like a straw, and for some moments contented herself with venting her rage upon it, and broke it all to pieces. During all this time my friends, though but a few yards from me, feared to fire upon her, lest their shots should strike me.

Presently she seized me by the shoulder, and shook me as a puppy does a ball of cotton, fearfully mangling and crushing the arm; and then for a time lay perfectly still, keeping her teeth in my shoulder. Suddenly she let go, rose slowly to her feet, staggered away for a few feet, and fell dead!

My friends, on coming to lift up what they fully believed to be my dead body, could hardly credit their senses at finding me still alive, and, with the exception of a badly mangled shoulder and arm, comparatively unhurt—the more so as I was perfectly drenched with the animal's blood. Cutting down some branches, a rude litter was improvised, and I was tenderly and carefully carried to the beach, and then on board, where I remained for a considerable time under the surgeon's hands before my wounded arm was cured and my system had recovered from its severe shock. Had the lioness seized me by the throat, instead of the gun I had so fortunately retained in my grasp, I should have lost my life to a certainty. It had long been the wish of my heart to have a hand-to-hand encounter with the 'Lord of the Forest,' and I certainly had it gratified with a vengeance. I have shot others since, but have never had so near a shave; and frequently, when I wrap myself up in her skin, now doing duty as a rug, I think to myself, with a shudder, how near death I was in obtaining it.

## COURSING.

## THE WATERLOO CUP.

A FRESH zest had been given to the interest felt in the struggle for the Waterloo Cup of this year by the sudden and unexpected demise of Master McGrath, Lord Lurgan's celebrated triple victor. Up to Christmas that greyhound occupied the pride of place in the betting quotations, and it was regarded by coursers as a species of high treason to think of placing any other nomination in precedence of that of the noble Lord-in-waiting to the Queen. It would have been a singular, not to say an altogether unparalleled, performance indeed if a greyhound whose puppies are running this season had for the fourth time been declared the winner of a sixty-four dog stake, and that, too, over the heavy plains of Altcar; but there can be no doubt that had Master McGrath achieved that unprecedented distinction, his success would have been hailed with the acclamations of all competitors, and of the public in general. But it must be confessed, although the career of Master McGrath, chequered as it was in one or two instances, has drawn quite an unaccustomed attention to coursing as a sport; and although the straightforward conduct of his owner has given it a claim to estimation even among the most sceptical as to the proverbial 'squareness' of its votaries, that the death of the greyhound 'can hardly be regretted whose work was 'done.' We may regret it indeed for the sake of his blood; but scarcely with regard to the interests of sport. Running McGrath at Waterloo was as bad as playing Mr. Grace in a cricket match: it appeared a mere act of insanity laying against either of them. It is gratifying to learn that the 'coroner's inquest' has not resulted in the discovery of any traces of foul treatment in the dog's case, and we may dismiss the canine animal with the time-honoured wish, '*Requiescat in pace.*' It will be unnecessary to remind any but non-classical readers of 'Baily' (and I know that there are but few of that description) that the word *pace* is a Latin one, and that it bears no tender allusion to Master McGrath's wonderful speed. I have observed the familiar 'epitaph' used in many instances lately on the deaths of various equine celebrities, and many persons have regarded it, and possibly the writers themselves have so intended it, as a pleasant and punning, though very far from pungent, *jeu d'esprit*. Unlike the hardy all-the-year-round bathers in the Serpentine, McGrath must have had a wholesome dread, after his narrow escape from drowning the year before last, of cold water and ice in the depth of winter; and the assistance of the enthusiastic Irishman was required in his case, to break the ice with a view to his liberation, whereas the infatuated old gentleman of the Serpentine chops the ice with his hatchet in order that he may reach his ordinary depth of water for bathing. It would not be fair to call this performance a triumph of canine over human sagacity; but while we are uncertain as to the probable fate of the

gentleman, McGrath's end furnishes another instance of the proverb that 'he that's born to some other destiny will never be drowned.' It is a wonder, since we have heard and read so much about that malady lately, that the coroner's jury did not bring in a verdict of hydrophobia.

The Altcar Club Meeting did not by its results throw much light upon the Waterloo Cup candidature, and it was remarkable for nothing much beyond the mention of the names rather than of the pretensions of Waterloo competitors. Whether discretion was the better part of valour in this somewhat peculiar reticence must be a matter of opinion, until we learn what are the grand actuating motives of 'the coursing world.' It must have been well known among certain 'divisions' that Mr. Assheton Smith had made himself master of the 'Pretender' division, at all events; and, as in the case of Mr. Lombard last year in another branch of sport, betting against him appeared to be an act of lunacy, so certain did it look that he must win with one or another of the 'P's.'

The Ridgway Meeting at Lytham, also, did not enable speculators and prophets to draw anything like certain conclusions; but it was rumoured, or rather asserted as a fact there, that Mr. Clark would run Double or Quits. The victory of Babety in the Clifton Cup brought Mr. Blanshard's chance into increased favour, and Jewess's excellent performance in the same stake produced a strong liking for the nomination of Mr. B. Heywood Jones. In spite of these reactions, however, Mr. Eltringham's avowed intention to run Peasant Boy for his chance placed that gentleman's name clean at the head of the betting-list, where it continued to hold its own pretty generally among the betting fraternity, probably from the fact that Mr. Punchard had himself declared that Pretender 'was quite useless to the young 'one.' But it was not until the last Saturday prior to the draw dinner, that the prophetic faculty can be said to have fully developed itself. There is probably a modesty, or, at least, a reluctance characteristic of the prophetic profession, which prevents their divulging their inspired convictions concerning all sporting matters—a business becoming daily more and more associated with cheating and chicanery—until they can do so with a certain degree of unanimity and—excuse barbarism—'consentaneity.' Thus it happens that the 'straight 'tip,' so eagerly sought after by the idlers who would make a fortune at anybody's expense, and by any short and circuitous route, is generally the result of an amalgamation of intellect, and calculated to deceive proportionably to the amount of impudence and ignorance of which that vulgar and pernicious prophecy is composed. The profession knew, this year, how dangerous it was to recommend investments upon mere nominations, and waited wisely until they were assured how the Irish, Scotch, London, and even Welsh confederacies were going to be worked, before decidedly and authoritatively giving to the outer world the list of names among which the absolute winner was to be found. And, possibly in remembrance of the absurdity of last year's confident predictions, they abstained from mentioning the



name of the winner of this year's Cup, until they had arrived at a knowledge of the interest or association in which the greyhound would run.

It was said by a sporting writer very recently that 'during the past three or four seasons, the general interest in the Waterloo Cup has increased in a remarkable degree, which is mainly owing to the prominence given to betting on that event in the public journals.' There is no necessity for contravening that rather dictatorial assertion; but the opinion, or rather the conviction, that coursing, as a sport pre-eminently the favourite one of English gentlemen, is dependent mainly upon 'the prominence given to betting in the public journals,' ought to be, and must be, repudiated by all who take any sort of interest in coursing *pur et simple*. The plains of Altcar are not favourable as a coursing ground even *natura loci*, and a greyhound unaccustomed to sough-leaping is likely to cut but a sorry figure before a very intrinsically inferior competitor, unless he or she has had previous practice over some such sort of ground. Liverpool is not calculated to turn out a very aristocratic public, where unlimited and unrestricted betting is permitted; and upon Altcar 'the gentlemen of the Ring' assemble in such numbers and 'perpetrate' their villainous occupation so disgustingly, that gentlemen, properly so called, must gradually be becoming, as the Attorney-General says, 'sick of the business.' Judge, dog, hare, and spectator have, in consequence, nothing like fair play; and it must be a matter of general regret that the liberality and patronage of Lord Sefton have not a more favourable 'theatre' for the exhibition of the 'part' of an Englishman interested in field sports.

Under the chairmanship of Mr. Graham, the dinner and draw took place at the Adelphi Hotel, and nothing could have been done more satisfactorily and pleasantly. The 'turtle' was, as usual, of the real Liverpool flavour, while gentlemen with 'favour's' did the polite in the hob-nobbing line; and the betting fraternity, with the non-chalance peculiar to the individual who regards 'one man to be as good as another, and a great deal better,' invested their 'flimsies' after the draw, and all was bliss. The betting man, however, must not suppose that he is universally appreciated, or that his avocation meets with the general approval of the coursing world; for 'their lordships' at Liverpool have endeavoured to snuff him out energetically enough; but up to this time ineffectually; because the true patrons of coursing—noble or otherwise—do not like to rush, as it were, through an Act of Parliament, and by a daring feat of 'course-manship,' prohibit betting on the part of persons who look upon the making of money honestly, if possible, but, at all events, by any means allowable as uncomformable to the laws of our glorious country and constitution. Here I must end my dissertation on coursing in general, and descend to the bathos of a discourse upon the actual running for the Waterloo Cup of this year alone.

When it became known in town that Mr. Punchard's interest in the Pretender, Pevensey, and other 'divisions' had been absorbed in

that of Mr. Assheton Smith, it was not unnatural that Mr. Clark's Double or Quits fell strangely in the quotations, nor that the chances of all names other than those known to be associated with representative kennels should have been estimated at a very low figure. Of course, Wagga Wagga and Rhubarb, from the mere singularity and unaccountability of their sponsorship, 'foudid hosts of supporters,' as did also Deodora's Daughter; but principally, one might think, from purely local instigation and influence. Peasant Boy, however, as the 'elected' of Eltringham, had the call among the betting cognoscenti up to the last. The draw dinner was attended by numbers of the most distinguished patrons of coursing and nominators for the Cup. Everything passed off most pleasantly, and from there having been no postponement in consequence of frost, there was no let or hindrance to the good understanding and enjoyment of all. The arrangements were made on the well-known and liberal scale; and if the ground at Waterloo could only be made something more like that at Amesbury or Ashdown Park, and the betting men be a little 'repressed,' Liverpool might have a well-founded pretension to claim the title of coursing head-quarters. There is no doubt that coursing is becoming annually more popular, and it behoves the Upper Ten to take care that it does not become degraded to the level of some other sports, which are merely followed and regarded as a means to a very unworthy end.

The result of the meeting must be most satisfactory to all who take an interest in coursing, and the prophets may be congratulated upon the accuracy of their deductions, though not one spotted the absolute winner. Peasant Boy, by his running throughout, amply justified the favourable opinions all along entertained of him, and proved the excellence of his blood, racing Hopfactor out of Placid. The favourites, in fact, all showed up in good form; and it was surprising that hardly anybody took much notice of Liberty, by King Death, out of Halsall Lass II., as he managed, after all said and done, to run up to Chameleon for the Purse. Bessie, who ran in Mr. Chesshyre's name—that gentleman being among the most indefatigable and undaunted of coursers—ran up to Jewess for the Plate, and thus, it may be hoped, gave increased determination to win the Cup yet. The victory of Bed of Stone, after her misfortunes and mishaps, is positively a delightful subject of contemplation. She is the property of Mr. Briggs, who hails from Blackburn, and is by Portland, out of Imperatrice, a parentage quite smacking of aristocracy. Her career is so well known, and her performances have been so highly estimated by good judges who have witnessed them over Altcar, that it is scarcely necessary to say a word about them. Only at the late Altcar meeting she was outpaced by Lady Grafton, who led her quite two lengths to the hare, and probably from this cause her chance of winning was utterly eschewed by the analytical and exclusive-information brotherhood, for her name was not mentioned as a likely winner, or even as a formidable antagonist. Last year she was a warm favourite among some people, and her superb working

powers should have entitled her to general support and recommendation. If Master McGrath is the phenomenon commonly supposed, and was superior to any other greyhound that ever ran for the Waterloo Cup, it may at least be said that Bed of Stone and Rebe have proved themselves worthy to take the nearest rank to him. Bed of Stone has been by no means a conquering heroine always; and in her first attempt for the Waterloo Cup, in 1870, she was defeated in the first round by Mr. Cunningham's Commodore, and in 1871 was beaten in the second round for the same prize.

In the deciding course with Peasant Boy, Bed of Stone showed, by every account, very decided superiority, and won most triumphantly. A good hare was found on 'the Withins,' and Peasant Boy, with odds on his chance, drew to the front from the slips. The hare shifting, however, Bed of Stone by a vigorous effort raced past on the inside, and reached the game first. Peasant Boy was let in after a fall in an endeavour to kill on the part of Bed of Stone, a chance of which he did not make much use; and Bed of Stone, after some clever wrenching when again upon good terms with her hare, wound up with a kill and a win. It is not often that so satisfactory a finish is seen for the Waterloo Cup, deciding courses there being generally too much of a scramble, and too short for a display of much merit. It remains but to say that Mr. Warwick's decisions gave general satisfaction, and that Kerss performed his duties as slipper—a very difficult and trying occupation at Altcar—in a very creditable manner; thus leaving nothing wanting to render the Waterloo meeting of this year as memorable as any that have been celebrated.

SIRIUS.

## 'OUR VAN.'

### THE INVOICE.—February Fancies.

A DAWN of better days—a return of the dove with the olive-branch of good tidings to one of those hunting arks of the shires—say the George at Rugby—tidings equally welcome to mud-fevered horses and hard-worked stable helpers, to the man with a large stud and the man with a small. February, in short, witnessed the subsiding of the waters; horses were no longer carried off their legs on their way home after a day with the Atherstone or the Pytchley; the valley of the Severn did not recall pre-Adamite times, when, as some geologists tell us, 'the Straits of Malvern' had a real existence; the Vale of White Horse ceased to be a lake; and punts to rescue the drowning were not in attendance on the Windsor 'drag.' It was really no joke hunting in some countries during the latter days of January. Apart from the heavy going, there were perils by water as well as land that sent many a good-plucked one and hard man up to the shelter of his club, and gave much-needed rest to his stable. Neither in the boating world either was the plague of waters acceptable. The country round Oxford was an inland sea; but on that account there was no coaching from the towing-path, and Lesley could not shout at the shirkers nor Moss see to the trim. In athletics, too,

there was no going on the war-path, for the path was in many places under water; and even those irrepressible packs, the South London Harriers and the Thames Hare and Hounds, had much to do to hold their own. How the weather affected Londoners was patent to every one, as every one was more or less cross, idle, and quarrelsome. A large crop of scandals at the Taradiddle and the Fogo, and more I.O.U.'s than usual at the Pick-me-up and the Baccarat. Men damned the weather, the mud, and the state of the streets with a wonderful unanimity, and sauntering was their 'sultana queen.' Some happy individuals we did hear of who went to Nice, and some in their desperation even went to Carmarthen; but we do not believe that any of the voyagers took much by their motion. But with the first week in February a good deal of this passed away. There came better weather, with the collective wisdom, to town, and the sun actually shone on the session. The Row began to bloom, men walked dry-shod down Piccadilly, Blanche Vavasour in her daily pilgrimage from Brompton was no longer doomed to the degradation of the 'bus, Regent Street windows were spring bedecked, and West-End tradesmen plucked up their courage and ceased to dream of co-operative stores.

And of course what are called 'the clubs' partook of the general activity. With the acceptances for the Spring Handicaps before them—a Tom Tiddler's ground where the gold and silver never fails—the bookmakers were on the alert; and if there were no favourites, who so competent as they to make some? The sporting papers soon teemed with long quotations, which, in the good old times, bewailed by many, would have represented a good deal of money; but we fancy if the sum total had been put down against those not too liberal offers the columns would have exhibited a wide divergence. The entries have been all good, the acceptances—save for one important event, the first offering of the spring—most satisfactory. Why the Lincolnshire Handicap should have only had 51 subscribers, and such fell swoop been made of the top weights, that Manille, with 8st. 12lbs., heads the lot, is difficult of explanation, except that between the welters and the feathers there was thought to be too wide a gulf. We confess to a penchant for heavy weights—of course we mean when carried by racehorses—among a lot of light ones; and if old Border Knight is as good as when he bore the Legard blue to victory, we would stand him against all comers, be they Queens of the May, Harolds, Ellesmeres, or what not. To say that Royal Rake has been entered for this event is to say that he has been backed, like Sabinus for the City and Suburban, Kingcraft for anything for which he has entered, and other standing dishes that will figure in the quotations as long as they have a leg to stand on. There is a horse belonging to Captain Machell, who has had a long rest now—Bonny Swell—and of whom, next to Border Knight, we should, if we saw him well at the post, entertain a high opinion. Fisherman of course is deserving of respect; and so is St. Vincent, if he can get a mile—a doubtful point; but all these are fancies, and our love is Border Knight. The City and Suburban takes the eye very much with its capital acceptance of over a hundred, and that and the Chester Cup are wonderfully good handicaps. As we travel down the Epsom race, though we grant we pass over some very tempting-looking entries before we reach her, we halt suddenly at Chopette, 7st. 7lbs., and don't seem inclined to go any further. We come, perhaps, of a stiff-necked and prejudiced stock, but it seems good as the handicap from a previous cursory glance undoubtedly is, that it is useless to look beyond the daughter of North Lincoln. Why should we struggle through the rubbish, admirably estimated as that rubbish is? Chopette is a racehorse, the speediest we

saw out last year, and if she is as good now, we humbly take it that we can hardly tell how good that goodness is. Of course we cannot, and must not, shut our eyes to the turned-loose incapables. Anything under 6st. 6lbs., with a good start and a reckless boy on his or her back, is to be dreaded, and the City and Suburban price-list has already pointed to more than one of this class. We are speaking of a racehorse of a higher form, we take it, than the Sabinuses, the Hawthorndens, the Kingcrafts, and the Cymbals; and though her weight is great, yet we must remember what Speculum did. And what was Speculum, compared with Chopette? To say that the horses of the gentleman who races under the name of Mr. Keswick have been backed for this event is hardly necessary; for if the imposts of Sabinus, Digby Grand, and Turban had been double what they are the stable would have found eager worshippers. Fond as we are of Chopette, we must not, however, let that fondness be a blind affection; and we are bound to acknowledge that The Dwarf, 8st. 2lbs. (the only race he has accepted for), holds a very strong position. There are others, too, of course; but these are early days, and it will be time enough after Lincoln to see if the results induce us to alter our present opinion, that to 'follow the Baron' for the City and Suburban is a good thing. Mr. Topham's flat masterpiece deserves all the attention it has procured; and the eager rush, if not to back Danebury, at least to proclaim that the handicap was made for that stable, induces us to believe that there must be something in the background that the talent have not yet found. We have often remarked, and doubtless it has struck others in the same way, that the great eminence of Mr. Topham as a handicapper is that clever concealing of his hand; the manner in which some very leniently dealt with horse is put forward to catch the eye; while the real Simon Pure escapes unnoticed till the last moment. Chester and Liverpool Cup records afford many an example of this; and though it may be quite true that Gopsall, White Rose, and Black Gown are in the heart's content of 'Honest John,' it does not follow that either of them is the trump card. At present the oracles are dumb, for the betting on the event has been almost nominal; and it is evident that layers and backers are both at sea. That the former will make port we have little doubt; as to the fate of the latter we will not predicate.

But all this time we are dwelling on a (comparatively) far future, while something almost close at our doors claims our notice. Room, then, for the thirty-sixth Grand National.

In most of the 'Guides to the Turf,' generally very fallacious, we shall find that there is a difference of opinion on this point, and be told that this year will be the thirty-fourth anniversary; but we find by an old 'Baily,' carefully stored up, that the first great race was run at Liverpool in 1837, when Mr. Henry Potts, of Chester, who is still bad to beat with the Cheshire and Sir Watkins' hounds, rode The Duke, beating a very small field; and the next year he piloted Sir William to victory, the race then being for hunters only, carrying 12st. each; and it did not become a handicap race until 1843, ever since which time it has been gradually increasing in importance, until at last it has assumed, and well earned, the title of the Derby of Steeplechases. The Lamb, the little Irish grey pony who carried poor George Ede to victory in 1868 and last year, when steered by Mr. Thomas, with 11st. 5 lbs. up, won a gallant race, has been honoured, as was expected, with the conventional top weight, viz., 12st. 7 lbs. It is a weight that has never yet been won under, and it seems almost an impossibility for so small, albeit so game, a horse to carry; and, much as

all followers of the Droxford stable would welcome his third success, it appears almost too much to ask a horse to do. Cortolvin, who was supposed to be a very bad one in Ireland, so bad, indeed, that his breeder sold him as being unfit to carry his daughter to hounds, won the race with the highest weight, 11st. 13 lbs., or 8 lbs. less than the plucky little son of Zouave will have to carry this year; Pioneer, Chandler, The Colonel, and Bourton each won with 11st. 12 lbs., but 12 st. appears to be the limit; and we can therefore scarcely hope for The Lamb to break the charm. Harvester, with 7 lbs. less, won the Great Croydon Prize, but that is not a country like Aintree; and, although he was backed by those in the know many times during the past month, he seems scarcely good enough, although his plucky owner, who wins more races than any one else on his own horses, and who apparently is indifferent whether he does so by *heads or tails*, is said to have backed him, which is rather significant, as he generally runs for the stakes alone and glory. Marin, a very good specimen of the French jumper, won, like Harvester, his best race at Croydon; but he has a little too much weight to carry at Liverpool, and goes badly in the market.

Very few animals made such a successful opening in the jumping line as Primrose two years ago. She was invincible over hurdles, ran third to The Colonel and The Doctor at Liverpool, and a week later beat the latter over the Cottenham pastures very easily, running, by-the-bye, at 1 lb. the best of the weights that she met the Cheltenham horse at Liverpool. She was *bors de combat* last year, but is now backed by the whole of the Nottingham brigade; but—there is always a but—if Ampleforth's running at Croydon goes for anything—for the party put down the pieces to a man—she cannot have the slightest chance; and good man though Mr. Brockton be with foxhounds, it will not be much in her favour if he dons his own colours in the Grand National. Redivivus immortalized himself at Warwick, where he won anyhow; but the Cestrian handicapper appears to have taken care of him here. Although The Doctor, who was, so said the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, spurred almost to death when he ran second to The Colonel, has returned to his old training grounds, and is reported going and doing well, yet he must be now getting too far in the *aere* and yellow to have a chance with younger aspirants. Scipio has 11st. 7 lbs. to carry; he ran well at Croydon, has always been a good performer over fences, though execrable on the flat; and if I'Anson rides him, he will be as near winning as anything. Rufus, one of the best-looking horses ever bred in Ireland, has joined Lord Poulett's team; but, good fencer as he is, he pulls too much in the first part, and will lack the speed to win in the last part of the journey. Schiedam and Hunter are in at the same weight as Rufus, and of the trio Schiedam will prove the best. Snowstorm has his name figuring as a sire at the same time that he has accepted for this race; but he can have no chance with such as Scarrington, who was third last year, and who has now 2 lbs. less to carry; nor with Bogue Homa, who rattled away to the front in the Swan Meadows at Warwick in Redivivus's second race last autumn. Nuage, of Lincoln fame, is said to be amiss; and such things as Rhysworth, a horrible rogue on the flat, Oddfellow, The Dybbol, Master Mowbray, and Lottery can have no chance. David Copperfield (late Barnabo) ran second to Harvester at Croydon, and here is well in, and should take some beating. The Duke of Hamilton's mare, Fleuriste, has been beaten at Nice, so we shall not see her here; and there are a lot of rubbish in about the same weight that need not be alluded to. Aurifera, however, with 10st. 8 lbs. must have a great chance; her owner runs for glory, not gain, and she is most

decidedly the best outsider in the race. Mr. Studd's lot, although he has scratched Mars, may be dangerous on the day; but Despatch, last year's second, will prove the best, and he will probably not improve upon that position. Of the light-weighted candidates, it would be hazardous to comment on, for somehow or other at Aintree a good horse generally wins. There is nothing much to choose by this year; and, for once in a way, casting aside all prejudice and popular opinion, let us make a dive; and, as it often happens that alliteration turns out lucky, let us back Saunders's lot, Scipio, Scarrington, and Schiedam, to beat the field.

Mr. Sheldon set the steeplechase goers to work again at Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, on the 15th and 16th, where the sport was far above the average, the attendance immense, and the weather propitious, the neighbouring nobility and gentry largely represented, and the season of 1872 most auspiciously inaugurated. The racing, *as racing*, calls for few comments now, being principally remarkable for the success of Lord Aylesford's stable, the representatives of which, trained and ridden by J. Cannon, a brother of the celebrated flat-race jockey, won three of the chief events; the principal one, the Grand Annual, being won by another member of the aristocracy, Lord Anglesey, who ran Corfu, a half-bred mare by Grosvenor, in preference to Cinderella.

It will scarcely be credited by men who went racing a dozen years ago, that on the first day of the meeting there was not a bet laid on any future event—at any rate, we have the authority of the whole sporting and local press for such being the state of affairs. On the second day, however, the layers got a little more uproarious, and offered to bet on the Liverpool, Derby, &c.; but, with the exception of Primrose being a trifle unsteady, nothing of any note was done. Mr. Ben Land's Widdles, with young Ben up, commenced the programme by winning the Hunt Cup on Thursday, beating half a dozen. The Selling Plate was a sell all over. Odds were laid on the loser, whose jockey parted company twice with his mount, and eventually was beaten by six lengths. Broadlea, a companion of The Lamb's, was served up hot and strong for the Erdington Plate; but he got home a bad third to Reugny and Purlbrook, Excelsior being the only other that went the journey all round. Mr. Studd was unfortunately prevented by an accident from seeing his Mistletoe win, who beat Red Nob after a splendid finish; and so ended the first day. Reugny carried Lord Aylesford's lucky colours to victory in the first race, the Craven Cup, on Friday; and Chasseur, one of the best-looking horses in England, although not deemed good enough to compete for a Hunter's Prize at the Horse Show in Dublin, a couple of years ago, when the property of the lucky Colonel, for whom he won the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown, won his race anyhow. Then attention was turned to the great race of the day, for which ten ran, Mr. Studd's Spy being the selected of the clever division; but he was really never in it, and after a splendid set to between J. Adams, on Corfu, and Mr. Harding Brown, on Charleville, the jockey beat the gentleman by a neck. The other races require no comments. We gained no insight into futurity at the Hardware Capital; and we think the winnings were pretty equally divided.

Our hunting budget is varied, though the burden of the song is one and the same—good sport, good scent, and awful going being the refrain from Tyndale to Tivyside. To begin with the Northumberland country, where we hear of a very quick run the Tyndale had on the 9th, when they found three foxes in Mr. Fenwick's own woods, and getting away on good terms with one of them a (big grey dog fox) ran him very sharply through Styford to the

head of a scar overhanging the Tyne. Here he doubled back, and was viewed by one of the master's sons. Mr. Fenwick blowing his horn, and getting the hounds away pretty close to him, they hunted him well through Styford high woods, and then running parallel with the Hexham Road, crossed it and up to Newton Hall, where he was headed, and turned south for about a couple of miles. He then turned again, and crossed Whittle Dean, with no one near them; but working steadily up to Horsley Village, the fox there turned down to Horsley Wood, and unsuccessfully tried the earths. They hunted him beautifully all through the wood (which always holds a poor scent), and brought him away at the west end, though another fox was on foot, and taking up the hill, crossed the Hexham Road again, in at Whittle Dean and half-way down it, where he got to ground in the crags, which are difficult to stop; the time two hours and a quarter, and distance by map sixteen miles. The hounds were only spoken to once (when the fox turned at Newton), and the huntsman's horn was never out of its case, for they did all the work themselves. The pace was not great; but if it had been greater nobody would have been near the hounds. If they had only killed, it would have been a most satisfactory day. The run is worthy of record, and the hounds of much praise; for it was by no means a straight run, and, from the number of turns, hunting must have been intricate.

The Durham County had three weeks at the end of January in the Sedgefield country, and some fair sport; but though they were enabled to blood the new hounds freely at the commencement, they were not very fortunate in killing afterwards. This, on several occasions, was the result of fresh foxes jumping up and saving the hunted ones. On their last day, the 2nd of February, they had a good hunting run with a fox from Lutton's Little Whin, though they had killed one in the covert only a fortnight before. On this occasion, too, no doubt, a fresh fox saved the first. The Hurworth have been having wonderfully good sport, though the country is nearly as bad as we described it last month—'almost bottomless'—and horses are knocked up in consequence. On the 3rd they met at Elton Toll-bar, and went away immediately from Lutton's Big Whin, with a good fox, which took them right into the Durham country without going into any coverts. Scent not very much; and after a fair hunting run of about one hour and twenty minutes he got too far ahead, and they had to give him up a mile above Lea Close Covert. Found a second fox late in the day in the New Whin at Middleton St. George, and after a fast ring, hunted him steadily and well for upwards of two hours, and then were obliged to stop the hounds on account of the darkness—a great disappointment, for blood was much wanted, and they deserved it from the way they stuck to him; but there was no alternative, as the hounds were only audible, and the fences could not be seen. On the 6th they were at Deighton, and found in the whin, racing their fox to ground in twelve minutes, in Hutton Bonville—a Bedale covert, where the usual morning stop had been neglected. Then they trotted away to Worsall, where, after some delay, a fox broke, and, with a sharp 30 minutes by Beverley Wood and Hornby, was pulled down within a field of his starting-point. Early in the spin the man with two necks was seen extricating his horse from an ugly stew, the width and depth of which he had not estimated; and another gentleman had a nasty fall, from the ground giving way and his horse falling backwards on him in a deep ditch.

From Yorkshire we hear Lord Middleton had the run of the season on the 7th of February, when the meet was at Fourth Milestone, Stockton Forest. They drew all that country, and the whole Sandhutton estate blank;



and things looked bad until they came to Mr. Darley's covert, Buttercrambe Moor, where a fox was seen on foot, but, being unluckily headed when making his point, was chopped in covert. They then trotted on to Bassall Wood, on the same property; and the hounds had not been two minutes in covert when a fox was viewed away on the north side, and made straight for Bassall Hall to Haston Village, and up to the Griffin Gates, where he turned, and ran past Claxton and into Buttercrambe Moor, not dwelling there a minute, but slipping out by the woodman's cottage, and crossing the York and Beverley Railway. Near the railway bridge over the Bridlington Road he made a slight turn past the back of Helmsley Village, and apparently pointed for Wart Hill, but, turning again, ran by Wreghitt's farm to Scoreby, and was lost a field off Scoreby Wood: time 55 minutes. He was seen to go into a drain in front of the hounds; but whether he lay down or doubled back on his line is not exactly certain. The first half of the run, from Haston Gates to Buttercrambe Moor, the pace was terrific, and the hounds had it to themselves; but a lucky turn let in Mr. C. Strickland and his faithful henchman Bob (well known in Yorkshire show-yards), who, followed by Captain Preston and one or two more, had, from that point, the best of the fun. Great credit is due to Mr. Darley and his keeper for persistent preservation of foxes under the greatest difficulties. It is rumoured that the Hon. Egremont Lascelles will be Sir G. Wombwell's successor—a piece of news, if true, which hunting-men will rejoice at. Mr. Lascelles is very popular in the country, and with only one or two mares has had no small success as a breeder of thorough-bred stock. No other particular news, except that the country generally has been under water, and to the old chaff of, 'Where are you going to on Sunday?' might be replied, 'Down the river in a 'four-wheeled gig,' from the door of the Yorkshire Club every morning, with great effect. Malton, by-the-way, lacking a Derby favourite, is turning its attention to the Boat Race with great interest, as the Oxford stroke, Mr. Lesley, hails from that 'happy place' (happier than ever, now they have got the use of the Wold again); and the victory of the dark blue will be received with acclamation by the gay Maltonians, more especially if they have taken the 7 to 4 now so freely laid on last year's winners.

From the Shires the accounts of sport are most satisfactory. On the 1st the North Warwickshire met at Thurlaston, and, after chopping a fox at Causton, drew Bilton Grange (which *ought*, we know, according to a celebrated 'claimant,' to be in Yorkshire, but will perversely insist on planting itself in Warwickshire), and found directly, running very fast over a stiff country, in the direction of Barly; but unfortunately the fox went to ground in a drain; and just then an itinerant vendor of oranges turning up, found 'large profits and quick returns,' disposing of his basket in no time. On the 6th, too, they had a fine hunting run from Princethorpe, finding in Frankton Wood, and going fast up to the Coventry Road nearly to Lawford, then by Wolston and Rigton to Bubbenhall Wood, where they ran to ground, and killed a fox which deserved to live for another day. The hounds worked admirably, and carried so good a head that only seven men were really with them, and between them and the rest of the field there was a big interval. This run from Princethorpe was peculiarly grateful, because it is quite rare to get such a thing, foxes generally running the long chain of big woods; and the swells who go out to cut each other down don't patronise it, as there is 'too much of that confounded plough' in that district. By-the-way, an amusing Warwickshire anecdote, for which we can vouch, must be told here. Some time ago a straight-going young lady, well known in the county, had a bad fall,

and was knocked out of time. Several people stopped and went to her assistance, amongst others a kind-hearted nobleman, a great supporter of the creed of Hahnemann, who immediately wished to administer an arnica globule, but was stopped by a hard-riding farmer, who said, 'Arnica be d——d, my lord ! ' You had much better let me give her a glass of whisky.' And we believe the farmer's remedy was administered, and with effect. Another while we have our hand in and our memory. A well-known draper in Rugby, who unites the duties of an undertaker to his business, was standing one day, about a fortnight since, at the gates of the cemetery in full canonicals, waiting for a funeral, when, as luck would have it, Mr. Angerstein's staghounds ran by in full chase of the deer. It was too much for the worthy undertaker, who, as the hounds passed, took off his hat, adorned with a lengthy scarf, and waving it in the breeze, gave a 'Forrard, forrard, there!' in good style. A sporting old gentleman, who was with the horsemen, declared that he should be appointed undertaker to the hunt, and said he should certainly direct *his* executors to employ him, as he should feel sure of being cheered to his grave.

The following diary tells some of the doings of the Quorn Hounds:— Friday, 2nd Feb., at Barkby Hall; found a fox in one of the spinneys, and ran fast, quite raced for 35 minutes to ground, bottled him, and had a good 30 minutes more, hunting pace; afterwards drew John O'Gaunt, the Coplow, and Scraftoft—all blank. Monday, 5th Feb., Willoughby Village; found at Willoughby Covert, ran a ring back to the covert; fox broke again and ran over the excessive deep plough to Bunny Woods and on to Tollerton Hill; lost him; found again at Roe Hoe; ran by Wynnstay Gorse on to Outhorpe Borders. Here we joined with Mr. Musters' pack, and ran to ground at a kid stack. Friday, 9th Feb., at Great Dally, drew Gartrei Hill blank; a brace of foxes had gone away from the covert before the hounds had arrived; we got on the line of a fox, and, after running for an hour and a half over Burrough Hill, left our fox in the 'Punch Bowl.' Found again at Ashby Pastures; hounds got well away with their fox and ran well, pointing straight for Melton Town, he then turned to the left, crossed the Leicester Road, River Wreak, and railway, close to the water-mill, between Kirby and Melton, and ran to ground near to the Asfordby Road, after a good 35 minutes. Saturday, 10th Feb., at one, Barrow Lodge; found a fox at once; he went straight away over the hills, as fast as hounds could run, almost without a check to Breeden Clouds, in half an hour. The plough was so deep the hounds quite beat the horses; there were several foxes in the wood, that prevented the hounds killing their hunted fox. Monday, 12th Feb., Asfordby Hall; found several foxes at Lord Wilton's covert, which were running all over the country and viewed in all directions, with a meddling scent and not much sport. Found a second fox at Grinston Gorse, and ran another ring for half an hour to ground at Welby Fish-ponds. Found again at Holwell Mouth, at half-past three o'clock, after most of the field had gone home; he ran straight over the vale, leaving Sherbrook's Covert on the left, then on to Hickling; here no one was really with the hounds; then, pointing for Knoulton Village, he ran straight through Outhorpe Borders, across the road, leaving Wynnstay Gorse on the right, back through Knoulton Covert to Colston Bassett, when the hounds were stopped by darkness, after one hour and a half, and a very hard day.

From Bedfordshire news comes that Mr. Arkwright and the Oakley have been having grand sport, and that the only drawback is that there are too many foxes, and the hounds are ever changing. The country, too, has been a regular swamp, like the rest of the world, and many horses have been screwed

up with the hard days and the mud fever. On the 27th of January they had a most extraordinary run from Swineshead Wood—one of the nastiest woods in the world to get away from—over the Fitzwilliam country, for three hours and a distance of twenty-five miles; changed foxes twice, if not three times; not over fast, but ever on, on, on. Every second horse was cooked, the hounds were choked, and a rattling view-holloa two fields ahead could not be answered. The spirit was willing, but the horse was weak. Mr. Arkwright has been unlucky in killing his foxes, from these frequent changes. On the 5th of February they had two capital runs; the first from Cross Allars, pointing for Clifton Spinnies, but turned to the left by Clifton House, leaving Emberton on the left, over the road at Olney Bridge, and ran the meadows all the way to Tyringham, where they eat him. A second fox was found at Clifton Spinnies, and ran straight to Great Oaks Wood, through, and down to Carlton Village, and over Harrold Bridge to Chellington and Felmersham, where Mr. Arkwright stopped the hounds, as they had struck the line of a fresh fox; the country awfully deep, and the nags baked. On the 6th they found a fox at Galsay Wood, and ran very fast for two hours, going best pace for Shelton Gorse with a fresh fox.

The H.H. have been still having good sport. On Tuesday, February the 6th, met at Avington Park, had a capital day's sport, the first half-hour very brilliant, and good hunting afterwards. February 13th.—Met at Hinton House. Went away from Blackhouse by the village of Kilmston to Shorley, then away by the village of Cheriton, and run to ground near Sutton Scrubs; found a second fox at Brookwood, which hounds worked most beautifully for an hour and a half, and killed. During this second run a lady got a very bad fall over the palings into Woodesto Park, the horse falling upon her, and severely injuring her. Thursday, February the 15th, they met at Abbotstone Down, found in Sheep Wood a brace, went away over Abbotstone Down, and lost at Wield Wood—the scent was very flashy; found again in Woodriden, went away directly to College Woods, leaving Bentworth on the left, through Medstead to Bighton Wood, and then to Woodriden; just 35 minutes, and over eight miles of ground. It was quite as much as people could do to live with them. Afterwards the fox run his foil, which spoilt the scent, and he was lost at College Woods, the scent completely dying away. There are some good sportsmen out with Mr. Deacon on the Thursdays, amongst whom are Mr. Combe, Mr. Marx, Mr. Bailey of Cawdover, and Mr. Godwin of Tichborne, who never quits hounds from the time they begin drawing until they go home to their kennels; and the ladies must not be left out. Miss Coker, who jumped a stile at the end of thirty minutes in great form, also Miss Hall and Miss Blackmore, held their own; and last and not least, the youngest Miss Coker, on a horse able to carry fourteen stone, was well up throughout. On Friday, the 9th, the Hambleton had a good run from Bordean House, killing at Stony Brow in the H.H. country. On February, the 16th, from William's Wood they had an excellent day's sport. Sir Clarke Jervoise was very well pleased with it. No one knows better what a good run is, and no one can go better to hounds, whatever the country may be.

Invitations appear to have been the order of the month in Gloucestershire, as on the 9th February the Duke of Beaufort invited Sir R. Graham to bring the Cotswold Hounds to meet at Trouble House, near Tetbury, when a very good day's sport was the result. There were said to be some six hundred at the meet on horseback, while nearly as many more were counted on wheels or on foot. It must have been gratifying to the master (who, from his intimacy

with the Duke, is well known in the Badminton country) to have received such an evidently cordial welcome from all classes of that community. The first fox was found at Newnton Gorse, and, after a rattling 40 minutes, killed at Weston Birt; then an outlying one jumped up in a field, and was coursed to Old Down, and killed. Shortly afterwards a traveller was viewed across Chavenage Park, and with him they had a capital hour and 25 minutes, and when he was almost dying before the pack, a fresh fox popped out of a pit, and they raced him to Cherrington, where the hounds were stopped at dark, after as hard and good a day as the Blue Coats have seen this year, which is saying a great deal, considering the wonderful season his Grace has had. On the 15th Lord Fitzhardinge issued an invitation to the same pack, which may be almost termed 'a small and early,' compared with the census of the previous week. Still there must have been 300 horsemen at Brockworth, the number being pretty equally divided between Berkeley and Cotswold men. The master of the latter again combined the double post of that and huntsman, and killed a fox after a very fair day. These interchanges of civility have been most popular, and are examples which might be copied with advantage in other countries.

The run with the Earl of Radnor's hounds on the 26th of January, of which a brief notice appeared in our last 'Van,' has been pronounced by one of the oldest sportsmen in Dorsetshire to be the 'best run he ever saw in that country, and he had hunted in it forty years; and, indeed, for the distance 'straight the best he ever saw in any country.' On that occasion the hounds were stopped at Heron Wood, which was full of traps; one hound having been caught. This game fox, however, escaped that danger; he was not destined to die an ignominious death in a trap, although set by the most wily of keepers wearing a fox-skin cap. He was found again by these hounds on Monday, the 12th of February, and at first took the same line foot by foot, as on the previous occasion. For 45 minutes it was a race up wind, until the fox, finding the wind in his teeth too much for him, turned to the right at Somerley. The way in which the hounds turned with him, in and out of garden allotments, over the heaths, and every description of ground, was a treat to any one fond of hounds and their work. Not even a heavy downpour of rain, which fell in the course of the run, could get hounds off the line for a moment. They took to racing again as they neared St. Giles's Park, in the East Dorset country; and, getting a view of their fox as he was crossing the park, rolled him over in front of St. Giles's House. The run was in the shape of a horseshoe of 18 miles, measured on the Ordnance map, and took 1 hour and 55 minutes in doing. As the wind set in the direction of Salisbury, the whoo-whoop of the jolly Earl might almost have been heard in the Cathedral Close.

It is not often we hear from our Isle of Wight friends, but we are always glad when we do. The hounds seem to be doing well, and Captain Young is very popular. They had a very good thing indeed on the 2nd—a date, by-the-way, which seems, this year, to have been patronised by St. Hubert as well as the Blessed Virgin—when they met at Brixton, and, for a wonder, drew Grange Chine and Mottistone Gorse blank; but Captain Young ventured to call on a friend in Fodder House Gorse, in spite of murmurs of 'twenty miles 'home.' This was carefully drawn, and a strong drag gave hopes of the copse adjoining. Just as the hounds entered it, 'Nigel' was viewed three fields away making hard towards the Downs, and Jones, laying on the hounds, was able to get somewhat on terms with 'Nigel' at Shalcombe. They raced him over Pay Down, across Chalbourn Bottom, and into Westover Plantations, over

Limerston and Fore Downs, into the shrubberies at Northcourt, the seat of Sir Henry Gordon, who viewed him—the distance to this point being 9 miles, and the time 43 minutes. Unable to get through the village of Shorwell, the fox turned homewards over the downs to Westover Plantations, sinking the hill to Shalcombe, where, for the first time, he began to run short, crossing the Newport Road into Chessell's Copse, and then, after one turn and one more try for life and home, he was pulled down in the road hedge; time, 1 hour 23 minutes; distance, 17 miles, without a check! The deep ground and steep hills had reduced every horse to a trot, and some were completely done.

Tom Firr leaves the North Warwickshire, and goes to the Quorn; and though some people say that Tom is a very young man to hold the blue riband of the chase, that is a fault that will mend; and Mr. Coupland has, we think, done very wisely to secure him. He is thoroughly acquainted with his work and its duties, and has the great advantage of already knowing the country and who's who, for he was whip to Jack Goddard when Mr. Clowes was master. He is a very fine horseman, and the Quorn requires a man who has knowledge and nerve to cope with the difficulties of the country.

At the end of the season there will be changes in the Atherstone, George Castleman, from the Rufford,—which, we regret to say, Mr. Harvey Bayly gives up—succeeding John Bailey, and taking with him, as his first whip, Robert Allen.

George Boxall, too, leaves the Bicester; and Sir Algernon Peyton, we hear, is going to promote William Claxton, the first whip, who is a nailer to ride; never mind what he is on, he will get into the next field somehow.

Everybody is glad of Frank Goodall's promotion to the Royal pack; but he will be sadly missed in Leicestershire, and, we fancy, Frank will miss the Leicestershire gentlemen too. He is one himself—one of Nature's own make; and it may be, in consequence, that he will not be appreciated by the old and young 'Towlers' who 'unt with the Staggers. He is highly respected in Leicestershire, however, and will carry with him the good wishes of all who have ever been brought into contact with him. His courteous manners would have pleased D'Orsay; his knowledge of hunting would have satisfied Chesterfield. We are sure that Lord Cork will appreciate him, and that he will appreciate Lord Cork.

Mr. Craven, we are sorry to say, has finally determined to give up the Pytchley at the end of the season. The members of the hunt were dissatisfied with Roake, the huntsman, and Mr. Craven, not coinciding with their opinions, and not knowing any one capable of taking Roake's place, retires. The world has been taken by surprise at Mr. R. C. Naylor coming to the rescue and appearing in the character of a M.F.H., a rôle to which it was ignorant that he aspired. The hounds are to be kept at Kelmarsh, the fine estate Mr. Naylor purchased of Lord Bateman a few years since. We are not aware who will be his huntsman.

We hear of a novelty, too, in the now almost exploded and objectionable system of capping. A certain master of harriers, not a hundred miles from Croydon—more 'forte' than 'piano'—has authorized his demand upon luckless strangers, who, perchance, fall in with him and his jelly-dogs, in the shape of a printed slip which runs thus:—'Please pay to bearer 5 shillings;' signed by the enterprising master! A little 'more' of this, and we shall have a very empty field to record.

With the new year the author of 'Market Harborough' commenced in the pages of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' a story of Punctestown, entitled 'Sata-

'nella,' as full of Irish humour and character as a pudding is full of plums. And what is it that makes a description by Whyte-Melville of ladies or of gentlemen, of sportsmen or of sporting scenes, so different from the productions of others who profess to enlighten the uninitiated upon such matters? It is that he is master of his subject. He has moved all his life in the society which he describes, and he has taken part in the scenes that he represents. His perfect knowledge of the world, coupled with an ease of expression, makes his writings so agreeable to those for whom they are intended.

The story opens with the purchase by Captain Walters, known in his regiment and among his intimate friends as Daisy, of a black mare that has just made toothpicks of its owner's hay cart. We generally associate with that a colour certain want of breeding; but in this case 'never in one strain had been united the qualities of so many illustrious ancestors. Her pedigree seemed enriched by "all the blood of all the Howards," and her great-great-great-grandam was Camilla, by Trentham, out of Phantom, sister to Magistrate.' If the South of Ireland farmer was correct, Weatherby must be wrong as to the lineage of Lord Egremont's famous mare. But it's little for such trifles they care down there. Anyhow, the black mare carried her pedigree with her, and her frieze-coated breeder represented her to possess as many perfections as the horse sold to Lord Howth, whose only fault was that he was not a very fast swimmer. The light-hearted Captain Walters is by no means an uncommon character. You may see him any day at Limmer's, or at Long's, or the Arlington—

'The delight of young ladies, the chaperon's fear,  
He is voted a brick amongst men;  
His father allows him two hundred a year,  
And he'll lay you a thousand to ten.'

With all his faults, Daisy is a gentleman, and no one can help liking him. The Captain can ride, and that is a sure road to men's hearts; but we suspect that he is no sportsman. He hunted Satanella a season in Meath and Kildare, but somehow never dropped into a run. Perhaps he went home early for luncheon. At last, one morning late in the season, they turned out a deer in the Dublin country, and took him 'in exactly twenty-seven minutes;' and Satanella's performance on that occasion induced Daisy to take her down to the Curragh, where he tried her to be as good as 'The Lamb.'

Of course Daisy was hard up, and the black mare was looked upon as the means of retrieving his fortune. Walking home one night after the theatre, he dropped into Pratt's, and backed his mare for 'this new stake at Punchestown; in an offhand, chaffing manner, just as if his credit at Craig's Court was unlimited. We have already nearly reached the extent of our tether, and yet have taken no notice whatever of two most interesting characters in the story—Miss Douglas and her dear friend Mrs. Lushington, who take a trip together to Ireland, to join a pleasant party at Cormacstown. We find them on board the steamer at Holyhead, having travelled by express train from Euston. On the boat Whyte-Melville gives us a rich bit of by-play between two of the trade, who, over half a dozen glasses of punch, vainly endeavour to effect a deal for 'a bay brown horse, by Elvas, an illigant-lepped wan.'

The February number leaves the reader in the midst of the festivities at Cormacstown, where a large party is assembled for the races, and we are evidently coming to the fun of the fair.

Of the drama we don't know that we have much to say. The run of 'London Assurance' at the Vaudeville speaks to the undying popularity of Mr. Boucicault's clever comedy, and from the laughter and applause the

performance calls forth, it is fair to suppose that the audience do not remember another revival of the comedy at the Haymarket some seven or eight years ago, when Charles Matthews was 'Dazzle,' Chippendale 'Sir Harcourt Courtly,' Howe 'Young Charles,' Buckstone in his original rôle of 'Dolly Spanker,' and, above all, Compton as 'Meddle.' Mrs. Charles Matthews was the best 'Lady Gay' since Mrs. Nisbet created the part, and Miss Amy Sedgewick was *the* 'Grace Harkaway.' Old play-goers, then, may be pardoned if they assist at the Vaudeville revival with a depression of spirits which the clever and painstaking actors there fail to dispel. We are perfectly aware that old play-goers are old bores, with their tedious remembrances, and their comparison of the things of yesterday with those of to-day; but these are *not* old memories, and to see Brown and Jones laughing as much as those well-bred young men can allow themselves to do at 'Dazzle' and 'Meddle,' and to think that they may have witnessed other delineations of those characters, is, we confess, surprising. 'The pleasures of memory,' indeed, alas, alas! have we not much oftener the pains? And yet the company at the Vaudeville were specially got together for the occasion, and the names are those of men who have made their mark in the profession. Why is it, then? Is there only one Charles Matthews, one Compton, one Buckstone, and one Chippendale? The ladies, too; but we had better drop the subject. It is no slur on the clever, if somewhat gushing *ingénue* of Mr. Albury's comedies, to say that she was overweighted as Lady Gay, or to remark that the personator of Grace Harkaway is an attractive figure in a burlesque. The Vaudeville management must work with the materials to their hand.

The Dramatic Fund Dinner was enlivened, this Ash Wednesday, by the presence of Mrs. Stirling, after an absence of two years, occasioned by an illness which all her numerous friends and admirers heard of with deep regret. She was received with enthusiasm, and made one of her happiest speeches on this occasion, with allusions to St. Valentine's Day, Alabama Claims, and a celebrated claimant. She spoke of the Attorney-General as likely to become a second 'old man eloquent,' and mentioned 'Brother Ballantine's fraternal kindness' for the profession, an unfortunate allusion which the talented actress had better have omitted; for the rest, banquet and ball, was a great success. And the next should have been like unto it, when a farewell breakfast was given at the same rooms to Mrs. John Wood, previous to her departure to America, by what ought to have been a brilliant assemblage of her friends and many admirers, but which, from some mismanagement, was nothing of the sort. Mrs. Wood is so universally popular, her genuine wit and humour, and her intense perception of 'fun,' has won for her such a high degree in this country, that the mere mention of any tribute of respect and liking for her would, if it had been properly put forward, have brought together a crowd of known and unknown friends. As it was, an advertisement in the morning papers, and the names of some West-end librarians and perfumers, through whom tickets might be obtained, was hardly a fitting introduction to the proposed testimonial. If the promoters of the idea had but gone to work in the right way, a list of stewards might have been got together, men of position in society, in literature, and in the profession, which would have ensured a gathering worthy of the occasion. Few knew of it, fewer still went. What the reporters were pleased to term 'a select company' spread themselves over a waste of table, and, with Mr. Charles Reade in the chair, faced by Mr. Webster, tried to feel as jolly under the circumstances as they could. The chairman was inclined to prose, but the fair guest touched the right chord in the hearts of those present,

and her speech, with a few genial remarks from Mr. Webster, were the pearls of the afternoon. There was the inevitable 'Press,' and somebody coupled Mr. Halliday's name with the Drama, and that was all. It was not the sort of 'God speed' which we should have liked to have wished Mrs. Wood, and certainly not the one she was entitled to. But she would not, we feel sure, gauge her great popularity by the assemblage on that afternoon. It was a mistake, that was all, and 'some one had blundered.' If we were few, we were at least sincere, and we wished her *bon voyage* and a quick return with words that were no empty sound. The gaiety of nations is eclipsed until she comes back to us.

Messrs. Baylis, Steel, and Peech, that formidable Triumvirate of the Betting Ring, have, we hear, proceeded from Nice on their way to the Eternal City. Their first inquiry would naturally be for the Clerk of the Corso; and, finding all entries closed for the Vatican, they will make the best of their time in the more open opportunities for lionizing. The Sheffield Leviathan is reported to be engaged upon a book on the Italian race, while his confederate endeavours to get round on the studios and palaces. At Florence they will, as they express it, lay off a bit to inspect 'the galleries and Pitty,' at which they hope to arrive in time for half-price; and doubtless they will call at St. Mark's, and look round his horses, as they would at Middleham with Tom Dawson. And when perfidious Albion once more welcomes home her sons, perchance the harsh and jarring tones of the Betting Ring may be tempered with that admixture of the 'soft Italian' tongue it stands so much in need of, while their houses will be enriched with articles of *vertu* at present unknown.

A festive gathering, under most distinguished patronage, Melton furnishing its contingent, took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 19th instant, which should be marked as a red-letter day in the calendar of the season, as it is very seldom that such a galaxy of beauty, grace, and versatile talent is seen collected on any one occasion. The company began to assemble at half-past eleven, and at midnight dancing was in full swing to the strains of Coote and Tinney's magnificent band, Coote himself holding the baton. Amongst such a brilliant and *distingué* assemblage it would be invidious to particularise; and amid so much beauty, when the eyes are bewildered by so many graceful forms gorgeously arrayed in the most suggestive costumes of the day, it would require the judgment of Paris to select the most beautiful; but the group composing one quadrille formed such a bouquet of loveliness as to be conspicuous even in such a company. The *partie* consisted of Miss Nelly Bromley, who looked enchanting in a salmon-coloured dress, the graceful Miss Lytton, the piquante Miss Kate Bishop, the sprightly Miss Egerton, the elegant Miss Lucette, the effective Miss Tremaine, the gorgeous blonde Miss Amy Sheridan, and the dazzling brunette Miss Fanny Josepha. At half-past one 'The Roast Beef of Old England' announced supper, which, served under the personal superintendence of M. Francatelli, was, it is needless to say, all that could be desired. Afterwards dancing was resumed, and kept up with great spirit until dawn, when the party broke up, every one declaring that it was decidedly one of the most successful and pleasant reunions of the season.



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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### JOHN GERARD LEIGH, ESQ.

THE subject of our present sketch is the eldest son of the late John Shaw Leigh, a member of a Lancashire family. He was born in 1821, and after the usual course at Eton proceeded to Oxford, where he entered as a gentleman commoner of St. John's, and during his university career was well-known with the Heythrop and Mr. Drake's hounds. Indeed it may be said that he has hunted from his earliest childhood, is fond of every pursuit in country life, is a good breeder of cattle, and last year took the first prize at Islington for his West Highland Scot.

Mr. Leigh has owned several steeplechase horses; amongst them may be mentioned Half-Caste, who won the Liverpool in 1859, Old Oswestry, and Abdel Kadir; Old Oswestry being perhaps the best, having beaten L'Africaine (at Croydon), one of the best fencers seen of late years, with the exception of Chamade, and won at Crewkerne, when poor Salamander broke his back. Abdel Kadir (not to be confounded with The Little Abdel, the twice successful Liverpool) was a good horse too. He won in 1858 at Grantham and Plymouth, and in the November of the same year defeated Huntsman in the Worcester Grand Annual, a performance which he followed up within a week or ten days by carrying off the Grand Military Steeplechase at Windsor. He also ran in a match against The Clown at Melton.

Succeeding Lord Dacre in 1866, who had hunted the country for twenty-seven seasons, Mr. Leigh had a difficult task, coming after a fine sportsman, and a man held in high esteem by the whole hunting world; but those going into Hertfordshire will see no can Mr. Leigh has not suffered the excellent pack he received from every Lord Dacre to deteriorate. Few kennels or stables are arranged. The hounds need no commendation at our hand

horses, as may be supposed from his innate love of the animal and the sport, are as good as can be found, Mr. Leigh holding as a maxim that to show sport the huntsman must be as well mounted as himself. In Ward, familiarly known as 'Bob,' he has an enthusiastic and active servant, who is a master of his craft, and, though no longer young, is a fine horseman, and always with his hounds.

Mr. Leigh is a brother of Mr. Henry Leigh, well known with the Atherstone hounds, and of the late Mr. Thomas Leigh, so long resident at Leicester, and so much regretted by many old friends hunting with Mr. Tailby and the Quorn.

## TOUTS.

It is to be hoped that the writer in 'Baily' who has recently enlightened us, so amusingly, upon the derivation of certain of our slang terms in general use, may be induced at some future time to take in hand that redundant vocabulary of terms so frequently adopted, yet so little understood, among speakers and writers on subjects connected with the Turf. The 'Slang Dictionary' defines 'tout' as 'to look out or watch,' and gives *Old Cant* as its authority; and 'touter' it describes as 'a looker out, one who watches for customers, a hotel runner.' It is declared to be a term in general use, derived from the old cant word. In sporting phraseology, 'tout' is held to signify 'an agent in the training districts, on the look out for information as to the condition and capabilities of those horses entered for a coming race.' This is the generally-accepted definition; and in this sense we propose to discuss a few of the characteristics of a much talked of but, perhaps, little known section of mankind. In all businesses and professions there is no lack of the touting element; and although the word may not be understood in a general sense as it is specially applied to racing matters, its existence is nevertheless sufficiently notorious. In the highest of the so-called liberal professions we have recently had an instance of 'touting for briefs;' and the aproned individuals who solicit those entering the sacred precincts of Doctors' Commons, on matrimonial business intent, all belong to the same genus. Tradesmen have their 'touters,' to induce the public to patronize their calling; and every Autolycus that hawks his wares among the lower classes may be placed in the same category. But it is of touts in connection with the Turf that we purpose inditing, a calling which in these latter days has risen to be of more considerable importance than formerly. So long as betting continues to exercise such an influence on the policy of owners as it has latterly done, there will always be a certain amount of secrecy and mystery of necessity surrounding the inmates of important establishments. Besides the natural bias of curiosity which tempts the adventurous, without hope of reward, to endeavour to penetrate a secret, there is also the inducement held out by others to participate in their information; and hence the business

has become a lucrative one, if conducted with ability on the part of the middleman or tout. It is no uncommon practice for interested individuals to employ private touts; and at a recent trial at law it transpired that even owners of horses, of high reputation, deem it not below their dignity to acquire some inkling of what is going on in rival establishments, and, to this end, send down their spy to any locality possessing unusual interest. Twenty years ago it would have been deemed the height of audacity for any journal to have actually published the 'Training Intelligence' which now forms so important an item in the columns of the majority of sporting prints. Owners of horses at first naturally resented so glaring an innovation, and what they deemed an undue interference with their rights; but, after all, if some few good things have occasionally been spoiled, so have also the operations of those who found 'milk walks' so easy and profitable a branch of racing business.

In the perpetual warfare constantly being waged between those desirous of obtaining information relative to the animals of other people and those anxious to conceal their movements, for strategical purposes, there has always been adopted a summary method of avenging the raids of touts upon forbidden territory. Though not liable, like spies, to be strung up to the nearest tree as a warning to others, they have always been considered fair game among trainers, and stand but a poor chance of exciting popular commiseration, should their misdeeds be met by an appeal to lynch law. Tass Parker and his ferocious dog, of gigantic breed, were a terror at one time among the touts near Russley; though it may be doubted whether the attributes of that eminent retired pugilist and his bloodthirsty Cerberus have not been vastly exaggerated by the proscribed race against whose devices they were supposed to be specially kept. A nobleman recently connected with a noted South country stable, by a clever manœuvre, secured the persons of some of the aggressors on the eve of a Derby trial, and had them conveyed some miles away to the security of a public, where they were well supplied with liquor at his lordship's expense; and though it was reported that the injured innocents were for taking action in the matter, nothing came of it; though it is hardly likely the attempt will be repeated again. The celebrated *Bray v. Jennings* case was the only one we can recollect furnishing food for lawyers, when the trainer was rather heavily mulcted for taking the law into his own hands, and toutdom was for the time triumphant. But among the numerous instances adduced of the maltreatment of 'professional horse-watchers,' it generally turns out that, in the majority of cases, no force beyond that of language is used; and it must be admitted on all hands that a trainer has just and fair cause of complaint against such persons hanging about his establishment, corrupting his employés, and pumping stable boys and hangers-on, out of stable hours. While touts confine their attention merely to the work done by horses, no great harm can result either to owner or the public, and the general thirst for every kind of horsey information is harmlessly allayed.

In some localities all precautions against touting are hopeless, while there are others whose surroundings admit of no strange eye prying in upon the doings therein. Any one standing upon the roadway by Langton Wold can report pretty accurately upon the morning's doings without trespassing upon the classic training ground of the North. Newmarket is only puzzling by reason of the vast number of horses training there, which requires a whole squad of watchers to chronicle their movements. The Berkshire and Wiltshire downs are, for the most part, eminently favourable for touting, and trainers have to be exceedingly smart in putting the double on the gentlemen with telescopes, when a trial is coming off before any great event. Danebury, which in the days of the Hastings and Beaufort hoops attracted a whole regiment of Paul Prys, is hardly so well preserved from inspection as 'brother William's' retreat at Woodyeates, into whose peaceful shades no strange foot can enter except by special permission of their mysterious occupier. Epsom has hardly been worth touting of late years, when plating has been the apparent aim of its numerous coterie of trainers; while for Derby and Cup horses, it has proved a very Samaria among training grounds. Middleham Moor and the Richmond district are assiduously watched, though Tom Dawson is as 'cute as ever in putting his attentive visitors off the scent; while the Aske and Belleisle stables occasionally give the public the benefit of their trials; and Plaudit's 'putting through the mill' was quite a matter of asking the question after Lord Glasgow's style. Anybody can see what Drewitt is doing at Lewes; while Findon and Littleton have sunk so low in racing estimation as to afford but little occupation for 'shabby coves in 'billycock hats,' now that the days of green and white braid have passed away, and almost the memory of the celebrated Tibthorpe expedition to Hayling Island. Stanton had at one time a reputation for inaccessibility, but that has long since become a thing of the past, though the remoteness of the place—quite out of the general sphere of training operations—doubtless contributed somewhat to the air of mystery supposed to surround it. So that the 'gallops of the cracks' can, in most cases, be regularly watched and their daily doings truthfully chronicled.

There are, of course, touts and touts. But, for the sake of discussion, the class may be divided into three; and we propose introducing in their proper order, first, the tout amateur or *dilettante*; secondly, the legitimate tout or professional horse-watcher; and, lastly, the tout illegitimate or spurious, from whom the type introduced into sporting novels, and the idea generally adopted by the public mind, is mostly drawn. There are, doubtless, other degrees, but not possessed of sufficiently broad distinctions to warrant a separate description. The amateur tout, pure and simple, is somewhat of the black swan description, and not so commonly to be met with as his fellow workmen in the lower phases of Turf life. He is mostly one of those beings who have come through a chequered career by the very skin of their teeth, and whose surroundings are not sufficiently shady



to cause them to be cut by the upper crust of society, nor, on the other hand, of such a nature as to qualify them for the blackleg coterie below. They are like trees, living in two elements, and stretching their branches upwards into the purer atmosphere of select sporting circles, while with their roots they may be said to strike downwards to the Tartarus of fallen spirits, though not sufficiently low to injure the vitality of their upper branches. Of such a state of being the advantages are two-fold, as affording them the opportunity of retaining the favour of the select few by reason of their knowledge acquired in other spheres, and securing the allegiance of the lower stratum of society because of their seeming condescension. Most of this species of touts are needy men, living absolutely by their wits, but ready to benefit—for a consideration—those who enjoy their confidence. They have committed no gross breach of trust, may not be absolutely defaulters, and shall not have been deemed worthy of actual ostracism from society; but it is felt that they are rather tolerated for their usefulness than courted for their popularity. Many, in spite of original inaptitude for the business, and by dint of their keen pursuit of the main chance, have qualified themselves so as to become excellent judges of horses and racing, and their candid opinion, when frankly expressed, worthy of the utmost consideration among the select circle they find it worth while to conciliate. Such experience cannot, of course, be gleaned, except through an intimate acquaintance with the lower orders of being who inherit that doubtful border-land between cleverness and chicanery, nor without having recourse to various schemes and subterfuges by which the rapacity of the class may be satisfied, and a solid slice of pudding still left for the enjoyment of those lions of society who look to their jackals for something withal to benefit themselves. Moreover, between these two classes, the amateur tout has, in racing *parlance*, also to 'get his bit,' of which he is occasionally disappointed, receiving no acknowledgment of his services from his patron, while his hungry client claims compensation before he opens his mouth. They would feel highly indignant at being called touts, but to all intents and purposes they are not one whit better than the class for which they affect to entertain an unbounded contempt. Neatly, and occasionally fashionably dressed, they move about with a sort of feeling of superiority to the classes they instruct, and as if feeling that they were indispensable appendages to the society they mostly affect. Their acquaintance with all professing any branch of the racing or training business is widely spread, and principals as well as employers often find it worth their while to be upon good terms with such very knowing customers. They are honest, because it is their interest to be so, in executing any commissions with which they may be entrusted, for they cannot afford to make one false step, with the 'fierce light' beating upon them from all quarters, and no small amount of tact and ability is required in balancing jointly the claims of all parties, for they cannot afford to sacrifice one for another, or their little game would be gone for ever. Men of the stamp we have described may

not heretofore have been recognised as belonging to the illustrious band of touts, but in nowise do they differ from their humble brethren of the craft save in the actual drudgery of watching gallops and trials. Such an existence, while it cannot be called dishonourable, is certainly none of the highest according to our notions even of racing morality, nor is it likely that the profession of middleman will gain much in public estimation through its connection with the Turf. The legitimate tout, or professional horse-watcher, is a bird of totally different plumage. He rejoices in no fine feathers, for his calling does not admit of any superfluous ornamentation. Originally perhaps a decayed petty trainer, or stable-lad out of employ on account of increasing weight, he brings a certain amount of knowledge, acquired by experience, to bear upon his new calling; knows something of condition; can tell a lame un in the plating line from the Derby crack of the stable, and has some idea of pace in gallops, and the sufficiency or otherwise of preparations. He should possess the qualifications of patience and activity; learn to confine himself strictly to observation, without any attempt to corrupt boys, or taking unfair means of attaining to information—in short, have sufficient honesty to withstand the many temptations he is certain to encounter if an adept at his business, in the shape of counter-propositions from the enemy, inducing him to conceal facts or mislead by false reports. He should be ever on the watch against all manner of snares certain to be laid for him, and sufficiently wide-awake to master the many plants made and devices concocted for putting him off the scent on important occasions. In the early spring morning, ere the faintest signs of day have appeared in the East, as the hare slinks back to her form, and in the dead silence of the dark hour before the dawn, he steals by circuitous ways to the point whence he may observe all movements of the string for the due chronicling of which he is accountable. Shape and action must be his guide in distinguishing the various animals in the sheeted squadrons, for the paint-pot has been brought into requisition before now, and for weeks, it is said, were the watchers about a great stable deceived by the substitution of a near relative for the crack filly of the stable, who was all the time eating the corn of idleness in her box in the hollow far away. As the day of trial draws near, the blessing of sleep must be curtailed, or taken in the early evening hours—nor can he even then be sure of success, for does not ‘The Druid’ tell us of Teddington’s moonlight trial, and how John Scott knew by the sound of his feet that Attila had answered the question satisfactorily, while as yet it was too dark to distinguish one horse from another on Langton Wold? Then trials are got up specially to deceive the fraternity, and while the latter are hurrying off to crowd the telegraph-office of some small station, or invade the sanctum of the village post-mistress, the real Simons are brought out and ‘put through their facings,’ without fear of observance by the lynx-eyed watchers. Our tout possesses not in general the pen of a ready writer, and the originality of some of those communications so frequently placed before us would amuse

the unsophisticated, who believe in their being facsimiles of the tout's missive to head-quarters. It must have been a matter of constant observation, too, to note how pertinaciously each tout adheres to the chance of the animal trained in his own district; and this appears to be the weak point, viz., to attach one individual to a particular locality, who can have no chance of comparing the work done by other animals with that of those under his surveillance. Such a watcher's attention is better 'confined to the bare record of work gone through day by day, than to any discussion of chances which can only be really ascertained when the competitor arrives at the scene of action. Then the task of the tout has been completed; but there is but small respite from his labours even in the winter months, when sjeepie-chasing is in the ascendant, and events of almost equal importance with those upon the flat are ripening for decision.

'To Trainers.—John Blank having absconded from my service 'at Newmarket, trainers are cautioned against employing him.—'W. Wisp, Newmarket.' John Blank is the sort of stuff from which the spurious tout is manufactured, therefore let John Blank, the subject of the above 'Caution,' come forth and show himself, as he may be seen any day during race-meetings of all descriptions. The crowd is just separating from before the front of the Room at Newmarket, and the irregularly-built street is alive with a stream of hacks, carriages, and pedestrians. John Blank may be seen sunning himself in front of some low pothouse on the line of march. His billycock is battered and greasy, slouched over an unhealthy-looking face, crowned by the regulation Newgate crop, and his eyes wander anywhere from the gaze of the passers-by. The inevitable shawl, so strongly affected by the stable mind, is folded round his neck and adorned with a flash pin, and his jacket is buttoned tightly up, leaving the presence of linen to be guessed at. His unmentionables might have been stitched to his legs, and his boots are several sizes too large, bearing no traces of blacking, but rather the look of having been slept in. In fact, it is not often that he has a chance of getting between the sheets, and he is the 'casual' of any outhouse or hovel where a shake-down is to be found. He is ready for any kind of job, from leading a yearling round the sale-ring, to nobbling a Derby favourite, but he is too lazy to be caught watching gallops, and his word is so totally unreliable that all employment of that nature has long since departed from him. No trainer will suffer John Blank to darken his doors; but occasionally when any robbery of unexceptionable importance is to be perpetrated, he may be taken in tow by a gang of thieves, and instructed to 'put the strings on' at some petty Metropolitan Meeting, where no glasses are levelled from the Steward's Stand against the performances of jockeys of the Armstrong type. He will volunteer information to a stranger in a familiarly confidential tone, and take care, should his advice chance to prove beneficial, to claim some reward for his services. But he can never do himself any good, for drink is dragging him surely down

to a still lower depth of degradation, if that were possible, and even the welching gang shrink from contact with him. This is no overdrawn picture of the tout as he is represented in plays and novels, and as he really exists; but wide indeed is the gulf fixed between him and the character we have previously attempted to depict of the tout proper and legitimate. He has no pretensions to even that very small share of ability which enables the professional tout to earn a livelihood, honest in its way, however questionable may be the object of his calling. We need hardly add that he possesses nothing in common with his more aristocratic namesake, but he is occasionally made use of by that individual for purposes of his own, when any specially dirty work has to be performed. He is one of the pariahs of society, and, inasmuch as he chooses the Turf as his special sphere of rascality, that institution suffers accordingly, and is presumed to be made up of such outcasts by its enemies and revilers.

We think that our classification of the genus tout may tend to remove some of such erroneous impressions, and to satisfy those who have hitherto placed them all in the same category, that there are touts and touts, and that the opprobrium which seems to attach to them as a class is derived from the worst specimens among a somewhat unjustly vituperated race.

AMPHION.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

### DURHAM.

‘WE have finished Yorkshire, as I hope, not altogether unprofitably to our readers,’ said our friend, ‘and must now commence another county; and as the hunting annals of each have gone so much together, so that in fact they may have been said to run in couples, suppose we take Durham.’

‘You allude to the Raby Pack?’ we observed.

‘Exactly: foxhounds were kept at Raby Castle above a hundred and fifty years; and at the end of the last century—in, I think, the year 1791—the Earl of Darlington, afterwards in 1832 known as the Duke of Cleveland, hunted a very large tract of country, embracing nearly all Durham and half Yorkshire, even as far as what is now known as the Badsworth country.’

‘In a curious old printed journal of the doings of the Raby Pack in 1796, are to be found meets which are now in the Sedgefield country of the Durham County hounds, namely, Sheraton, Blakeston Mill, Embleton, and the Seaton Hills are mentioned, and this country it is presumed was given up to Mr. Ralph Lambton, uncle of the present Lord Durham; other meets, such as Gainford Wood, Brusselton Wood, and Cockfield, are now in Mr. Cradock’s country, and there are accounts of runs from Newsam Banks, Dinsdale Wood, and from Neasham, now belonging to the Hur-

‘ worth, which mark his lordship’s country in that district ; while  
‘ other runs from Killerby, and Scriven, prove his hunting over  
‘ the Bedale and part of the York and Ainsty. To do all this  
‘ he was so many weeks at Raby Castle, so many at Catterick,  
‘ or Newton House, near Bedale (where the stables and kennels  
‘ were close to the house) for the country round Boroughbridge,  
‘ then he went on to Bilham to hunt the now Badsworth country,  
‘ which he continued to do until 1809, when he retired more north-  
‘ wards.

‘ The Diary records the performances of Lord Darlington’s horses,  
‘ rather than his friends’ and his own, and they must have been a  
‘ cut-and-come-again sort, and had a hard time of it, seeing that two  
‘ of them, Wentworth and Omiah, hunted in the month of Sep-  
‘ tember three days running, and averaged three days a week, and  
‘ this before the days of clipping and singeing ; while another called  
‘ Scarth’s Grey must have thoroughly earned his corn also. Lord  
‘ Darlington hunted, and always fed his hounds himself, but the  
‘ critics of the period thought that he lifted them too much,  
‘ and they were more flashy than certain. They were divided into  
‘ the young and the old packs. His lordship was a first-rate horse-  
‘ man ; no day was too long for him, no fence too big ; and on the  
‘ 29th of November, 1808, on a chesnut mare named Flora, he took an  
‘ extraordinary leap over a strong old thorn hedge, cut and bound, about  
‘ four feet high, and beyond this a large ditch which had been much  
‘ washed away and undermined by a current of water, and measured  
‘ in width from the hedge seven yards and three quarters. This  
‘ the mare, who was pulling very hard, cleared with the exception  
‘ of one hind-leg, but blundered on to her nose on landing, but  
‘ not sufficiently to throw her over ; she was, however, lame for a  
‘ considerable time afterwards.

‘ His kennel huntsman was Tommy Sayer, who also went to  
‘ covert with the hounds ; after he “lapped up” in 1806 came Bob  
‘ Williams, from Sir Richard Puleston, who afterwards kept the  
‘ Fox and Hounds at Raby ; and after him Dick Dealtry, who was  
‘ with Lord Darlington as huntsman for almost thirty years ; he was  
‘ assisted by Bill Price, who had lived with Colonel Berkeley and  
‘ Mr. Musters.

‘ The kennels were at Raby Castle, near Staindrop, and he once  
‘ sent a hound from there to the Duke of Bolton, who then lived at  
‘ Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke in Hampshire, which in the  
‘ incredible space of sixty hours got back to his own kennels again.  
‘ The Raby Hunt coat was scarlet, with a black collar and gold  
‘ embroidered fox.

‘ Hunting with him were Sir Harry Tempest Vane, who purchased  
‘ Hambletonian by King Fergus (winner of the St. Leger in 1795)  
‘ from Sir C. Turner, and rode him in the park on the Sunday after  
‘ he won the celebrated match over the B.C. for 3000*l.*, in which  
‘ Frank Buckle so fairly out-generalled Fitzpatrick, who rode Dia-  
‘ mond, by making play across the flat where Hambletonian’s stride

'told, that it was said he won the race, rather than the horse, and  
'that the game little Diamond would even then have beaten him  
'had the winning-post been slightly further off. The descendants  
'of the magnificent bay are well known in the hunting-fields of  
'England through Belzoni, his great grandson, who got more and  
'better hunters than any horse again. They were, as the Druid  
'says, "big plain browns, with sour tempers and still sourer forge-  
'"hammer heads." The fine old jumping quality of the family  
'still showed in the descendants of The Cure in another branch,  
'though the plainness was lost, and backers have remembered the  
'blood in cross country events to their no small advantage.

'To return to the men of that day. Another good one was Jacky  
'Read, also Colonel John Trotter of Haughton-le-Skerne, and after-  
'wards Staindrop, the father of John Trotter, M.D., of Dur-  
'ham, Dale Trotter of Upleatham, and Charles Trotter of  
'Stockton, all well known as inheriting their father's love for horse  
'and hound, was not only a contemporary, but a regular man with  
'Lord Darlington. He walked fifteen stone, always rode and hunted  
'thoroughbred stallions; amongst those well known were Adonis,  
'Brown Bread, and Raby. He rode them as chargers, and they  
'also covered mares during the summer. He once bought a horse  
'out of a plough-team for 30*l.*, which he called Cincinnatus, and  
'sold to Sir Mark Sykes for 600 guineas. And Colonel Healey  
'of the North York militia, lived a great deal at Raby, and afterwards  
'at Middleton. He was a brother of the Captain Healey who  
'had only one arm, also a wonderful horseman, and known as the  
'Lasher. The Duke of Leeds, from Hornby Castle. Major  
'St. Paul was another regular; Hon. Colonel Arden of Pepper  
'Hall, brother of the well-known Lord Alvanley, one of the most  
'witty men of his day; Mr. Milbank of Thorpe Perrow, a son-  
'in-law of the Duke, was always in front, as was Mr. George  
'Serjeantson of Camp Hill, near Bedale, when there was anything  
'to do, and near them Mr. Newton, living now and for many years past  
'at Kirby in Cleveland, but then in the Bedale or Ripon country;  
'and Mr. Henderson of Durham, now M.P. for that city. Sir  
'Bellingham Graham from Norton Conyers always hunted with  
'Lord Darlington when he was in the Bedale country, and left  
'when they went back to Raby to go to his residence at Whitwell  
'and hunt with Sir Tatton Sykes. Colonel Tower of Hutton Bon-  
'ville was a capital old sportsman. Sir David Baird, who hunted  
'from Sedgefield, was a very hard rider, of whom Mr. Lambton  
'said that he never knew so hard a man do such little mischief.  
'Mr. Best, a tenant of Lord Barrington, who had property in the  
'county of Durham. Mr. George Richmond of Heighington,  
'Mr. Hodgson, the post-master of Staindrop, Mr. John Colling  
'of Hurworth, now a hale, hearty veteran, who on more than one  
'occasion, fifty years ago, swam the Tees. Mr. Thomas Maude of  
'Selaby, than whom a better man across that country was never  
'seen, and his younger brother William Maude, the late Colonel of

‘ the South Durham militia, riding such a weight that he would never undergo the test of the scales, was one of the most determined welters that ever mounted a horse, and equally honoured in the field as in every position of life. The Rev. Mr. Newton of Wath was a first-rate man across country. Also the Hon. Captain Powlett, uncle of the present Lord Bolton. Mr. Gerard Wharton of Gainford and of the Albany, for many years well known at Melton, was an intimate friend of the Duke, Mr. John Monson of Bedale, a son of the man who had a whin named after him, was a very fine performer, and conspicuous rider.

‘ The ladies were Lady Augusta Milbank, and her sister Lady Arabella Vane, his lordship’s youngest daughter, who rode in a scarlet habit. By the way I must not omit Mr. Tom Shafto, who lived with his brother at Whitworth, and stayed a good deal with his friend Frank Hartley at Middleton Lodge, of whom the following story is told: Crossing over from Ireland in a Liverpool packet-boat, a tremendous storm came on, and the captain told the passengers that they were in very great peril. Mr. Shaftoe was accompanied by his friend Captain Johnson, who on hearing of the danger immediately began to say his prayers. But it is said that Mr. Shafto sat very silent, and after a long meditation said to his friend, “ I say, Bob, no more Uckerby “ Whin !” showing his ruling passion in a significant way.

‘ At the time of Nimrod’s visit to this country in 1827, when most of the above were going, there was a club at Bedale composed of members of the Raby Hunt who met at the Swan Inn, and there was then a very large field when the hounds met at Stapleton, as many as 300.

‘ I have not mentioned Mr. Chaytor, son of the first baronet of the family who rode hard upon a chesnut mare for some few seasons.

‘ The Duke of Cleveland gave up hunting about 1840, and grubbed up the coverts round Raby, and then the Bedale, the Hurworth, and others formed theirs round the old Raby country. He died in 1842, and left his racing stud to the Duchess, who, instead of selling them, gave them away to different members of the family.

‘ When Henry Duke of Cleveland succeeded his father, he first started a pack of staghounds, while he got up the coverts with Tom Flint, from the Belvoir, as huntsman.

‘ He then kept foxhounds for nineteen seasons. In his service lived and died, as first whip, poor Jack Shirley, who had been huntsman to the H.H. He was brutally murdered by poachers in 1848, when he was helping the keepers keep watch, for which dreadful deed two of them were hanged at Durham.

‘ George Cox, who began hunting with General Wyndham at Sladeland, then had a turn with the H.H., and the Vine came to Raby in 1856 as huntsman at Tom’s death, and Harry Sebright, who went to the Burton, was first whip. In 1859 Thomas Morgan was first whip, and Jack Woodley, who had been with the Hursley and was afterwards with the South Wilts, and the East Dorset in

' 1862, was second. He was succeeded by Charles Roberts, who came from Lord Southampton. During the time Sebright was there a curious and not altogether uninteresting incident, with regard to the alleged damage foxes are popularly supposed to do in the poultry-yard and other places, occurred. The Duke rode up to the meet, and, accosting a friend, said, "Congratulate me: I shall save a hundred a year or more for the future." "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have always paid that or more for poultry accounts; but I have done with it henceforth, for this morning I had a bill come in for a sow and farrow of pigs, destroyed by foxes; if I don't stop it, they will be eating a cow and calf next!"

' In April, 1861, the hounds were sold at Tattersall's, but though the Raby Pack then ceased to exist, the name of Lord Darlington will never be forgotten. The Duke then gave 500*l.* per annum to both the Hurworth and the Durham County to hunt portions of the old Raby Country, but the western side was then left without hounds. At his death, in 1864, these subscriptions were dropped.

' In 1868 Mr. Cradock's country was formed out of the old Raby, and quite recently Mr. William Scarth of Keverston, in conjunction with Mr. Surtees of the Grove, with a small pack, has taken to hunt a piece of the extreme west side, which nobody but an enthusiast would dream of doing.'

' Let us turn to the Hurworth, one of the principal offshoots of the old country.'

' Yes; it was formed by Lord Darlington giving up the Tees Banks to what was first a pack of harriers, which hunted anything they might happen to find, but the country has materially spread since that.

' In 1825 it was between Lord Darlington's and Mr. Ralph Lambton's, and it was called the Hurworth from the nice village four miles south of Darlington, which for a long time was the residence of the Wilkinson family, who had kept hounds here for many years, and who were all successively called Tommys and Mattys. The country now extends from Darlington in Durham to Northallerton in Yorkshire; from there it goes eastwards, nearly to Stokesley in Cleveland, thence across to Stockton-on-Tees, and back to Darlington. Parts of it are very good, but the Tees, when they are in that district, is a perpetual drawback and nuisance, as it twists and turns in every direction, so that I know no country so difficult as that part of the Hurworth to kill a fox in, as he can cross the river, and a huntsman can't get over to follow his hounds; moreover, the country on the other side is unstopped; he is obliged to go back into the stopped country to draw again. The river is fordable in some parts, but is often much too deep.'

' Does it carry a good scent?'

' Yes, in many parts, and there is a fair proportion of grass towards Northallerton; but Welbury is the cream of the country, and they have had rare sport from Welbury Whin. On the York-



‘ shire side there are also Deighton, Hornly, and Worsall Whins. ‘ Then there is Sutton’s Elton Covert, a very large whin, Farrer’s ‘ Whin, Fighting Cocks, Wilkinson’s Whin, Gorse Pool, Grey’s ‘ Plantations, and Nanny Johnson’s, which joins it. The fences ‘ are all fair, but you want a horse that will go on and off cleverly, ‘ as very many of them are on a bank, with a big ditch on the ‘ bank side, so that on coming up to it a horse must clap his ‘ hind legs on the bank to get well over the fence. But the true ‘ secret of getting across Durham well and safely is not to go ‘ flying over every fence, but to keep your horse as near the ground ‘ as possible, as nothing tires him so much as constantly jumping in ‘ deep land.

‘ Hounds had been kept a long time at Hurworth by old Tommy ‘ Wilkinson, and at his death his brother Lozzy (a contraction of ‘ L’Oiseleur, the surname of a family of some note from whom the ‘ Wilkinson family inherited through the maternal line the estate of ‘ Coating Moor, near Heighington, built a kennel upon his estate ‘ at Neasham, where the pack originally bred from the Duke of ‘ Leeds and Lord Darlington’s kennels were principally supported ‘ by him and his brother, old “Matther” Wilkinson, who lived ‘ at Entercommon. The latter was an extraordinary character in ‘ every way, and from the description of his hunting costume ‘ given by Nimrod, quite one of the rough-and-ready order who ‘ would have abominated the modern toothpick-and-nosegay school. ‘ He was a very singular old man; a welter weight, but the most ‘ indefatigable man that ever got on a horse. He hunted his ‘ own hounds, assisted by Tom Hopper, whose father, old Tommy, ‘ another character, was the feeder. He slept in a room adjoining ‘ the kennels, in which there was a trap-door, which opened close to ‘ his head. If there was a row at night, as he knew every hound’s ‘ voice, he would rate the quarrelsome ones by name, and establish ‘ order. Mr. Wilkinson, though he could not swim a yard, would ‘ jump into the Tees on an old grey mare and swim across at ‘ any point, and on getting over lie on his back and hold up his ‘ heels to empty the water out of his boots, and his breeches were ‘ double the size of anybody else’s. He would exclaim, “Lads, h’ad ‘ “my horse till I let watter out of my boots.” He weighed about ‘ twenty stone, and always rode good horses, stuck at no price, and ‘ gave 300 guineas for Stocktonian, a strong thoroughbred horse. ‘ He knew the country well, and when hounds checked would come ‘ up and say, “Where did they carry it to?” and was on his fox ‘ again in a few minutes, and no man could kill him better at any hour ‘ of the day. He was always game to go on, and would say to his ‘ field, “Yes, gentlemen, you shall have another fox if you want ‘ “him,” and his dog language and view halloo cannot be described. ‘ As he was quite one of the people, old “Matther” never paid a ‘ penny for poultry.

‘ On Dec. 26, 1825, while following him at a ford near Worsall, ‘ the Rev. Marmaduke Theakston, son of the rector of Hurworth,

‘ was unfortunately drowned, owing to his horse rearing and falling on him in the middle of the river ; and I have heard that two other persons were drowned out hunting the same day, one in the Ure and the other in the Bedfordshire Ouse.

‘ Hunting with him at this time were General Aylmer of Walworth Castle, whose son was burnt to death in the dreadful petroleum accident at Abergeldie in 1869, Mr. Richmond of Sadberge, a famous rider, and Frank Hartley of Middleton Lodge, Mr. John Colling of Hurworth, before mentioned, now living in Mr. Wilkinson’s old house, Tom Shafto, celebrated for riding welter races, and Bob Deighton of Northallerton, who had been secretary to the Duke of York.

‘ In 1835 Mr. Wilkinson gave up hunting his hounds himself, and was succeeded by Frank Coates, who lived on his own farm at Hilton, ten or twelve miles from the kennels, on the banks of the Leven, a tributary of the Tees. He kept his own horses, and was a very good rider, but a very jealous one ; although he went slow at his fences, he had an extraordinary knack of stealing away, and went like oil on the ocean.

‘ He was called the heaven-born huntsman. No keener man ever lived. He was very quick, and used to rattle the woods of the Leven and the Tees till the foxes, whose track he knew, would fly from them. I need not say he had a fine eye and knowledge of the country. This pack never had better sport than when he hunted them, and it was an unfortunate thing for the country that he and Thomas Raper Wilkinson quarrelled and parted. Coates’ whip was the same Tom Hopper who turned them to old “Matther.”

‘ The old signboard of the Hilton Inn is a curiosity, and still preserved. On it is a painting of hounds running a fox in view, and the field following, with these lines below :—

“ The fox he runs, the hounds him view,  
Come take a glass, and then pursue.”

‘ At old Matther’s death in 1837 his nephew, Thomas Raper, who took the name of Wilkinson, became master, and held the post for twenty-four years. ‘ There is an excellent picture of him in the possession of his widow at Neasham, painted by Ferneley in 1846, mounted on a favourite horse, The Squire, in which are also Frank Coates, with his coat buttoned at the bottom ; of the two Hoppers, father and son, the elder with his terrier Tip. I think this is the best hunting picture I have ever seen ; it is so full of life, and quite worth going many miles to see.

‘ After Coates gave up professional huntsmen became in vogue, which, as the subscription was not a large one, was a drawback ; and, although the general run of the sport fell off, still they had some extraordinary good runs, and a fair succession of them, more especially from Deighton Whin, Welbury, and Fighting

‘ **Cocks.** Frank Coates was succeeded first by Robert Hecklefield, ‘ a good servant, who came from Mr. Hill of Thornton, and who, ‘ I hear, went to America to hunt hounds, then by Tom Salmon, ‘ who for many years hunted Colonel Hildyard’s harriers at Stokesley. ‘ Amongst those hunting regularly with Thomas Raper Wilkinson ‘ were Tom Allison of Whitehouse, who lost all his money on the ‘ Turf, John Gregson of Burdon Hall, in Mr. Lambton’s country, ‘ a light weight, and a good rider, Archibald Cochrane, now of ‘ Langton—“Archy Cochrane, who hung by the mane,” in the ‘ words of a good song of the day, and his brothers, Robert and Basil, ‘ all showed in the field that the blood of their celebrated uncle, ‘ the famous Lord Cochrane, afterwards the Earl of Dundonald, flowed ‘ in their veins. The late John Maynard of Harlsey, a large farmer ‘ and noted breeder of shorthorns, whose brother Anthony used to ‘ keep the Boroughbridge Harriers, hunted a good deal with the ‘ Hurworth and Raby, and was sure to be up in a forward position ; ‘ and with him several nephews, of whom Anthony, then of Skinning ‘ Grove, now of Newton Hall, so well known as a judge at the ‘ Agricultural Shows, is a wonderful man, and can still beat most of ‘ his juniors with hounds or on the moors. I have heard that once ‘ when riding a valuable horse he got into the Wisk, when his father, ‘ who was cross, remonstrated with him ; but he quietly said, “ Never ‘ “mind, there is 50% of him above water yet.” Bob Hubback of ‘ Durham was then a very hard man ; R. S. D. Roper of Richmond, ‘ Sam Smithson of Heighington rarely missed a day, who also hunted ‘ with the Duke. In 1843—the Duke of Cleveland, from Raby ‘ Castle, and with him his brother, Lord William Poulett, Mr. James ‘ Farrer of Ingleborough, M.P. for South Durham, stopped at ‘ Croft, and would go thirty-five miles to meet Mr. Milbank ; ‘ Col. Beckwith of Silksworth, a very good rider, who always ‘ hunted five or six days a week if he could, but was rather more ‘ of a Lambton man ; Col. Tower of Elemore, master of the Durham ‘ country, a nice, affable old gentleman, and his son Harry Baker, a ‘ first-rate man to hounds ; Tom Masterman of Little Danby, near ‘ North Allerton, the oldest sportsman in the hunt, whom no man ‘ could beat when on his grey horse ; Billy Clark of Killerby, who ‘ thought nought of a twenty-mile ride in the dark ; Mr. G. W. ‘ Sutton of Elton Hall, the author of “Ballynamona-ora ; or, The ‘ “Hounds of Ralph Lambton for me,” and many other poetical ‘ effusions ; Tommy Waldy of Egglescliffe, and his son Capt. Edward ‘ Waldy ; Mr. Marshall Fowler of Preston Hall. The late Harry ‘ Faber of Stockton was a regular bruiser, and very fond of jumping. ‘ Being half blind, he rode in spectacles, and stuck to hounds like a ‘ leech ; and with him his two sons, Mr. Simon Scrope of Danby ‘ Hall, who was about their best man in the field, Capt. Heneage ‘ Wynne of the 68th Regiment, who was killed at Inkermann. He ‘ was a nephew of the late Col. Hildyard, and very fond of fox-hunting ‘ when on leave. His death was greatly deplored by all who knew ‘ him, Mr. George Marwood, Mr. James Cookson of Neasham Hall

‘ was a very hard rider, and his brother Capt. W. Cookson, late of  
 ‘ the 11th Regiment, a most amusing man. Then there was Major  
 ‘ Lowe of Yarm for a season or two, and Mr. George Stonehouse, who  
 ‘ was killed by a fall from his horse near Stockton, Admiral Watt,  
 ‘ a very eccentric character, Mr. David Laird, who came from Scot-  
 ‘ land to Middleton St. George, and was very well turned out, Mr.  
 ‘ Blackett of Sockburn, “with his mare in a fidget, himself in a  
 ‘ funk,” an excellent preserver of foxes, whose early death was  
 ‘ deeply lamented ; and I must not overlook Squire Allan of Grange,  
 ‘ “ who got there by knowing the country and riding the lanes,”  
 ‘ and George Maughan of Worsall, a sporting farmer, who died a  
 ‘ few years ago, was a real good man to hounds, and knew the run  
 ‘ of a fox. There were also some first-rate gentlemen in black very  
 ‘ difficult to beat, namely, the Rev. Thomas Hart Dyke, who was  
 ‘ related to the Dykes of Lullingston Castle, in Kent, a capital rider  
 ‘ and first-class man to hounds, of whom the song said—

“ If he leads into heaven as he rides in a run.”

‘ The Rev. William Gooch of Stainton, and his sons, Percy and  
 ‘ Cecil, both good boys with hounds. The Rev. John Newton  
 ‘ of Kirby was quite an artist, especially on Liberal, and his  
 ‘ servant was also a character, and the Rev. Charles Cator, the  
 ‘ Rector of Stokesley, whose sister married Osbaldeston. I must  
 ‘ not omit Scott Waring of Darlington, who had been educated  
 ‘ at Eton and Sandhurst, but who turned livery stablekeeper,  
 ‘ and owned racehorses, having bought St. Bennett of Lord  
 ‘ Eglinton. He was a singular character, and he dressed to it,  
 ‘ wearing very tight trousers. He would override the hounds, and  
 ‘ use the strangest and strongest language when remonstrated with.  
 ‘ Yet withal he kept up his reading, and in his very lowest moments  
 ‘ the gentleman would peep out, showing that what was bred in him  
 ‘ never departed entirely. He told curious tales of travels with  
 ‘ St. Bennett.

‘ In those days hunting men lived a good deal together at the  
 ‘ Dinsdale Hotel, a beautiful place near Middleton One Row, which  
 ‘ has now become a lunatic asylum, and the stables, formerly full of  
 ‘ hunters, are a picture of desolation ; and at the good old hostelry  
 ‘ at Croft Spa were Lord Falkland and the Hon. John Dundas,  
 ‘ Mr. Barras, who I believe came from near Newcastle, Capt.  
 ‘ Marshall from Scotland, Mr. Lowndes, whose original name was  
 ‘ Gorst, who has large property in London, and a fine place in  
 ‘ Wiltshire, and Mr. George Gilpin Brown, now of Sedbury, a great  
 ‘ supporter of the Hurworth Hunt.

‘ In 1853 Will Danby came as huntsman from the York and  
 ‘ Ainsty, and George Dodds was his first whip. The kennels were  
 ‘ at Neasham Abbey. Will says that Mr. Thomas Wilkinson was  
 ‘ a first-rate master, and no man could care more for, or take a  
 ‘ greater interest in his servants. But poor old Will got lame from  
 ‘ his horse jumping on him, and breaking three of his ribs, so that,

‘ in his own words, he “ could no longer straddle a horse ;” but his master said, most kindly, “ Well, Will, we’ll never part to the end “ of the chapter.”

‘ He was succeeded in 1860 by Mr. Tom Parrington, whose father originally farmed the whole of Middlesborough Estate. He was well known as a very keen sportsman who thoroughly knew all about hunting, and also as a good rider with all the neighbouring packs, and as an amateur whip to the Cleveland, as well as the originator of the Cleveland Horse and Hound Show, of which he was manager until 1861 ; and he himself bred some very good horses. On becoming huntsman to the Hurworth he mounted himself, and had a stake in the concern. He was at first assisted in the field and kennel by George Dodd only, then for the last season also by George Robinson, a fine lad who came from Sir Charles Slingsby, and who went to the Lanark and Renfrew, and died there in 1866.

‘ Under Mr. Parrington’s *régime* fresh kennels were built, and some capital stables, which, without being showy, are as good as I have ever seen ; but he understands all this thoroughly, as he is a capital manager in all that appertains to horses and hounds. In the field few men are keener or know how and when to gallop better.

‘ In 1862 Mr. James Cookson of Neasham Hall took the hounds, with a subscription of 900*l.* a year, of which the Duke of Cleveland gave half. He is a quiet, good-natured man, and, I am told, a perfect wonder on the violin, and could run Paganini to half a stone. As a breeder of blood stock he is well known, and he bred the two cracks, Dundee and Kettledrum, who made such a memorable finish for the Derby in 1861, when the bay on three legs gave his chesnut rival all he could do to beat him. Besides these, Mr. Cookson has bred several Oaks winners, and many other good animals. He has always had some first-rate sires at Neasham, amongst others Lord Lyon, and The Earl, and The Palmer, whom he bought of Sir Joseph Hawley, are located there at the present time. With the Hurworth at this time was Captain Temple of Saltergill as good a sportsman as ever lived, and also another mighty fiddler, Mr. “ Billy ” Vaughan of Middleton St. George, now of Fairfield, where he has a breeding establishment Mr. Tom Garbutt of Yarm, who can gallop and halloo with any man living, who always has some good weight-carriers, and says he will stick to the Hurworth as long as he lives, Mr. J. W. Sutton of Elton Hall, a staunch fox preserver both in this and the Durham country, Messrs. Arthur Rowe of Stockton, and Charles Simpson, both hard ones, Mr. Taylor then lived at the Inn at Croft, who afterwards went to hunt with Lord Wemyss, J. Wrightson of Darlington, a good welter weight, to whom the Duke of Cleveland occasionally gave a horse.

‘ In 1864 the Duke of Cleveland ceased to contribute his late brother’s subscription to these hounds, so Mr. Cookson and Mr. Parrington resigned their office to Major Elwon of Middlesborough, who about this time took Lord Falkland’s place, Skutters-

' kelfe, and a hunting box at Croft. As a master of hounds, he  
' was very good-natured and obliging, spared no expense, and the  
' whole establishment was turned out exceedingly smart. The men  
' were very well mounted, and he used to take the horses, hounds,  
' and servants by special train to Auckland and other meets, where  
' the Hurworth hunted that country before Mr. Cradock. He  
' owned the notorious Plaudir, who was the first to lower Achieve-  
' ment's colours at Newmarket, and take the steel out of her for the  
' Middle Park Plate.

' Martin Care, from the Durham country, was his huntsman for  
' three seasons, and George Dodds and James Simmons turned  
' them to him. After that Care went to Rome. He is a clever  
' fellow in other ways than with hounds, for he is a wonderful actor,  
' and could make his fortune at a music hall by doing the drayman.  
' He was succeeded by Dick Christian from the Bedale, who was  
' a little hasty in temper, but had fine judgment, and was one of  
' the best horsemen ever seen. In fact, quite a superior fellow ;  
' but he, unfortunately, "knocked his bottom out with drink."

' Then succeeded George Dodds, son of Mr. Wilkinson's old  
' groom, who was a first-class whip, and is a very good servant both  
' in the field and in the kennel. He was at first assisted by Walter  
' Price, then by James Simmons, who returned to him from the  
' Lanark and Renfrew.

' The country was now considerably altered. It lost part of the  
' late Duke of Cleveland's which had been joined to it, and gained  
' instead some of the old Hambledon country, which of late years  
' had not been hunted, namely, the district round Silton, Crosby, and  
' Upsal.'

' You have spoken of that country before ?'

' Yes. The old Hambleton pack hunted on and around the hills  
' of that name. The first master was, I believe, Charley Har-  
' rison ; then Mr. Horsfall of Mount St. John ; and the last was  
' Mr. Fred Bell of Thirsk, whose huntsman, Swalwell, is still going.  
' In 1868 Mr. James Cookson went in for his second innings.'

' Are the fields large with these hounds ?'

' No ; they usually average about forty to fifty. And the following  
' are some of the principal men going with them :—

' Mr. A. H. T. Newcoman of Kirkleatham Hall, who also hunts  
' with the Cleveland, and Mr. Newcoman, and his brother Mr. C.  
' M. Newcoman, Colonel Scurfield and young Mr. George Scurfield  
' of Hurworth, Mr. T. W. Waldy and his son Capt. Waldy of  
' Egglecliffe, Mr. Marshall Fowler, jun., of Preston Hall, Mr.  
' Anthony L. Maynard of Newton Hall, near Durham, Captain  
' Temple of Saltergill, a good horseman, Mr. Tom Garbutt of  
' Yarm, the acting-secretary, who hunts from the love of the thing  
' and is the backbone of the hunt, Mr. Henry Hood of Pepper Hall,  
' Mr. John Hutton of Sober Hill, M.P. for Northallerton, who has  
' just made a new covert, Mr. Thomas Richardson, jun., of the  
' Friarage, Yarm, Mr. Alec Park of Newbus, Mr. John Waldy of

'Burdon Hall, Mr. S. R. C. Ward of Neasham, Mr. G. S. Horsfall of Hornby Grange, Messrs. R. and W. Watson of Stockton, and Mr. G. C. Whitwell, also of Stockton, a welter, Mr. John Colling of Hurworth, the patriarch of the hunt, a jolly, good neighbour, and a good sportsman, Mr. H. A. W. Cocks of Low Middleton, a good fox preserver, Mr. Wm. Foster of Darlington, a very light weight, who never looks before he leaps, and rather enjoys a fall than otherwise, Mr. Robert Lloyd of Middlesborough, Mr. John Trotter of Stockton, a grandson of the celebrated old Colonel, Mr. R. Colling, jun., of Hurworth, who is a devil to ride, and often wants to be before the huntsman, Mr. Robert Wilson of Yarm, familiarly called Vitrol Wilson, Mr. John Stowell of Faverdale, near Darlington, then there is the young Squire Wilkinson of Neasham, son of the late master, and his sister Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Edward Matby, who comes there annually from his military quarters, Mr. Joe Fife of Newcastle, quartered at Croft, Mr. Frank Smith of Darlington, and Mr. Wailes of Rownton.'

'Do the farmers hunt much with the Hurworth?'

'Though they are generally small occupiers, many not holding more than one hundred acres, they are all fond of hunting; and most of them have a goodish-sort of old mare which they hunt, and breed from. Amongst them are Thomas Harrison of Aislaby, Bradley of Aislaby, Coulson of Hutton Rudby, there are also sundry Maughans, sons of the late George Maughan, who now live at Yarm, and one on a farm at Newsham, Goldsborough of Hutton Rudby, a young sporting butcher, R. Thornton of Stapleton, formerly very regular with the Duke of Cleveland, and, in his time, a very good man, Prince Stockdale of Hilton, who always has a stout fox, like himself, on the banks of the Leven; and J. Walton of Acklam. I must not overlook Mr. Len Parrington, who is now quite a notoriety with these hounds. He hunts on foot from his residence at Yarm, attends all the meets, and has a wonderful knack of viewing a fox.'

'You say, this is a great hunter-breeding country?'

'Yes; and, a few years ago, the farmers had great faith in Perion by Whisker, the property of Mr. Vansittart of Kirkleatham Hall, who ran second to St. Giles, for the Derby, in 1832, and was the only horse said not to have been made safe. He was noted for getting good natural hunters. While talking of hunter sires in this country, I must not omit another good one, St. Bennett, half-brother to Perion, who, as I before said, belonged to Mr. Scott Waring of Darlington; and there were, before them, X Y Z by Haphazard, one of the most noted cup horses of his day, M. Orville, Bob Logic, Old President, Farnham, Motley, and Bondholder, who all made their mark, and got some good horses.'

'This breeding of good hunters by small farmers is the very essence of fox preserving, as they always command a good price for a young one. This happily, unlike many others, is not a game-

‘preserving country, and everybody respects the animal. In fact, ‘nearly all the natives think there is nothing better worth living for ‘than fox-hunting; and, fortunately, there is hardly a wheat growler ‘or chicken grumbler among them.’

## TURF NOMENCLATURE.

### CHAPTER II.

‘Licuit semper que licebit  
Signatum præsentē notā procudere nomen.’

HORACE.

THE appearance of ‘Races to Come,’ bound in the time-honoured, traditional calf-skin, is always welcome to the votary of the Turf. The breeder anxiously turns over the pages to ascertain how the young hopefuls that once were his, have been entered, and he draws auguries of their future success from the estimate which their present owners appear to have placed on their merits, according to the number and importance of the engagements for which they are entered. The owner weighs over in his mind the breeding and qualifications of the animals with which his own will have to compete in the great races of the year. The student of word-lore scans with delight the new names which appear to him to be trenchant combinations of sire and dam. In reviewing the volume for 1872 now before us, we shall offer in no carping spirit our comments on the new names it contains, and when the breeder or owner has left his youngster without a name, we shall endeavour to suggest an appropriate one: and now, without further preface we plunge *in medias res*.

We shall give an unenviable prominence to an ill-fated colt by High Treason, who has received the unpopular name of ‘Sir Charles Dilke,’ and we suppose he will be entered in due time in the Forlorn, Lavant, Gimcrack, and Craven Stakes, and he will assuredly be sent to *Coventry*; but we should think the Alexandra Plate, the Prince of Wales’ Stakes, and Her Majesty’s Plates will be closed against him, and he has already paid forfeit in the Loyal Stakes. We are surprised to hear that he has taken a preliminary canter in the Matrimonial Handicap, an engagement in which we think he is sure to be scratched. Sir William Throckmorton must dispute the axiom that ‘“Charity” begins at home,’ since he has named her son by Adventurer, ‘The Missionary.’ We remember in our youthful days having the riddle propounded to us, ‘Why is a “Lollipop” like a race-horse?’ and the answer was ‘The harder you lick it, the faster it goes.’ We suppose it is from some such memory that Mr. Crowther Harrison has given that name of ‘linked sweetness long drawn out’ to the Lozenge filly from Etruria, the dam of Flying Childers, and if she prove as successful as her half-brother, who won ten races last year, she will justify the expectation that she will go



*fast*, which is implied in her name. 'Tomahawk,' the first son of Bathilde, if he does not belie his lineage and his name, ought to cut down all his opponents, and emulate the performance of his dam in the Cambridgeshire. Mr. Jacques being uncertain whether Scaramouch or Joey Jones has the better claim to the paternity of Tutela's son, is determined to be on the safe side, so asks with characteristic caution, 'Cujus?' With great deference to Mr. Payne's judgment, we suggest that 'Mountain Dew' would be more appropriate to a son of Lord of the Isles, than 'Chablis,' and we hope the Nestor of the Turf will appreciate the *spirit* in which we make the suggestion. We are surprised that an attempt should have been made to 'Hoodwink' Robin Hood by means of Flattery. We have ascertained for a fact that the son of Bedesman and Finesse is a 'Jesuit.' Chevalier d'Industrie and Frailty, to our great surprise, claim to monopolize the whole of the 'Demi-monde.' We are glad to find that the Queen of England appreciates good music, and has conferred 'Knighthood' on Costa. We suppose the daughter of Promised Land and Home Defence will ultimately be 'Home Rule.' The son of Rattlebone, ought to be a 'Dicebox.' Our Sweet-tooth is sharpened by the knowledge that Macaroni and Curaçoa have united their saccharine properties in the production of a 'Trifle.' Nabob and Mon Etoile have looked not in vain for a 'Star in the East.' Loiterer and Media Noce waited from 'dewy eve till morn' for a 'Watchman,' and he came at last. Madame Cliquot may be enlivened in her old age by the youthful effervescence of 'Champagne Charley.' We should have expected that when a Bedesman solicited a Reigning Beauty, she would have presented him with a 'Douceur.' From the apposition of Chevalier d'Industrie and Truth we should look for a 'Double Entendre.'

Fashion's son has three putative fathers, and only one thing can be decided about him, that he is 'out of Fashion.'

We think Passing Bell will be slow, since he owes his origin to Saunterer and Curfew Bell, and neither of these is suggestive of great pace. We are afraid we shall be accused of a play upon words if we adduce the Croupier's challenge 'Faites votre Jeu,' as the probable result of Chevalier's connection with 'Jeu des Mots.' The proximity of a Crow's nest to a Cathedral may lead to the revival of 'Parson Rook.' Wild Dayrell is succeeded by the 'Voluptuary;' we fear this is the consequence of giving himself up to My Pleasure. We cannot find an appropriate name for the son of Voltigeur and Olive Branch; if we were to name him the 'Hobby horse,' from his wooden origin, we should bring down upon ourselves the denunciations of our friend Dr. Shorthouse, who curses the tribe of Blacklock root and branch, and will be certain to suggest that he will assuredly be *cut down* at the finish, if not *chopped* at the start.

We are glad to see that the search of the Argonaut after a 'Golden Fleece' has at last been successful.

Trumpeter and Queen Bee are the musical parents of a 'Drone.'

The 'Wandering Jew,' although a Saunterer, is scarcely a legitimate son of Europa. We should have expected Finesse and Artillery to

hit the mark in 'Bull's-Eye,' but their aim seems to have been diverted by 'Wildfire.' When a Hermit met a Romping Girl might he not expect a 'Kiss in the Dark?' We were sorry to learn that Man-at-Arms was married beneath him to the half-bred Win and Pay, and not having been accustomed to stand in the place of sponsor to such canaille, we leave it in doubt whether we prefer 'Half-pay,' or 'Out-at-Elbows.' If the union of Mainstone and Vera Cruz stand the crucial test, we may expect to recover the long-lost Moonstone. As there are two noble claimants to the paternity of Buglenote's child, the uncertainty may be prolonged by an 'Equivogue.'

The latest intelligence from the Sister Isle informs us that Little Slip, from her meeting with Blarney, has given birth to an 'Irish Bull,' but our Munster correspondent is uncertain whether it is a 'broth of a boy,' or a 'slip of a girl.' Black Swan, as might be expected, is the mother of a 'Rara Avis.' In olden times, we were always sure of a 'Correct Card' from Joey Jones, and Fête-day promises to keep his memory alive. We can scarcely be mistaken in writing down the colt by Oxford, Knight of the Crescent, or the Duke, as a 'Treble Event.' Bedesman and Cachuca are the lively parents of a 'Nautch-girl;' Lanky Bet rejoices in her counterfeit presentment, 'Long Tom Coffin;' Quicksand's son will, we fear, be a 'Wreck.' Our anticipations that 'Duty Free' will be a degenerate daughter of Duty are likely to be realised, and her evil communications with a Rake account for the mischief. The name of Parnesan having been more than once mentioned with reference to a Scandal, we do not see why the result should be looked upon as such particularly 'Hard-cheese.' When we name 'Black Diamond,' in connection with Rupee and Newcastle, we shall be charged with 'carrying coal' to the latter. It is only right when Flatterer meets with Nemesis, that there should be 'Quid pro Quo.' From our youthful experience of Greenwich Fair, we should expect Caterer to exhibit a 'Learned Pig' as the result of his visit there. We should give Voltigeur's young Olive Branch a fair chance to distinguish himself by making an 'Avant Courier' of him, but we are afraid our friend Dr. Shorthouse will suggest that if he should begin first, he will not improbably finish last. When Lady Trespass was introduced to an Adventurer, the only probable consequence was a 'Faux Pas.' 'Nightmare' is the natural daughter of Mandragora,

'That drowsy syrup of the world.'

Solon, having been so unwise as to form an illicit connection with Light of the Harem, we fear that they will be rewarded with the Sack. Juliet's poetic notion that

'Palm to palm, is holy "Palmer's kiss,"'

suggests that name for the son of Bedesman and Palm. We have heard of a Freak in connection with Trumpeter, which leads us to anticipate a 'False Note.' Newminster and License would be faithfully represented by 'Charles Voysey.' We hope Idle Girl will take

proper care of 'Lazy-boots' in his babyhood. A 'Coxcomb' would be the appropriate ornament of Wamba, 'that fellow of infinite jest.' Bonnyfield and Fluid may be represented by 'Amphibious.' Bête-noire having listened to the seductive voice of The Drake, we fancy we shall hear of a 'Quack-Doctor' in connection with their amours. Neptunus, when he took Hecate for his bride, little thought that 'The Sea Serpent' would be fathered upon him. We fear that the meeting of a Rake with a Novice will lead to an 'Elopement.' Phantom Sail's introduction to a Lawyer led to their being ably represented by 'Serjeant Ballantine.' We shall be delighted to find that Codicil has ensured a 'Fortune' to The Miner as the reward of his perseverance. A 'White Chaplet' would be a suitable memorial of the union of Silverhair with Adventurer. We do not intend any reflection on Speculum when we say, that a Butter-boat would be nothing without a 'Ladle,' and we think the son of Vedette and Cachuca have been very successful in their combined efforts to introduce the 'Mirror-dance.' Mariner could not very well do without a 'Blue Jacket,' and True Blue has considerably supplied him with one. An Adventurer when he visits a Cantine may find a 'Corkscrew' *à propos*. Curfew-bell warned Warlock before his death to look his last upon a 'Watchfire.' We cannot account for the possession by Mermaid of an Asteroid, unless it should prove to be a 'Star-fish.' Bonnybell little thought of the scrape she was getting into, through her *liaison* with Adventurer, but we hope the 'Marriage Bell' will set matters right in time. 'High Church' would be the Orthodox son of Cathedral and Minaret. Tell-tale's filly by the Duke ought not to be 'Viola,' as 'she never told her love.' Vergiss mein Nicht has surely not forgotten to bestow a 'Blue Blossom' on her *inamorato*. We fear that Duchess and The Miner have been guilty of a 'Mésalliance.' A 'Glass of Grog' would have been a beverage better suited to the taste of a Jack-tar than the finest Claret, and we are afraid that La Rose will have given Tom Bowline nothing but a 'Stomach-ache.' Blue Bell and Storm might be associated in 'Inchcape Bell.' It is a pity that The Miner should have bestowed so much care and attention on Giltnook, as 'Fairygold' will scarcely repay him. The daughter of a Spinster, whoever may be the sire, must be a 'Love-child.' Juanita Perez has always been regarded in Spain as the Cozinera who invented that savoury concoction of herbs, spices, garlic, and minced-meat, the far-famed 'Olla Podrida.' Man-at-Arms was enamoured of the First Lady he met, and the consequence was a 'Surrender.' Mariner could scarcely carry out his intentions as to a Codicil without a Notary. The only sweetness Saccharometer could extract from a Prescription must be a 'Fee.' We have rather a weakness for 'Brandy Sauce,' and should expect to find it associated with Plum Pudding and Frailty. Cathedral and Melody might be united in an 'Anthem.' Our well-beloved godchild Minster Bell, the handsome daughter of Newminster and Aspasia, may revive her festal notes of joy in a 'Wedding Peal.' Cambuscan and Amorous should combine their skill and affection in 'Cupid's dart.' Caterer

and Sultana might amuse us with a 'Snapdragon.' The Start-point of a Crater must be an 'Explosion.' With reference to our naval supremacy, Admiral Rous will be sorry to hear that a Fluke represents the extent of Gunboat's success with The Target. 'Platinum' is the most likely reward of the Miner's visit to The Volga. Flash-in-the-Pan's Telltale will, we fear, be 'Missfire.' Adventurer and Petra may take their choice between Granite and Limestone. The Hermit's study of the Lexicon will no doubt lead to the introduction of the 'Greek Alphabet.' We hope a 'Waistcoat' of Moleskin into turf circles may add to Lord Lyon's comfort. 'Curtain Lecture' would graphically represent that noisy couple Lecturer and Breeze. All Bedesman's Plunder may be contained in a 'Wallet.' Daisy's son by Lord Lyon is of sufficiently high lineage to take the name of 'Kingcup.' Mainstone's discovery of 'Ironstone' is a consequence of his visit to Avondale. Bedesman and Sandal are suggestive of 'Out at Heels.' We are glad to discern that Lord Anglesey is, like Timothy, well acquainted with the Scriptures, and in consequence 'Nathanael' and The Fig-tree are now in The Calendar. 'Sir Roger,' by Adventurer out of Leah, was entered for high stakes, including the Convivial and Drawing-room, but has been struck out of all his engagements by the hand of death.

Without in any way wishing to anticipate the judgment of the jury in the Tichborne case, we think we may venture to name the colt by Adventurer out of Circe, 'the Claimant.' If the real Tichborne perished, as the Solicitor-General suggests, in the waters of the Atlantic; if the wild waves sang his funeral dirge, if—

' Full fathom five he lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes.  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
Hark ! now I hear them : ding-dong, bell,'

his friends would indeed mourn his early death ; but far better that he should have thus perished than that there should have been a transmigration of souls, such as Serjeant Ballantine has shadowed out to us :

' Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder ?'

It is possible that the gentle student of Stonyhurst, well tutored by learned Fathers of the Church, should have utterly forgotten, not Latin and Greek only, but

' The fair humanities of old religion.'

Is the trained officer of the Carbineers unable to tell the difference between close and open order, and entirely ignorant of the names and persons of his comrades in arms. Has the high-principled and chivalric lover, who never breathed in the ear of his ladye-love a

syllable that could raise a blush on her maiden cheek, has he become so lost to all sense of decency and shame, that he is ready to blast the unspotted reputation of his fair cousin, by an unfounded slander? Has a gentleman been transformed into a bullying bushranger? If so, the transformation must have been of the same character as that which the syren Circe effected on the victims who fell into her toils, and we are justified in our nomenclature. We may exclaim with the ghost,

‘Oh! Hamlet, what a falling off was there!’

Are we to lose faith in the axiom of our favourite Latin poet—

‘Cœlum non animum mutant qui trahs mare currunt.’

The fellow is not deficient in that shrewdness which is frequently characteristic of men of low origin whose intellects have been sharpened by the keen encounter of wits in the market and the workshop. How plaintive was the almost humiliating confession of one of the most learned and accomplished lawyers of the day, it almost forms a distich—

‘I tried to cross-examine him;  
He cross-examined me.’

Well! who is to pluck out the heart of this mystery? All we can say is, that if a new coat of arms is to be found for the claimant, we should suggest a marrow bone and cleaver for the crest, and for the motto, ‘Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi,’ yet if he be the right man, may he win; if not, may he pass many future years of his life in ascending a staircase—if one can be constructed strong enough to carry him—on a principle very dissimilar from that which he hoped would be the ‘ladder of his baseness’ at Tichborne Hall.

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds! or the driver of ‘Our Van’ will have brought in his vehicle and shut us out. We know that we are belated, friend Baily, though we have written *currente calamo*, and now we suppose it depends upon that imp of darkness, the printer’s devil, whether we are to take our place, side by side with Amphion, and the other dwellers of Olympus, our leaves entwined in the immortal green chaplet, or consigned to the limbo of the rejected, the Balaam basket.

J. C. M. H.

As the author seems disposed to throw the responsibility of the non-appearance in March of Chapter II. of ‘Turf Nomenclature,’ on the *printer’s devil*, that individual wishes to prove that he is ‘not so black as he is painted.’ The fact is, the writer lost his place by the length of a street, the manuscript arrived at Cornhill on the morning of the National Thanksgiving, the shutters were up, proclaiming a holiday, the green flag floated from the roof. Baily had gone forth as the representative of the sporting press of England to welcome her Majesty, and to express the hope of

every true sportsman, that the Prince of Wales may be soon restored to perfect health, and enliven with his cheering presence the 'sports and pastimes' of merrie England. Every typical devil of the establishment had climbed to the summit of the dome of St. Paul's, or some other 'coigne of vantage,' to view the procession, and was ready to pounce upon any follower of Beale, Odger, and Co., who might venture to 'jeer and flout at our solemnity.' Had such a miscreant appeared he would have been carried off in 'Our Van' (*woe to the wretch who goes to punishment therein*) to Coldbath Prison to undergo the discipline which proves so salutary to the representatives of the 'Great Unwashed,' when they do penance there.

*Printer's Devil.*

## A JINGLE OF THE GUINEAS.

FOUNDED ON A HEBREW MELODY.

PRINCE CHARLIE went down to the post with a roar,  
And scarlet and white were the colours he wore;  
And the coat of Cremorne shone like 'myriads of lights'  
That illumine its gardens on festival nights.

Like cavalry charge, in unwavering line,  
They swept up the Heath to the Bushes incline,  
Like squadron repulsed, a discomfited host,  
All scattered and broken they raced for the post.

For the hope of the Baron came fearless and fast,  
And laughed in the face of each foe as he past,  
He play'd at their girths to the Abingdon hill,  
Then left them all standing, like images, still.

And there roll'd the Messenger, helpless alone,  
His foemen unchallenged, his trumpet unblown;  
And Helmets were dented, and first to give way  
Was the Anglesey Knight who did battle for Day.

And there stood Sir Joseph, excited and pale,  
For Huxtable's arm was at work like a flail;  
And see, on his flanks, with the foam-flake and blood,  
Are blazoned the colours of mighty King Lud.

And the plunging division, for once, have to wait,  
For layers are broke at the Clubs and the Gate;  
And the face of the Gentile, the visage he drew,  
Is green with reflection of yellow and blue.

LITTLE DAVID.

## WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

## NO. VIII.

'FRANK,' said the Baron de Keryfan to me immediately after the interview with the Breton peasants, 'we shall have hot work next week at Kilvern: the whole country will be there, from Pontivy to Landerneau; and every peasant, owning a musket or a blunderbuss, will bring his weapon, and use it too, in the most reckless fashion on that occasion—the slugs at Trefranc were mere hail compared with the weight of metal deemed necessary at Kilvern: the "balle-mariée," which is simply a couple of leaden bullets screwed into one, is rammed into every barrel, when a pig is the object of the chase; and this, if it hits not its mark, is apt to glance awkwardly from rock or tree, and create serious results.'

'A pleasant prospect for men and hounds,' I replied; 'if that is to be the order of the day, one might as well encounter a band of armed savages as join these wild Bretons when excited by the chase. By St. Hubert! after the pinking you had yesterday, would it not be safer for you to send a messenger for one of those Crusader hauberts that hang in your hall at Pen-meur; it at least would protect your body from mortal injury, and your head and limbs might take their chance?'

'You're chaffing me, Frank,' said the Baron, good-temperedly; 'but, believe me, the storm of random bullets will be no joke, when a pig comes to run short in those hollow glens.'

'Well, but if the sport is good,' said the Count de Kergoorlas, chiming in, 'I'll be bound to say we shall none of us give the bullets a second thought. However, it would probably be advisable to warn the Kilvern peasants, ere they leave this house, that the gendarmes will be sure to attend the hunt, and that every gun will be seized, if its owner cannot produce his *permis-de-chasse*.'

'That may deter some few of them,' said M. de St. Prix; but the majority of the peasants, whether possessing or not that legal qualification, will care no more for the gendarmes, than you do for the Loup-garou, that forest bugbear of our old women and children. However, give them that hint by all means. I only wish my hounds, in times past, had suffered as little from the boars' tusks as the chasseurs from the glancing balls of the Brittany peasants.'

'Do your hounds, then, venture to worry him,' I inquired, 'when the boar is brought to bay?'

'Aye,' said St. Prix; 'they go in at him as if he was a mere fallow doe; and it's an awful sight to witness the slashing and gashing inflicted on the best and bravest of my hounds, ere we are able to give him his *coup-de-grâce*.'

'That of course you do with your *chasse-couteau*; but is it not a service of some danger to yourself, closing with him at a time when, maddened with rage and driven to a stand-still, he catches his wind and charges furiously on every enemy?'

'It would certainly be so,' said the Louvetier, 'to a man who

‘does not thoroughly understand the use of his weapon : he must be cool, too, and know where to strike ; then, his blow must be quick as a flash of lightning, or it would probably fall in vain ; and if so, let the bungler look to his safety.’

The use of the rapier has ever been a favourite study with our continental neighbours ; and, as it is a thrusting weapon akin to the *couteau-de-chasse*, it will readily be understood how expertly the latter may be managed by a man long accustomed to the exercise of the other. He may not be a hunter, skilled in all the shifts of a pig or deer when brought to bay, and he may be profoundly ignorant of the vital spot at which his thrust should be aimed ; but instruct him on these points, and he will deal his blow with a quickness and precision unknown by the less adroit swordsmen of this country. St. Prix’s confidence in his *couteau* made my flesh creep : no matter where the boar was at bay, whether with his back bearing against a huge granite rock, or immersed up to his belly in the bed of a brawling brook, the hounds assailing him in every quarter, and the glare of his wicked eyes infuriated with fire, St. Prix never hesitated a moment in getting at him and plunging his weapon, with the rapidity and precision of a matador, hilt-deep into some vital part—a service of infinite danger, no doubt ; for, if the point of his *couteau* were to come into contact with a bone, and death were not almost the instant result of his blow, the penalty of his failure would be a charge to a certainty, and probably a serious gash or two from the animal’s tusks. So, a firm hand, eye and nerve, and above all, skill in the use of his weapon, are essential in the encounter ; or the death-wound will not be given with the exact nicety requisite at such a time.

After the departure of the Kilvern peasants from Carhaix, the afternoon of that day was pleasantly passed in a visit to the hounds, quartered as they were in a peasant’s cottage hard by the town. Not an article of the scanty furniture had been removed for the occasion ; but there, in the chimney-nook still strewn with its wood-embers, under the table and on the table, and in a hollow recess of the wall, hitherto claiming the dignity of the peasant’s own bed, lay the swarthy hounds, apparently as comfortably kennelled after their hard work as her Majesty’s staghounds might be on their luxurious benches at Ascot Heath. Grievously marked about the head and neck were several of them in that last worry at Trefranc ; while a couple or two came limping along on three legs to meet and welcome the Louvetier, as he entered the grimy hovel in which they were confined. One old hound, a grand specimen of the St. Hubert breed, standing 26 inches at the shoulder, and topped by a head and ears such as Snyders never saw, rose leisurely from the bed-recess and exhibited a face covered with scars—a recent ugly one, extending from his cheek-bone to his nose, added dignity, if it did not otherwise improve his look ; while countless old seams about his neck and head reminded me of that ancient warrior, Curius Dentatus, whose body bore the marks of a hundred wounds, and all in front. He was well named ‘Cæsar,’ for he looked like an emperor and a conqueror from stem to stern.

St. Prix’s remedies were simple enough ; a bucket of water and a



sponge being the sole appliance for all wounds—except, indeed, where the sores had generated proud flesh, when he used blue-stone with an unsparing hand. If a wound, however, was within reach of a hound's tongue, he never troubled it with artificial treatment, well knowing the all-healing power given by nature to that member. Half-a-dozen hounds had submitted very quietly to the sponge and water process—no joke for their sores under the rough hands of Louis Trevarreg—when it became old 'Cæsar's' turn to undergo the same ordeal. I could see at a glance, however, that he was a hound not to be handled by a novice; and that even the experienced Piqueur would gladly have deferred the operation, if his master had not been present to insist on its performance. 'Cæsar!' said St. Prix, very distinctly, as he ran the thong through the keeper of his whip and drew the loop tightly round the hound's neck; 'Cæsar; ici, mon enfant;' and out stalked the grand old hound, slowly and reluctantly, towards the bucket in front of the door. Two or three deep growls, and a few spasmodic twitches with the end of his stern, indicated but too plainly that he was in no humour to be handled with impunity; so, while St. Prix held him firmly by the head, Louis Trevarreg threw his right leg over the hound's shoulders, and grasping them with both knees, fixed him as in a vice, and at once proceeded to wash out the wound without farther danger. But the storm that had been brewing now burst forth with a roar of thunder from the hound's tongue, and flashes of lightning from his angry eyes; and it was quite work enough for the two powerful men to hold him securely to the end of the operation. The moment, however, the fine old fellow was liberated, he came up to St. Prix, flourishing his stern good-naturedly, as if he meant to apologise for the trouble he had given and the uproar he had made under his hands.

The day following this visit to the kennel was Saturday; and as our party was now reduced to St. Prix, Keryfan, and myself—Ker-goerlas having gone to his chateau on the Loire, and the other chasseurs to their respective homes—Keryfan proposed driving us to see the lead-mines of Huelgoet, famed for their hydraulic pump, the handiwork of a M. Juncker, an Alsatian engineer, nearly related to the great naturalist Baron Cuvier. St. Prix at once disclaimed all knowledge of, or interest in mining or machinery; but, as he said, the drive would be a pleasant one, and, barring a billiard-table, there was nothing whatever to do by way of amusement in the dull town of Carhaix, he readily agreed to accompany us; and so, by ten o'clock that morning, we were under weigh, Kerryfan handling the ribbons, and the tandem-team stepping along right merrily at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour—no mean pace, considering the hill-and-dale character of that country.

The main roads are always in admirable order, even in Finisterre, being under the management and supervision of the French Government; but, if the traveller on wheels venture to diverge from these, he will soon come to inevitable grief. The by-roads are supposed to be repaired by the several Communes through which they pass;

never, however, do I remember seeing a peasant at work on them ; so that as a rule, in winter, they have ruts axle-deep in them, no metal on their surface, and sloughs or spews everywhere. In fact, many of them, if supplied with seed and manure, would grow as good a crop of potatoes as the adjoining fields. I have been in far greater peril riding sure-footed horses through the mire and spews of these lanes by night, than in the wildest fox-chase I ever joined ; and when I say that, let me add how frequently it has been my happy lot to see some glorious days over Dartmoor with Mr. Trelawny's hounds ; and not a few with Mr. Russell over Exmoor, not less the region of bog, rugged ground, and wild foxes, than its sister forest on the southern coast. But even Diamond Lane on Dartmoor, paved as it is by nature with blocks of granite scattered broad-cast on its surface, and some of them far bigger than bishops' heads, is safe-going—nay, is a fair coach-road compared with many of those parish tunnels in Lower Brittany.

Before twelve o'clock our team, the leader of which had maintained a continuous short canter throughout almost the whole distance, pulled up at the Lion d'Or, the small inn that welcomed us on arriving at Huelgoet. The landlord was the first to rush to the door, and instantly recognising St. Prix, the Louvetier, and, by virtue of that office, the public benefactor of his country, it is scarcely possible to overstate the amount of attention he paid him and us during our short stay at his hostelry. The man had been a miner himself, and avowed his intention of accompanying us to the mine, and showing us all that was worth seeing within its subterranean precincts. So, starting at once for the works, a distance of more than a mile, we traversed a wild, picturesque gorge, through which a strong mountain stream, unseen by the eye, but very perceptible to the ear, rushed and roared 'neath the colossal boulders that barred its course in vain.

The ponderous machinery, which it was our object to see, has been at work in the bowels of the earth for a great number of years night and day, raising, without noise or irregularity, a vast body of water, four cubic metres per minute, to a height of 750 feet. A column of water, brought in by an aqueduct, and falling from a height of 200 feet, gives the machine the power of 280 horses ; and thus, by its incessant labour, the mine is kept dry. We descended by a bucket and rope to a great depth below the surface of the earth, our host, a man of 16 stone, leading the way, and testing, as he affirmed, the safety of the gear for our especial benefit. The test proved ample, and on alighting in the mine we were courteously received by the resident Director ; and all the operations of the men at work, all the movements of the mighty machine—a masterpiece of mechanical invention—and the whole process of separating, by mercury, the silver from the lead (for the mines include both these ores amalgamated together), were duly explained to us by that intelligent man. Without pretending to enter more fully into the subject, I can only say our subterranean visit proved to be a most instructive one, and

that even St. Prix, on our return to Carhaix, confessed to having passed a most agreeable day, and seen with wonder the power and efficiency of M. Juncker's machine.

The next day, being Sunday, the whole town was agog and stirring long before daylight; heavy, iron-shod sabots clattered through the streets, and men were hastening from all quarters to mass, so that, the short service over, they might sally forth to the *chasse* with a sense of having done their duty, and without a scruple of doubt to mar the pleasure of the sport for the rest of the day; and who shall say they were desecrating the Sabbath day? Those *ouvriers* who, after six days of toil, rested from their labour, and devoted the seventh—their morning sacrifice having been duly offered—to the innocent recreation of body and mind? Let modern Pharisees, who observe the Sabbath, and tithe mint, anise, and cummin, neglecting justice, mercy, and truth, shudder with pious horror at such practices; but we are told on higher authority than theirs, that 'the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.' You may break, in some countries—Christian so called—every law, human and divine, without a throb of indignation or a word of remonstrance from the bystanders; but if you just whistle a lively tune, the woe, woe, of a coming doom is pronounced with pitiless horror on your profane head.

But a short time ago a friend, possessing an extensive moor in Scotland, told me the following anecdote: He was walking, he said, one Sunday morning, near some of his best breeding-ground, in company with a gillie and a wild young setter, the latter ranging a-head and disturbing the grouse in every direction. After sundry growls and angry expressions on the part of the gillie, he turned round abruptly, and said, 'Wull ye whustle the dog, Sir Greville?' His master, not exactly catching what he said, and making no immediate response, he exclaimed impatiently, 'Wull ye whustle the dog, Sir Greville? for 'tis the Saubbuth day, and I mauna whustle myself.' And yet this man, who, to save himself and the birds, had no objection to Sir Greville's going to the devil, was the most immoral, dissolute fellow on the whole estate; his Sunday evenings being especially devoted to the whisky bottle and other excesses.

But to return to Carhaix. The hubbub in the town about day-break on a Sunday morning, was more than I can adequately describe. Horns sounded the most discordant notes, dogs yelled, and men shouted and *sacristied* across the street, from window to window, arranging their plans for the campaign, and deciding who should, and who should not, accompany them to the chase. Sometimes parties of even fifteen or twenty in number clubbed together, and, with guns, hounds, and dogs of every description, fell upon some ill-fated district, and literally combed it clean of every living thing bigger than a Jenny wren or a cock-mouse. This, of course, would be a desert land for many a day to come; but, as the *ouvriers'* raid was necessarily confined to a certain foot-distance from the town, it was my usual custom to ride to a point outside and beyond the circle of their operations, and thus beat virgin ground, un-get-atable by these marauders.

In less than half-an-hour after the last dog and chasseur had quitted the town, the deathlike stillness that reigned over Carhaix for the rest of the day was something awful. Not even the usual gathering of women at the well, nor the gossip that accompanied it, was seen or heard for one moment around that attractive spot ; and, but for the occasional flitting of a grisette, in gay holiday attire, from one house to another, the absence of all living creatures from the streets was absolutely appalling. On the present occasion, however, the monotony of the day was somewhat enlivened towards the afternoon by the departure of M. de St. Prix's hounds, horses, and men for Gourin, which, although but a small village, and possessing but scanty accommodation, was selected as the most convenient quarters for the forthcoming campaign.

Lower Brittany, especially that portion of it in the region of the Black Mountains, is the land of storms ; indeed, had the ancients fixed upon this country as the kingdom of Æolus, instead of those seven pleasant little islands in the Mediterranean Sea, it would, methinks, have been a happier fiction, and far nearer the truth. On this day, some hours after the party had left for Gourin, I mounted a well-bred cob, that I had lately bought out of the Morlaix mail-cart, at a hundred and twenty francs—just four shillings and twopence less than a five-pound note—and a gamier animal no man ever crossed ; when, scarcely before I was off the flag-stones, a thunder-cloud burst overhead, and poured such a deluge of rain down that, notwithstanding a double-milled great-coat, warranted waterproof, in which I was enveloped, I was soaked to the skin in less than half-an-hour. The wind, too, blew a hurricane ; and the lightning, which seemed to play upon the sheets of water that covered the road, so terrified my horse, that twenty times did he stop short, wheel on his haunches, and refuse to advance a yard further. In the interval of the flashes the darkness around was that of Erebus itself ; and but for my thorough knowledge of the road through the forest of Conveau, the best wolf-cover in the Black Mountains, I should have despaired of finding my way to Gourin on that terrible night. The road is a broad one, however ; and the wind, as it blew furiously in my teeth from the moment I quitted Carhaix, kept me well posted as to the direction I was required to keep.

On arriving at the Cheval Blanc, where the chasseurs had their mess, I found a party of ten or twelve gentlemen all seated at table, and the supper nearly at an end ; and never shall I forget the hearty welcome I received on making my appearance, in a half-drowned state, at that festive board. My carpet-bag had been left for the diligence, which would not reach Gourin till the following day ; so, discovering this fact, two or three of the company instantly rose and rushed off for a complete set of dry clothes for me ; and there and then (they would have it), before the huge log-fire of their *salle-a-manger*, I was divested of my wet garments, and speedily reclothed in the dry and comfortable apparel brought me by those kind friends. Need I add that a jollier, or a pleasanter evening I never spent in my life ?

## SAILING AWAY.

Nor over the ocean, not topping the waves of the Atlantic, but sailing over the pastures and flying the fences, holding his conveyance by the head, and steering him straight at the best place in the fence. How we do like to see a man who *can* ride, a real horseman ! What a treat it is, to be sure ! A man who takes his own line, and crosses the country with ease to himself and his horse ; who can go a run (not ten minutes, but one hour and thirty minutes) with hounds, without getting several falls, nor laming his horse, nor filling him with thorns, nor covering him with spur marks from his shoulder to his tail, and tiring him. Drop yourself down with one of our crack packs in the North, and look round. You will soon spot our Customer. There he is, punctual to a moment ; he is a bold Dragoon, and hails from the North. There is no need to see him canter his horse up a field. There is a something about him which denotes a horseman—his seat, his hands, the manner with which he holds his whip, the neatness of his white neckcloth, the fit of his coat, the way his breeches are put on, and his boots hung, the colour of his tops, his spurs buckled well up, not dangling about his heels like a French riding-master's, his bridle properly fitted, his saddle a plain-flapped one. He does not require a great lump of stuffing in front of his knee to enable him to remain in the saddle. When once placed in that most delightful of situations there he remains firm as a castle, and does not part company unless the good bit of stuff he rides should come down ; and that, we need scarcely add, is not often the case with the Customer we delight so much to see sailing away at the tail of the hounds, turning as they turn, but never turning amongst them, with his eye on the leading hounds, and his heart in the right place. Observe in how workmanlike a manner, and with what elegance he puts his horse at a fence, at one moment popping him neatly over a stile, at another sending him at a thorn fence, with a widish ditch at the far side ; now creeping down the side of that black drain (the terror of half the field, and mentioned as a spot to be avoided), and jumping up the opposite bank as though it was nothing. Now, pulling short into a trot, he nips over a flight of rails in the corner of the field as nicely as a deer bucks over a hurdle. He always gets a start, is always close to the hounds, but never overrides them, is not a bit jealous, and always glad to tell a stranger of any impracticable spots he may see him making for, and the best corner of the covert to go to for a start. He is ever ready to turn the hounds to the huntsman should the whips fail to be there. He is not too conceited to go through a gate if he can ease his horse by doing so. He knows exactly how far 'Tidings' overran the scent, and misled the pack driven by the jealous and ignorant horsemen ; and the huntsman, if he chances not to have seen what it was that caused his pack to be at fault, can always rely on what our Customer tells him. He knows that

which ninety-nine out of every hundred men who dress themselves in scarlet, leathers, and tops, and go out daily what they call hunting, which is looking at one another, and riding after the huntsman, without regard for the hounds, do not, but ought to know, which is—when the hounds *have a scent*, and when *they have not*. He knows full well that a high-mettled pack of hounds, when pressed on by a large field of horses, will dash over the scent hundreds of yards. Now it is that the man who looks at hounds pulls up his horse, for he sees they do not carry the scent with them, but have flashed over it, and the fox has turned behind them. If only this were observed, we should perhaps not see the pack so often driven off the scent, and a good run spoilt. If men would look at the leading hounds, and not be racing one another, the sport would perhaps be better, and foxes would not stand so good a chance of escape. How often, indeed, does our enemy the fox owe his life to those very men who spend so much time, and spare no expense in their endeavours to take it. But to return to our Customer. He is 6 feet high, 13 st. in weight, and yet he, as a rule, can beat the rest—heavies, middles, and lights. Though the country where he hunts is renowned for hard riders, still there are none so good as he. He sits lighter on his horse than many a ten-stone man, can handle him nicely, and always keep a little steam in, in case of need, towards the afternoon. Some young friends of ours, jolly fellows, spend half their time on the ground, and lose a great deal of sport in consequence; but that does not enable them to see a run or hold a lead: it is good for their hatters, but must be poor fun for themselves. We see many who do not *funk* the fences, and who ride hard, and are called capital riders because they get two or three falls a day, but they do not see the run: their heavy hands pull the good animals they ride on to the fences, into the ditches; their long spurs are never out of their horse's sides, except when they are in his shoulders; they hustle them uphill, they hurry them through the deep ground, they race them at every fence, big or little, and they stop them in the first fifteen minutes. Consequently, when hounds run where are they? A hunting run they may see fairly, as constant checks enable them to tumble and pick up again, blow their horse, and let him catch his wind again. Still, with all their racing, spurring, galloping, and tumbling, they are seldom in front of our Customer, who we see daily sailing away on his well-bred horse, looking at no one, with his eye on the hounds, and his head on his shoulders, never in a hurry, but always to the front. Long may he live to enjoy the noblest of sports, and show his numerous young friends (who, if they are wise, will endeavour to copy him) how to get to hounds the quickest way, how to keep up, and how not to tumble.

NORTHERNER.

## 'PAULLO MAJORA CANAMUS.'

VIRG. E. iv. 1.

THEY found him close to Harington,  
 And killed him under Hayne ;  
 And they declare, who saw the run,  
 They ne'er before saw such an one,  
 And ne'er shall see again.

'Twas over grass from first to last,  
 Nine miles as the crow flies,  
 They raced by Wooton Green so fast  
 The village rustics stood aghast,  
 With open mouths and eyes !

Day closed. The afternoon was come ;  
 Low dipped the western sun ;  
 Some pulled their watches out, and some  
 Had turned their horses' heads towards home,  
 And some few lingered on.

For all the morning had been spent  
 In vain in Cradock Chase ;  
 A ringing fox, a catching scent ;  
 Slough, bog, and slush where'er they went,  
 It seemed a hopeless case.

The master's brow was overcast,  
 His eye ranged o'er the vale :  
 'Try Caxton Gorse,' he said, at last ;  
 Will touched his cap, and trotted past ;  
 And here begins my tale.

The gorse was reached : 'Leu in ! Leu in !'  
 They spread, and take the wind ;  
 It seemed a storm had seized the whin ;  
 Sterns flourished ; all was life within ;  
 A thousand on a find !

'There's famous drag ; he must be here !'  
 Will sits upon his horse,  
 Waiting to give the welcome cheer ;  
 But human hopes are 'kittle gear,'\*  
 They're out, and through the gorse.

'Good-night,' the master said ; 'Good-bye,  
 And better luck next day ;'  
 When burst a wild and thrilling cry,  
 That seemed to rend the earth and sky !  
 'Hark holloa ! he's away !'

\* 'Kittle gear,' a provincial idiom, meaning anything uncertain or capricious.

He'd jumped up in a grassy nook  
 Beside an open fold ;  
 With whisking brush and saucy look  
 Down the hill-side his way he took,  
 Pointing for Scampton Wold.

Look ! yonder o'er the hill he goes,  
 And now he sinks the wind ;  
 Ah ! see, he's mobbed by yon dun crows ;  
 Full well he knows more dangerous foes  
 Are not too far behind.

' Here's the line, close by that old thorn ;'  
 Will claps them on his back ;  
 ' That's heel, Jack, sure as you are born ;'  
 One ringing blast upon his horn,  
 And ' to him ' turns the pack.

They've got it now ! the scent's breast high,  
 Heads up, sterns down, they're gone ;  
 See ! how the dappled beauties fly !  
 A moment wildly wakes the cry,  
 Then lulls the tuneful harmony,  
 And almost hushed each tone.

How Madrigal with Minstrel strives  
 To outstrip the badger pie ;  
 See, see, too, how old Nestor drives !  
 By Jove, if he'd a thousand lives,  
 To-day the fox must die !

Low bent upon his saddle bow,  
 His eye upon his hounds,  
 Will counts his fox as dead as though  
 His nose was nailed up in the row  
 Within the kennel bounds.

And close behind him press the field  
 In fast and furious race ;  
 High rails are jumped that will not yield,  
 Blackthorns with yawners half concealed ;  
 Hot blood is up, and hearts are steeled  
 To the one thought of ' place.'

Grim frowns the stile, hog-backed, askew,  
 Wedged in between two trees ;  
 But finished hands can wonders do ;  
 Light fingers steer the chesnut through  
 With enviable ease.



Observe that rasper, stiff and high,  
New plashed, with out-turned spray ;  
The leader clears it, glass in eye,  
And six more follow at a fly ;  
But ah ! it floors the grey !

And now old blood begins to show ;  
Men whose wild oats are sown,  
Who take it easy while it's slow,  
But, when hounds run and mean to go,  
Who still can hold their own.

See, yon gaunt man draws to the fore !  
The brook flows dark and wide ;  
How sweetly Redwing, gliding o'er,  
Lands lightly on the further shore,  
And drops into his stride.

Ah, stream ! hast thou no shallow nook,  
That faltering heart may find ?  
Thrice happy he who back can look  
From the past perils of the brook,  
Towards those he leaves behind.

But what a sight ! nine men half-crazed  
Tempting the brimming flood ;  
Nine horses, floundering, struggling, dazed,  
Nine riders half-engulfed, half-mazed,  
Half-drowned in blackest mud.

And what shall be yon horseman's lot  
On the raw four-year-old ?  
He skates, stops short, like one who's shot ;  
His fate is sealed, he's *in* ! He's *not* !  
One desperate effort lands him hot,  
Instead of drenched and cold.

But mark the scene ! Leaves gleam like fire  
Against the purple sky ;  
Upon the right the village spire,  
And the grey gables of the Squire  
In trees embosomed lie.

And ever onward trends the vale,  
Lost in the misty shade ;  
And bull-pull grass and ant-hills tell]  
Where Saxon herds were wont to dwell,  
And Saxon oxen strayed.

And onward, too, holds the hot chase  
Till Scampton Wold draws near.  
Poor fox ! his heart beats double pace,  
His limbs half fail him in the race,  
But, can he hold a little space,  
The welcome earths are here.

Oh, cruel, worse than cruel fate !  
 He gains them, and—they're stopped !  
 One struggle more—'tis not too late ;  
 He crawls beneath the cover gate,  
 And breasts the hill with labouring gait,  
 As though he would have dropped.  
 There's nothing left but Winhouse Eaves ;  
 He stops with listening ear ;  
 Then, where the willows lean, he lavcs  
 His limbs once more in the cool waves,  
 And feels his end draws near.

With dragged brush, his russet side  
 All soiled, with heart oppressed,  
 Lowered head, and action high and wide,  
 Teeth set,\* mouth closed, and shortened stride,  
 Behold him, 'sair distressed' !

He stops, turns short, he runs his foil,  
 And tries each well-known ruse ;  
 He'll never make another mile ;  
 For nearer, closer, all the while  
 His dreaded foe pursues.

Alas, poor pug ! nor moonlight prowl,  
 Nor 'clicket' in the spring,  
 Nor April night winds whispering cool,  
 Nor pleasant raid on roosted fowl,  
 Nor challenge from the brown wood-owl,  
 Shall future seasons bring.

Alas ! for you each sylvan scene,  
 Each vulpine joy is over ;  
 You'll watch no more the pheasant's sheen,  
 Nor leveret couched in bracken green,  
 Nor brooding partridge hid between  
 Sweet blossoms of the clover.

Alas, poor fox ! the more's the sin,  
 You'll never reach the cover ;  
 All's over ! Dauntless dashes in ;  
 One snap, one grim despairing grin ;  
 He leaves his dying mark, and then  
 Old Hector rolls him over.

Whoohoop !

'LEAPYEAR,' 1872.

\* The idea that a beaten fox goes with open mouth and his tongue out is a popular delusion—a *fresh* fox does so, not a dying one.

## WILD-FOWL SHOOTING IN DUTCH WATERS.

BY J. W.

NO. II.

THE morrow came, and the weather appeared more favourable, being less bright and windy, but cruelly cold. We were astir at early dawn, and fortified the inner man with fresh milk, fried veal, eggs, and most excellent bread.

During the repast Fountaine enlightened me on the mysteries of wild-fowl shooting, as pursued in the estuaries of Dutchland, and the affair seems to be as follows.

When winter drives the wild-fowl to the south, the estuaries and channels between the islands of Holland form a favourite wintering place for mallard, widgeon, pintail, shovellers, sheldrake, curlew, oyster-catchers, &c. They spread themselves over the endless mud flats, feed up with the rising tide, and rest during the ebb. For resting places they prefer the high tops of sand banks where they would be inaccessible, but fortunately white-tailed eagles abound, with falcons and glade hawks, and to avoid them they are compelled to sit at the edge of the water ready to dive into the element the moment an enemy appears. When the fowl are gathered to the margin of the sand banks the shooter embarks, and poles gently along the edge of the sand till he nears a flock. If the day is dark, cold, and gloomy, with a good breeze, the birds sit huddled up in a heap, and will allow the punt to come within sixty yards. If it is bright and fine, they are on the *qui vive*, and bolt before the boat can get within shot. The day time is the best for shooting (little can be done at night), and during the days when low water falls between the hours of 9 A.M. till 5 P.M. is the most propitious. When the arrangements of tide brings high water about midday it is useless to pursue the sport; and to be very successful, it is necessary to have frost and snow on land, open weather at sea, dark, cold, gloomy days, and low water at midday, with plenty of eagles and hawks about. Then the birds are clustered in nice bunches along the edge of the water, and are as tame as tadpoles; if, on the other hand, we have frost at sea and bright days, then the ice freezing on the mud prevents the birds from filling their stomachs, and they wander about in twos and threes instead of resting in heaps, consequently a good shot can seldom be got, and a bright sun makes the boat so conspicuous that even the sandpipers take alarm at it. It will thus be seen by the intelligent reader that a good day is not always at our command, and when we get one it is necessary to make the most of it. In all wild-fowl shooting the first great rule to be observed is to have the whole paraphernalia of your punt and dress of the least distinguishable colour; and long experience has shown that a greyish slate colour is the best for general work. The second rule is to have all your clothes made to fit comfortably, and of a material

that will keep out both cold and wet. The most convenient costume for punt-work is a long jacket reaching a little over the hips, with pockets outside, and sleeves like a shirt, fastening at the wrist with a couple of buttons. The pantaloons or breeches should fit loosely over the knee, so as to allow the greatest ease and freedom to the limbs, but buttoning rather tightly over the leg. The nether extremities should be clad in Cording's yachting boots, which are made expressly for boat-work, of a flexible waterproof material, fitting tightly over the calf. Messrs. Cording, of the Strand, have long been celebrated for the manufacture of waterproof clothing for wild-fowl and seal-shooting, and the material they use is pre-eminently adapted for the purpose, being light, comfortable to wear, durable, and weather-proof. The most inclement weather being the best time for this sport, too great attention cannot be paid to the under-clothing, and lambs-wool socks, a flannel shirt and drawers, with the chest and pit of the stomach further protected by a thick woollen jersey or long chamois-leather waistcoat, with sleeves attached, are indispensable. The most suitable head-gear for boat-work is a well-ventilated 'sou'-wester,' of the same colour as your punt, as this shape saves the eyes and the back of the neck from rain and snow, and is not liable to be blown off.

Soon after daybreak we get under weigh, and sail down past the scene of our attempt of yesterday, but 'sorrow the fowl' do we see; we go round to the west side of the sand; still no birds. We progress onwards to the N.W. corner of the sand, and drop our anchor. Whilst we are lowering the boat away, a cloud of birds come off the high top of the bank, and three large lots settle on the north edge of the sand under the lea, the remainder pitch on the east side. We stow ourselves in the punt, and make for the nearest lot, but some sheldrakes—which are as great a nuisance to a punt gunner, from their wildness and noise in rising alarming other birds, as the wary old lame hind is to the deer-stalker—put away our prey, and we move on to the second batch. These sat in the most obliging manner till we were close to them. 'Now's your time,' whispered Fountaine. I jerk the trigger, see a cloud of smoke and feathers, and scampering up to the scene of slaughter, pick up twenty-four: three or four escaping to sea, being too nimble to be caught in a hurry, and not worth chasing, we leave them. Meanwhile a second batch awaited our attentions not far off, and to these we steered. They, too, kindly waited, and the performance being repeated, I succeeded, with a run of about five miles (after wounded birds), in scraping up thirty-seven. This had the effect of 'making things pleasant,' and we went bravely on round the corner of the sand, where a small lot kindly awaited us, out of which I killed nineteen. Farther on another lot were amiably planted, and here I should have been very successful, had not Klein and my gallant *chef* rather taken a leaf out of old Hugh McDougall's book, on the subject of keeping my head 'low.' I kept it so low under their instructions that I never rightly saw where the thick of

the birds were, and amidst the multiplicity of directions I fired at the wrong time, and got but seven. It was now getting dark, and Fountaine wanted to go on board (the vessel having followed us), but another lot of birds being on the water's edge ahead of us, I clamoured for one more chance, and in the twilight we had a bang at a dark mass of something ornithological, and gathered up twelve widgeon and a godwit. The bag altogether amounted to a hundred birds, amongst which there were wild duck, widgeon, pintail, shoveller, and godwit—a very pretty day's sport for a beginner. We go on board, haul up the boat, and beat back to our harbour, where we anchor, dine, and retire to downy. Previous to surrendering to Morpheus we decided to change our ground, and on the morrow we awoke to find ourselves under weigh for fresh scenes and pastures new.

Far up a channel to the south-east lies an island, called St. Phillip's Land, and by Klein Flipland—boundless sand banks all round held out promise of fowl, and a snug little nook under the shelter of the land, offered us an anchorage out of the way of the ice, and of the tremendous tearing wind, which threatened to 'rive all the mash,' as the Yorkshiremen have it.

The sea was too rough to lower the boat after the few lots of fowl we saw on our way up, and by the time we reached Flipland, the wind was so high and the cold so intense, that I was glad to help the boy to pile up the fires, whilst Fountaine went off and killed fifteen widgeon.

Next morn it blew if possible harder, and froze more intensely than it did the day before. Fountaine wanted me to turn out before daylight, but this I fortunately evaded (as the result will prove)—at six he set off, and shortly I heard a bang, and in a few minutes the thud of ducks pitched on board from the punt. Looking out, *en chemise*, I found my friend covered with ice, having slain twenty mallard and duck at his first shot. Klein was loading for another; and about four hundred yards from the vessel was a second lot of some five hundred duck, widgeon, and sheldrake, all huddled up in a heap. I watched my friend pole up to them and fire, and counted some twenty sheldrake and ducks, flapping away over the mud, to say nothing of birds falling into the water and remaining defunct, and then I desired the boy, who was the sole person on board (Kauffman being away for bread and letters), to take the little dinky and paddle along under the lee of the sand to fetch the fowl, but on no account to venture seaward amongst the ice. I then retired into the cabin, conceiving I had done my duty in that state of life unto which, &c., and proceeded to make my toilet, and get breakfast ready for Fountaine against he came on board.

At the expiration of about three quarters of an hour, I looked out, and to my amazement I saw the boy stuck helplessly in the ice, far away down to leeward, and Fountaine trying to get to him with the punt. The wretched boy meanwhile flopping his arms, and making feeble efforts to get the boat out. Presently Fountaine's

boat seems to get stuck fast, and then I see him trying to heave a line to the boat; then I see both boats hauled together, and Klein knocking the ice off the bows of the dingy. All this while the wind was roaring through the rigging, and the sea breaking over the ice and the boats to leeward as over a rocky shore.

When next I look out (for I take spells at the fire between whiles), I see Klein and the boy in the dingy, clear of the ice, trying to tow the punt out, Fountaine meanwhile rocking the punt to keep the ice from freezing to her; and when I retire to my nest warming, I see the whole party on a sand bank, still far to leeward, the boats hauled up to bale out ice and water, and the unfortunate trio evidently puzzled what to do. Presently they push off the boats, and Klein and Fountaine getting into the gunning-punt, take the dingy in tow, and make a tack down channel away from me, intending evidently to make a second tack, and endeavour to get sufficiently far to windward to reach the vessel. Presently they get into a very heavy sea, and turn back to the place they started from, and again I see them on the sand, looking very miserable; it then occurs to me that when the tide rises to cover the bank they are on, there will not only be more sea, but if they fail to reach the vessel now, what will they do then with a heavier sea on, and what will become of them when more ice drives down on them? Fields of ice under their lee, and masses driving down before the wind. I set to work—tie a long line to a barrel, ready to float down to them from the vessel. I reef the foresail, get it ready for hoisting, and then set to work to heave up the anchor, intending to run down to windward of them—drop the anchor, and float the cask on shore to haul them on board. At the first heave of the anchor I smash my finger, however. I work away manfully, but just as the anchor was quitting the ground, I cast an eye to leeward, and saw that, during a lull in the gale, my friends had set off to try to row to the ship. I waited to see the result—they made way, and seeing that they would get on board I let go the chain again, and made all ready for breakfast—presently they arrive. Such figures! Fountaine's beard a solid mass of ice. Klein looking like a piece of London street snow during a hard frost—very black and cold. The boy when he arrived was the most miserable spectacle. His fingers frost-bitten, and his toes only saved by want of cleanliness from being frozen tight to his wooden shoes. I drag him on board by the seat of his breeks—a sop of ice—dry clothes, however, and hot breakfast brings everybody to life. Fountaine declares it was nothing; and his bag of forty-one ducks and widgeon being hung on poles, we wait to see what the evening low water will bring us. Evening brings low water, but no fowl, and it becomes a question whether we shan't clear out before we get frozen up. We decide to abscond on the following morning, and Fountaine declares that on the morrow I shall take my turn of shooting!—an honour, in the present icy state of the ocean, I would rather have declined; however, I put a bold face on the matter, and before daylight am ready for the chase. The dawn was bright, clear,

and agonizingly cold, but the ice being aground at low water the channel was clear, and away we went seawards, Fountaine promising to follow and pick us up. Down the creek which led into the main channel we proceed, and soon find two or three scattered lots of fowl; but the shelldrakes, which sat with them, always put them away before we got within shot. Moreover, the bottom of the channel was a succession of hillocks and deep holes, and we were alternately aground, or in such deep water that the pole would not touch the bottom; at last in despair I bang'd at a flock of shelldrakes as they rose up, and missed them. We loaded and proceeded into the main channel, where ice was drifting about, and a tolerable sea running, but the wind being fair, I found we could sail through the soft ice, and I began to get plucky under the circumstances of our being able to force our way to leeward, whither we were going. Round behind the large sand bank on which Fountaine did his freezing, we find a flock of birds which abscond. We sail on through the ice, and look into several likely bays, but find nothing, and then we take the glass and look far and wide for something to shoot at. Across the channel, which was as wide as the Humber opposite Hull, I soho'd a large flock of fowl, ensconced under the shelter of a reef of stones, and we turn the head of the punt towards them. A heavy sea was running, and I rather feared the crossing, great waves sending us flying into the air; and running roaring behind us, as we dropped into the trough of the sea; the punt, however, behaved admirably, and astonished me by the way it plunged along without shipping water. I steer across so as to keep the reef between the birds and ourselves till we are prepared for a shot. We reach the shore, down sail, and when ready, let the wind drift the boat past the end of the reef. Klein managed beautifully, and shoved the bow of the punt on the sand, with the gun pointing to the middle of the flock; the birds never stirred, and I whisper to Klein to make a noise to cause the sleepers to look up. Klein sets up a war-hoop that causes every bird to open his wings, and at the moment I bang the gun off, jump out and gather up eleven mallard, fifteen widgeon, and one pintail, twenty-seven birds—not so bad—eh? Fountaine overtakes us just as we are embarking again, and we go on board, haul up the punt, and make sail down channel, past an enormous flock of curlew, which I now lament I did not go after—past our old harbour, and, turning to the left, we reach the ground we had anchored on during the first night of our trip. Here the channel, winding into two branches, leaves a large tract of mud covered with rushes, amongst which at high water the fowl take refuge. We had scarcely anchored when a great flock of Brent geese came and settled near us. I go off, and follow them eagerly from place to place, as they move restlessly about, till at last I get a long shot, and bag ten—whilst I am throwing these into the vessel, a flock of barnacle geese settle near us. I go off, get a shot at them, and bag sixteen, and four widgeon. Night coming on, we haul up the punt, count the birds; thirty-seven in number, and after dinner retire to downy. Next

morn Fountaine, who was kindness itself about my shooting, insists on my going off, and, nothing loath, I rouse out before daybreak, and set off. The same bright, clear morning. Birds scattered about in all directions, very tame, but not ten together anywhere. We punt up a long channel, with thousands of ducks scattered on the water, and a long line of duck and widgeon, walking quietly away from us on the mud, to return behind us to the water's edge, as we move away. Ahead we see some sixty barnacle geese settle on the mud; when we get abreast of them we find them on a point, but nearer the other channel, and we have to go round the point to get within shot; fortunately large masses of ice are floating about, and we gently move towards them, your chronicler steering for the side of a berg of ice on the edge of the mud, at the nearest point to them. As we approach it they look amazingly like bolting, standing on tip-toe, with heads erect; the punt grounds, and I bang off the gun at the thick of them, get out, and run to cut off stragglers.

The mud was ankle deep, and about eight wounded geese proceeded to cut away in different directions. I ran gallantly through the soft ground, first after one goose then after another: every fresh bird that I picked up sank me a little deeper in the mud, till at last I could run no longer; fortunately a band of ice sludge interposed between the mud and the ocean, and through this they could not wade or flutter; Klein came to my aid, and together we gathered up twenty geese.

On returning to the vessel I entreated Fountaine to come off, and take his turn in shooting; he was determined, however, that I should have it all to myself, and, with the faithful Klein, I re-embark, and proceed up the other channel, past some great flocks of oyster-catchers, till we get sight of some scattered fowl on the opposite shore to which we steered; the birds were so dotted about that I was unwilling to fire; however, Klein being all for the pot, I turned the head of the boat to the thick of the flock, and let drive. To my astonishment, twenty-one widgeon came to bag after a prolonged run and hunt on the water, four more falling to the share of two malignants in a sailing vessel, who not only picked them up, and absconded, but also, with a popgun they had on board, put away two lovely flocks ahead, out of which I should have got forty or fifty more. Great masses of ice were slowly drifting up channel, and through these we had some difficulty in fighting our way; however, we turned over to the other side, where a long expanse of sand extended for two miles, till it ended in the opening of the channel into the ocean. Along this shore there was a large number of scattered fowl—ducks and widgeons, but they were feeding in little straggling groups all along the edge, and so tame that, as we drew near, they simply walked away, and returned to the water behind us; at last, in despair, I fired, and picked up fourteen widgeon and one duck. We then went on to the point where some oyster-catchers and widgeon were sitting at the edge of a field of ice, and, after some ineffectual attempts to get them in line, I fired, and got but four widgeon and



one oyster-catcher; total, sixty. We then turned back towards the vessel, and tried our luck down the small channel, but the fowl were all scattered about the water, and we arrived on board without further success.

The morrow being Sunday, the day of my departure from Flushing, it behoved us to run down with the tide nearer to the point of embarkation. We accordingly made sail for the ground of our friends of the schooner, and towards evening brought up near the entrance of the channel into the Scheldt, the place where we had seen so many birds when going up. Here I went off again, and searched several bays, but found only a few scattered duck and mallard, at which I failed to get a shot; and at night I returned on board, packed up my clothes, and on the morrow Fountaine landed me at Flushing.

Thus terminated my 'wild goose chase.' If—(there is always an if in mundane affairs)—but if the weather had been less *contrary*, we should have averaged one hundred birds a-day, for Fountaine knows the run of the tides in and out of all the channels, the best nooks for anchoring, and the banks on which the largest quantities of fowl abide; which way to go in the punt, to take advantage of the ebbing and flowing waters, and many other dodges which takes years to find out; however, another season, if all is well, I will go again, and, let us hope, that the clerk of the weather will be more beneficent to your humble servant.

At Flushing, where I was compelled to wait nine hours for the packet, I fell in with the captain of one of the steamers, whose vessel had foundered at the mouth of the harbour, consequent on running on a pile whilst landing passengers; and with him I went on board a Dutch Doggerbank cod vessel, and took an hour's instruction in deep-sea fishing, thinking it might some day be useful. Towards evening I embarked on board the 'Falcon,' where I found a sprinkling of passengers, two of whom were tolerably far gone in intoxication. Next morn the familiar banks of Thames receive me into their arms, a cab wafts me home, and I return to my beloved snips, and bend my sportive mind to the calm contemplation of buttons.

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## YACHTING AND ROWING.

### THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE yachting season is at present in embryo; though, from the list of fixtures already announced by the Thames clubs, there is every prospect of a brilliant season; and the expected visit of some half-dozen Yankee clippers bids fair to add to the excitements of the coming campaign. We can only hope they will arrive as proposed, and that nothing will prevent English yachtsmen having a good opportunity of witnessing their quality. Amongst the list is the 'Columbia,' a large centre-board schooner, belonging to Commodore Osgood, of the New York Club. She has been most successful in American waters, and we may hope to see her tried against some of our flyers, which, under favourable conditions of wind and weather, would be remarkably interesting.

The international excitement created by the Oxford-Harvard race has its more than parallel this year in a challenge, sent by the Atalanta Boat Club of New York, to the London Rowing Club, for a four-oared race, from Putney to Mortlake, the Atalanta men to row without a coxswain, and the Londoners as they prefer. The challenge was at once cordially accepted, and the 10th of June suggested as a good day, with the idea that the Atalantas might wait and row at Henley, and other important regattas. As to the probable material of the crews, the Atalanta have half a dozen men who, with one exception, have been together for three years in six-oared races, so it may be fairly supposed their men are virtually settled. About the English representatives there is more uncertainty; but the captain of the London Club will probably revive his crew of a few years back, which showed great form in the Steward's Cup at Henley, and elsewhere. The forthcoming event is pretty sure to bring up the old subject as to what constitutes an amateur; but it is at present both premature and in bad taste to suggest ideas of disability for which, in the present case, there may be no foundation; suffice it to say that, as the Atalanta men last year won easily from Harvard, who showed no mean form in their essay on the Thames, Mr. Gulston and his companions appear to have no easy task in store. The Londoners have decided to adopt the American plan, and dispense with a coxswain, and this variation from the ordinary routine of four-oared rowing must add to their responsibilities, though we confidently expect that by the day their watermanship will be fully equal to the occasion, whatever shortcomings may be visible in their rowing capacity.

Since the time of the late Bob Chambers, attention has been from time to time directed to the notion of sliding on the seat, to obtain a longer stroke and more power. If we remember rightly, that great sculler's most conspicuous slidings were towards the close of his career, and when he was unsuccessful, so comparatively little attention was devoted to the merits of the innovation, but the brilliant form shown by the North-country light-weight, Fawcus, who won both Diamonds and Wingfield last year, has again brought the subject into notice. Chambers's plan was simply to slide backwards and forwards on the seat, but this action, which might naturally involve no slight loss of cuticle, has been improved by making the seat move, and no less than three distinct plans have been registered, all, however, based on the same idea. Clasper, the boat-builder, uses a plan registered by Cook, of Newcastle, which was also adapted to a four, and used by the Champion crew in a match on the Tyne last autumn; while Biffen, of Hammersmith, and Searle, of Lambeth, both well-known builders, have brought out variations of the same thing. Of their relative merits we can form no opinion; but, without doubt, the sliding seat will be much discussed and practised on this summer; for sculling it appears reasonably practicable, and, perhaps, a pair very well together, could manage it, but for crews the difficulty of maintaining the extreme machine-like regularity necessary for its proper working will, in most cases, be a bar to its adoption.

This year's University race is a striking example of the homely sayings, 'Misfortunes never come alone,' and 'it never rains, but it pours.' Of course the public made Cambridge a slight favourite at first, as they had won last year. 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour, and we presume the precedent will last our time. But the slices of bad luck which befel Oxford were surely something beyond the average. During the commencement of their practice at home the water was out, or, rather, up; so much, that coaching from the bank was out of the question; and, as is well known, a judge alongside can

pick out faults, and improve men far better than one in the stern, independently of the fact that coaches are often built of substantial materials, and their presence in the boat alters the work of all the after thwarts. At a critical period in their practice—indeed, what period is not critical?—Lesley, their stroke, strained himself and had to retire, and Houblon, well known on the Henley waters, took his place. This, of course, more or less disarranged the crew; and when, after a short rest, Lesley was considered equal to rowing, another shift was inevitable, and Lesley was finally established at No. 7, Houblon remaining stroke.

After their arrival at Putney matters went smoothly enough for a time; but their Salter was not considered quite satisfactory, and a new Mat Taylor was tried almost at the last moment, though finally they elected to stand by the home builder. What appears incomprehensible is that, with Clasper on the spot, and with every opportunity of suiting the men, they did not give him a trial in good time. To crown all, Armistead, at No. 2, after sundry ineffectual rests, had to give up two days before the race; and, though his place was taken by C. C. Knollys very efficiently under the circumstances, as the new comer had been in pretty fair work sculling, still a change so near the day was most disheartening. These sort of accidents occur to most crews, but seldom do all happen to the same. Looking at their performances in public, *i. e.*, away from their own river, the dark blue were fully as good as their opponents, owing principally to triumphs at Henley, where Cambridge has not lately shown much form, and, indeed, has in some cases cut up curiously badly. The lot certainly lacked the levelness of their opponents, and this very irregularity gave them the appearance of more rowing strength than they really possessed.

With Cambridge, on the other hand, nearly everything was *couleur de rose* (an expression, by the way, more suitable to Westminster or Mr. Chaplin). A tried stroke, and three more of last year's winners, made a good nucleus; while others fell into the vacant places without much trouble. The boat ordered from Clasper was, with the exception of being a trifle narrower, almost a replica of last year's craft, and suited the men admirably. Steering undoubtedly proved their weak point; but this was remedied, as far as possible, by the studious attentions of old Phelps, who went several times over the course with the coxswain, to point out what to do and leave undone, and with good results; at least towards the close of the practice, as during the race, Honest John's suggestions were apparently forgotten, though, as the offences were rather those of self-mortification than aggression, no foul occurred, and all's well that ends well.

Anything less promising than the weather on the 21st and 22nd can scarcely be conceived, and the fatal 23rd was much the same, snow and sleet combining to blend the rival blue tints of ladies' dresses in one damp mass, and driving pic-nic parties in waggonettes to desperation and drunkenness. Lunch in a brougham, with the blinds down to keep away cadgers, was a trifle more endurable, or at least appeared so to the unprejudiced spectators who moved about Barnes Terrace, in the hope of being invited to lunch, or, at least, a liqueur of brandy. Still, snow and mud notwithstanding, down came the people to Putney, Hammersmith, Barnes, and Mortlake 'in every sort of van or cart,' though the numbers must have been below the average.

At Putney all was excitement from an early hour, and, in spite of weather, a damp and patient crowd of all sorts and conditions of men were

waiting on the towing-path for the great event. Taverns did a roaring trade, as, under the circumstances, dram-drinking became almost a necessary and healthful performance. Of course, however, the attendance was nothing like the average, and nearer Hammersmith the towing-path was almost deserted. Oxford were the first to put their boat in, closely followed by Cambridge, both being loudly cheered by the spectators, to whom the action of shouting was doubtless a pleasing variety. Cambridge had won the toss, and took as usual the Middlesex shore, which, besides its position, had the advantage of being to windward. After one or two attempts, Mr. Searle started them very evenly. The Cantabs had a shade the best of it, as they went off at a few minutes after half-past one. At Simmons's, the light-blue were nearly half a length a-head; but, passing the London Club House, and the cluster of boat-houses adjoining, Oxford, who were rowing the faster stroke, drew all but level, and were taken by far the better course in the centre, while Cambridge were in shore, with less tide under them. Nearing the Point they were very erratically steered; but, turning towards the centre again, at the Grays Wharf, they led half a length, which was being surely increased, until, just below the Crabtree, they were again steered unduly towards Middlesex; and off the Soap Works, Oxford, who were now spurting, looked very formidable. The Cantabs, however, got away, and led through Hammersmith Bridge by about the third of a length. Goldie, who for the moment appeared unsteady, had broken a bolt, fastening part of his outrigger to the boat, and for the rest of the journey could do little more than set the time for his crew, but with commendable generalship he took no notice of it at the time. Off Biffen's, the light-blue again led half a length, and had increased it at the Doves, where they steered very wide and crooked, and in Corney Reach, the scene of some great Oxford triumphs, the dark-blue made the most desperate efforts to retrieve their position. Their opponents were, however, fully equal to the emergency, and rounding into Horse Reach, above Chiswick Church, drew clear for the first time. The race was now virtually over, Barnes Bridge showing half a length clear, and at the finish, 100 yards above the Ship, the judge's verdict was two lengths, i.e., one length clear in favour of Cambridge Time, 21 min. 14 secs.

## CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
1. James B. Close (First Trinity) . . . . .	11	3½
2. C. W. Benson (Third Trinity) . . . . .	11	4½
3. G. M. Robinson (Christ's) . . . . .	11	13½
4. E. E. A. Spencer (Second Trinity) . . . . .	12	8½
5. C. S. Read (First Trinity) . . . . .	12	8½
6. John B. Close (First Trinity) . . . . .	11	10½
7. F. S. L. Randolph (Third Trinity) . . . . .	11	11½
J. H. D. Goldie (Lady Margaret), stroke . . . . .	12	4½
C. H. Roberts (Jesus), cox. . . . .	6	6

## OXFORD.

1. J. A. Ornsby (Lincoln) . . . . .	10	13
2. C. C. Knollys (Magdalen) . . . . .	10	13
3. F. E. H. Payne (St. John's) . . . . .	12	13½
4. A. W. Nicholson (Magdalen) . . . . .	12	1½
5. E. C. Malan (Worcester) . . . . .	13	6
6. R. S. Mitchison (Pembroke) . . . . .	12	1½
7. R. Lesley (Pembroke) . . . . .	11	12
T. H. A. Houlton (Ch. Ch.), stroke . . . . .	10	3½
F. H. Hall (Corpus), cox. . . . .	8	0½

We have already alluded to the concentrated misfortunes of Oxford, and the even tenour of the Cambridge road to victory, on the present occasion, though the episode of the stretcher-bolt breaking might fairly have excused a defeat. The Oxonians had certainly one advantage, in the coxswain; the Cambridge man seemed to do well enough towards the end of the race, and when he had merely to go straight, he did it well; but, in the early part, with opponents alongside, he doubtless committed the error of looking too much at them, and lacked judgment to know when he need not give way. This was especially noticeable just above Hammersmith, where he was bored out for a long distance. Next time will, however, doubtless witness an improvement, and weight, or its absence, being so much in his favour, he must, with a little practice, prove an acquisition to his university.

Henley Regatta is fixed for the 20th and 21st June; and, judging by the success which has attended the *début* of the Thames, Dublin University, Oscillators, and Ino Clubs, we may hope for a still stronger infusion of new blood. The Committee have added to the programme a presentation prize for fours without coxswains, with a view, we presume, of inducing the Atalanta men to enter; and we may expect some Tyne amateurs to send a crew for this event. Some discussion has taken place in rowing circles on the propriety of holders of the challenge prizes rowing with the challengers in the trials instead of standing out until the final. Waiving any question of abstract justice, it must be conceded that such a change would be an absolute revolution of the original customs and traditions of the regatta, for in its early days, in the race for the Grand Challenge, two winners of trials had to row against each other, and the holder met only the best of the pair. This custom has died of late years, but there is much to be said in its favour; and it is indisputable, that *malgré* any arrangement of flags and clothes-props in the water, a race between two eights is vastly fairer than one with three. Holders are, we think, entitled to all the vantage ground they now enjoy, and with the present plethora of candidates for the prizes of amateur oarsmanship the system as it stands is not likely to lead to any wearisome monopoly, as is proved by the fact that for many years no clubs but the Oxford, Etonians, and Kingston have held the Grand Challenge twice in succession, and the London Rowing Club the only absolutely certain entry for the big race; and decidedly the most constant all-round supporters of the regatta have never succeeded in doing so, though they narrowly escaped in 1857-8, as in the latter year, though rowing with a substitute, they were beaten a bare half length. It may be said, and with truth, that under the present system the best crews do not always contend in the final; but, on the other hand, we think holders are entitled to the 'pull' they have as a slight counterpoise to the policy of sundry brilliant rowing associations who only appear by fits and starts; and, unless they have a clinking good crew, which might be called in racing slang a 'dead cop,' utterly decline to have anything to do with the Grand, or, indeed, Henley at all.

## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A March *Mélange*.

HISTORY repeats itself, we are told—we are sure the weather does. We have a recollection of lounging on the Ladies Mile, and being idiotic enough to sit in the Row in the early days of the martial month last year; and though we do not think we were pestered to buy violets at a penny a bunch, a vivid remembrance abides with us of the sunshade of *Lais* and the rather clinging garments of *Phryne*—very pleasing effects both—and repeated this year before an appreciative crowd. Scarcely had we got over our Thanksgiving *jubilate*, on that memorable 27th—the last bit of bunting and the last bit of hoarding still lingered in Pall Mall—the Clubs had hardly recovered their composure, and much badgered secretaries their temper—before Spring burst upon us with a frisky air, like a precocious young woman from a Brighton finishing establishment, with looped-up skirts, and a great display of her charms. It was something to talk about during the first week in March, and we all said what delicious weather it was; and young fellows left off gloves and young women petticoats ('slipped' them we believe is the correct word), and we were all going to plunge into the season straight off. Champagne Cup and Badminton were as much in request at the Guards' Steeplechases at Windsor as they are at Goodwood; and as they are *not*, by the way, at Ascot, where we have often thought if the hospitable coaches could but give us a tumbler of hot brandy-and-water to mitigate the severity of 'the leafy month,' how nice it would be! But still it was very pleasant, all this.

'Come gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come,'

as the poet hated of our youth (for we had to 'spout' him) says. Here is another side of the picture which the beloved Thompson perhaps never knew. The east wind is, we believe, an importation of these latter days, and was unknown when the poet of the Seasons sang coming in, just as powder and pigtail went out. Happy Thompsonian era!

But the little Steeplechase Course at Windsor—and, as the young lady said on an interesting occasion, 'If you please, sir, it is a *very* little one,'—looked gay and bright enough in the first week with the drags, and the ladies, and the luncheons. Ah, those luncheons! they do enliven the prospect very much, there is no doubt; and what will become of us and them when the Cardwellian system has begun to work, and the British army will be, like Bottom, 'translated?' And into what strange shape? Will there be any army, any Grand Militaries, any Gold Cups, or (more important still) anything to put in them? We declare solemnly that we will never take 'pull' at the silver tankard with the double handles, without a mental inquiry of 'how long?' We have visions of the years to come, when Cornet Jones of the Bayswater Blues will invite us to a substantial repetition of sandwiches and bottled stout (supplied by *Josès père*, a partner in a great provision firm) at a Bromley Autumn. What wonder, then, that we linger over the silver tankards, the dry *Heidsäck*, the cool claret cup, the pale sherry—which latter, as the pre-ritualistic churchwardens said of the prayer for the church militant, is 'a very good thing to top up with'—with fond emotion. The army has been the sustaining of us civilians in many a hot and dusty field—on many a bleak and barren plain. Chilled yet parched on Ascot, Siberian heath, what oases in the desert have

the drags of the Household Brigade been to us? Baked to a brick at Goodwood, what a joyful sight, as we emerge from the little side wicket, is not the line of coaches all containing, like a Christmas transformation scene, countless cups of consolation? Rained on at PuncHESTOWN, as it only knows how to rain in that dear sister isle—what harbours of refuge were the tents of the army? Alas, alas! is all this to cease and determine? Are we assisting at the beginning of the end—the closing scene before the time comes, when, according to the twaddle of certain eminent reviewers, the sport and pastime of our soldiers will be a thing of the past. Messes will be abolished, and officers be found in full uniform dining at restaurants, and imitating that café existence which has been one of the banes of the French. But a truce to evil forebodings. Here we are at Windsor; and though there are melancholy gaps in the gay assemblage, and the shadow of death and suffering oppresses many a memory, yet the world goes on all the same, and we must attend to our pleasures as well as our business. So 7 to 4 on the Dybbol, if you please, gentlemen, with Captain Harford up for the Military Sweepstakes, and these odds are very easily landed; that is to say, if you did not happen to be welshed, for everything else bolted or refused, and The Dybbol came in alone. But Colonel White, who is generally so lucky in military races, could not take the Household Brigade Cup, though he had two good favourites and two good men to ride them. It was a case of the broth being spoilt by overcooking; for if Ambor had been out of the way, Conquérent might have won; but the former took to refusing when the race seemed at his mercy, and the latter could not then get on terms with his horses; and so it happened that Mr. Pickford's mare Discord landed, and we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Owen George again in the saddle, after the lapse of two or three years. Lord Rossmore won a couple of races; and on the second day Lord Queensberry got a nasty 'cropper' on Settrington and broke two of his ribs, putting all chances of his riding Nuage in the Liverpool out of the question. Honfleur, the favourite for the Light-Weight Sweepstakes, tired to nothing in the last few strides, and was beaten by a head by the flat cast-off Visage; and old Hippolyte, who has not been bracketed lately, won the Open Handicap, as his owner, no doubt, likes to win with a good 10 to 1 price, and something in hand. The Meeting was flat we thought, though the racing was on the whole good.

The Croydon March Meeting was no doubt a very successful one, as far as the pockets of the lessees were concerned; but the racing at this chief of the gate-money gatherings was dreary in the extreme, devoid of all, even passing, interest; and affording no guide at all to the future. The United Kingdom Grand Handicap Steeplechase, to which a monkey is added, was, in reality, the only event that requires notice; small fields, or walks over, for many of the other races, being the order of the day. For the Great Race eleven ran; and they were most certainly not a very gaudy lot to look at, although among them were The Doctor, not a shadow, however, of his former self; the Grand Prize winner, Ferracques; Judge, a Royal Hunt Cup winner; Charleville and Fleuriate, of French extraction, &c., &c. Dodona cut out the work at a right merry pace; and Jealousy, who began badly and jumped worse, brought up the rear. So hot, indeed, did Dodona make it, that several were done with before half the journey had been traversed; and she having jumped herself out by the time they got to the Woodside the second time round, Footman, who negotiated the water-jump in anything but brilliant form, worked his way to the van, and won cleverly, from Fleuriate, by two lengths. The time taken to do the four miles, including upwards of twenty fences, is stated to be 8

minutes 13½ seconds; with which calculation we beg leave to differ; or else Footman can beat any Derby, or any other flat-race winner, by hundreds of lengths; for it took The Flying Dutchman, carrying upwards of two stone less than Footman, 3 minutes to traverse the Derby course, and Daniel O'Rourke was actually 2 seconds more: *ergo*, we argue that either time or distance, probably both, was wrongly measured in the present instance, or else we must admit that our steeplechase horses, most of them by-the-by more or less cripples, can go galloping on for four miles over fences with welter weights up at the same rate as it takes the best three-year old to do the Derby distance, which is not nearly half so far. We were glad when we got the route for Rugby, where the soldiers celebrated their Isthmian games over one of the most beautiful, the very fairest and best laid-out, courses it has ever been our lot to see for years. Last anniversary the chases were held at Windsor, in consequence, as all the world knows, of a difficulty about the old Rugby course. Windsor, however, did not suit; and in the meantime, thanks to Captain Harry Cotton, a new course had been obtained in the Warwickshire vale, not more than a mile from the old one, and the Rugby Hunt races were held there last Spring; the fame of the new course soon spread, and the soldiers returned to their old love once more. A line will describe the track, which is all grass, intersected by eleven fences, which have to be surmounted twice in order to complete the three miles, over which distance nearly all the races were run. With such a perfect course, and with such weather too, it was but natural that a good meeting was anticipated; and so it turned out, everybody agreeing it to have been the best military one seen for years, especially as regards the attendance, which was both large and aristocratic. There was but one falling off—the entries were not so numerous as usual, which has been ascribed to various reasons; some argue that one or two good horses frightened away the [owners of the rest; while others go so far as to say that army reform and improvements (?) are the cause of all the mischief; which may heaven forbid! The greatest soldier in all time, the Iron Duke, always encouraged riding, shooting, hunting, and all manly sports—even kept his own pack of hounds when in winter-quarters in an enemy's country; and declared that a man who rode well to hounds must make a good soldier; it will then, indeed, be 'the beginning of the end,' as one writer so graphically describes it (not of our much-loved Grand Military Steeplechase Meetings, with all their merrymakings and jollity, all the glad greetings between long-separated friends, all the good luncheons and kindly chaff), but of the glories of our army; for when the love of sport and manliness is discouraged among our officers, and all work and no play has saddened their hearts, it needs but little gift of prophecy to foresee that their men will not be led with that pluck and daring which have always been the characteristics of the good old school. But we must return to the sport, such as it was, for it began badly with a walk over for the Veteran Stakes; after which only four—how unlike former days!—ran for the Farmers' Maiden Plate, which was won after a good race by Sunshine, a cast-off from the stables of the master of a neighbouring pack of stag-hounds, who preferred her empty stall to her services, and disposed of her for a pony. Although there were only nine entries for [the Gold Cup, yet every owner was represented, as Jerome, hailing from Charleville's stable, was the only absentee; the latter was made favourite, backed against the field; and the grief beginning early and continuing late, he won in a canter from Recruit; Baramite was third, Harmony fourth, and the others found their way home the best way they could. A match followed, and was the cause of much



mirth; Captains Boyce and Park Yates, both well known in the Shires, each happily the owner of a veteran stud, and each justly proud of his own good horse's merits, having met at the late Harborough Ball, signed articles to run over the Gold Cup course at Rugby, for 50*l.* a side. Captain Boyce steered his gallant grey, who is now twenty years of age; while Havelock, a year younger, was entrusted to the handling of Captain Riddell. Smoke was favourite, and after showing the way to his slightly more juvenile opponent the greater part of the way, won very easily. Half Melton went to Rugby to see Smoke win; and Mr. Hunt, his former owner, who sold him to Captain Boyce fifteen years ago, had journeyed from Dublin to see his old favourite run. Last of the Novelists gained an easy victory in the Handicap Plate; The Celt fairly ran away with the Open Hunters Steeplechase; and Jerome followed up Charleville's luck, and placed the Military Weight for Age race to the credit of Major Byrne, just as darkness was closing round us, and a wet night seemed a certainty. The clouds however soon cleared away, and the certainty did not come off, for outside the stars shone bright; while in-doors there were but eight diners at the Military Banquet, and they separated early to attend the Ball. Another fine morning attracted a brilliant throng to the hill-side once more; and the sport was a decided improvement upon the previous day's. The winners of the Farmers' Races were both ridden by Mr. E. P. Wilson, beating only moderate fields. The Rugby Open Handicap was rather a failure, only four weighing out for it, and Triton was quickly made favourite; but Captain Smith, on Chorister, made most of the running, and won easily. Recruit, second in the Gold Cup to Charleville, was backed against the field for the Hunt Cup, which he landed without difficulty. The largest field of the meeting ran for the Light Weight Military, a round dozen going to the post, for which Harmony was most fancied; Honfleur, on his Windsor running, and Fervacques being next in demand; there was again considerable grief, and a very fast run race resulted, as the talent had foretold, in Harmony's easy victory. And so we have added another Grand Military Meeting to the list of races past. May we meet on that Warwickshire plain in many years to come; may our soldiers ride as well, treat us as well, attract as great a bevy of beauties together; and what more can we require? One thing we must mention, because the idea was a capital one, capitally worked out. Some gentlemen, who make Rugby their head-quarters in the hunting season, determined, as every one takes care of their friends on this occasion, to take care of the farmers over whose lands they hunted, as being a good set of fellows and worthy of the attention. The gentlemen in question were Sir John Rae Reid, Captain Freeman, Mr. John Thorp, Mr. H. Gebhardt, and Mr. F. Shoolbred, and well did they exercise hospitality on both days. A good-sized marquee contained everything that the agricultural, or, indeed, any other mind could possibly require, and great was the justice done to the good things therein. It struck us as an exceedingly 'happy thought' on the part of the hosts, and showed the existence of good feeling and good fellowship on both sides.

We did not go to Lincoln, which was a capital meeting, though the race for the Handicap was productive of disasters which seems to have interfered with the chances of many of the runners. Every one was glad, however, at Mr. Chaplin's win, and how Guy Darrell came to start at such a price as he did is a wonder, seeing how well he was in. Mr. Ford reported to us at Liverpool that the gathering was as financially successful as it was in the matter of sport—a most satisfactory result. There was much to tempt one to Lincoln, but more

to draw one to Aintree ; and though there were hundreds who went to both, eager, like boys let loose from the confinement of school, to plunge headlong into anything and everything that offered, yet as three days' racing, or at the most four, are quite enough, in our opinion, for ordinary capacities, we chose the Grand National. As we journeyed down over the Yorkshire Moors not the faintest suspicion of what was in store for us in the way of weather disturbed our equanimity. The highlands between Pennistone and Gedley Junction were innocent of the white covering, their usual garment at this time of year, and it was not until the rapid fall of the thermometer of Wednesday night, and the intelligence brought us on Thursday morning that 'the country was covered with 'snow,' we began to quake, and the ominous 'postponement' was uttered. But, happily, Aintree had taken the wintry visitation in a very mild form ; and while the country between there and London had an inch or two of snow on it, the bleakest part of Lancashire was, curiously enough, untouched. Liverpool was never fuller, and where all the people slept was a mystery. There were unfortunates who had to put up with shake-downs in sitting-rooms to which they could not, of course, retire until their proper occupants had vacated them, while they were bound in heavy penalties to turn out not later than seven the next morning. Herculean men, from somewhere 'west of old Athlone,' were inducted by obliging hosts to the ball-room of their several hotels, where, on truckle-beds, somewhat of the fashion of those supplied to the prisoners at Pentonville, they were expected to repose. But to see the Grand National, we are content to go through much tribulation, and this year the excitement appeared greater than ever. We don't think people had any great fancies this year, though betting was brisk, and nearly everything that ran was backed. It was generally voted, a very open race, and perhaps the most remarkable incident connected with it was the immense favourite, at the last moment, The Lamb, with its crushing 12st. 7lb., became. The mysteries of handicapping are beyond us, and we have never been able to make out, and nobody has ever been able to explain to our satisfaction, the respective weights of Despatch and the little iron-grey. The former, running such a good second as he did last year, was made to receive 31lbs. from his conqueror, a process of reasoning which we were quite unable to follow. Certainly, under such a penalty, the only wonder to us is that Despatch had not been first favourite all along, and utterly routed the Cinderellas and all that class. The running of that mare—an illustrious performer over Kingsbury—must have made Lord Anglesey bitterly regret that Bogue Homa, who ran the course last year without a blunder and finished in the first flight, did not represent him on this occasion. The fondness of the public for The Lamb was, as we have before said, remarkable, because they stuck to him in opposition to clever judges and old steeplechasers who had been at the game all their lives, and who declared winning with such a weight an impossibility. But, as so often happens, the clever ones—though it is true The Lamb did not win—had not at all the best of the prediction, as the bold front the grey showed nearly up to the last hurdle, must have made them feel very uncomfortable. They all declared he would not be in the first ten, and he finished fourth—a wonderful performance. The race was signalled this year by a list of casualties such as we have not seen for some time. In the first place, Primrose broke her back ; a good mare, and a sad loss to her owner. She was not a fancy of ours, as we believed she could not improve the position she gained two years ago ; but of course Mr. Brockton and a great many other people thought otherwise. Then Nuage, perhaps the best-looking horse in the race, broke the small-bone of his thigh, Harvester nearly tore off one of his

pasterns, and Marin, Philosopher, Snowstorm, Cinderella, Derby Day, and Rhysworth all fell. Of these, Nuage and Marin were perhaps the only ones who, if they had stood up, might have made the result of the race different. Nuage looked and jumped so well, and we had seen what he could do over the severe Burton course last year, that his accident is much to be regretted; and Marin, also, to whom the winner, Casse Tête, finished third in the Croydon Steeplechase, should have been on his legs to try conclusions with her at the finish. A singularly true run race in respect to the form behind the winner; for, with a slight reversal of places, the same horses were there as in '71. Few, very few, supposed as they looked, before the race, on the washed-out chestnut weed rather tucked up and light in appearance, that in Casse Tête they saw the winner. After the race we are afraid to say what points were not discovered in her, or how many people declared with many solemn asseverations that they had always maintained that, if an outsider won, Casse Tête would be that outsider. It is to be regretted that they hid their lights under bushels and did not publish these profitable thoughts to the world. The form of Casse Tête was known to any one who chose to consult the 'Steeplechase Calendar;' and, from her first modest win in a Selling Hurdle Race at Kingsbury, her deeds are chronicled. They are not very brilliant, we take leave to think, but she had given proof of possessing staying powers, and she was among the runners up over this course last year. Ten stone is a light impost to carry, and we must remember how the way was cleared for her by the accidents that befel so many good horses in the race. We have no wish to detract from her merits, but we must be excused from believing that this is the stuff of which Grand National winners are made. Mr. Brayley's good fortune is another matter, and one about which there cannot be two opinions. He has deserved success, for he has had more than one sharp disappointment over this ground, and the congratulations he received were as universal as they were sincere. Of the performance of The Lamb it is impossible to speak too highly. He is probably the best horse that has ever run over Aintree, and deeply do we regret that such a good animal is destined to enrich the blood of the foreigner. The glory of the Liverpool of 1872 belongs unquestionably to him. Of the other good horses—and there were not too many of them—we can say nothing, for in the second round their chance was extinguished, and the way made pretty straight for the triumph of an outsider. Not quite a satisfactory result; but this is the fortune of war, and as such we must put up with it.

There will not be much in our hunting budget after this month, so we must make the most of what we have. March is the month in which hounds meet at 12 o'clock, lambs skip about, and girls are found picking violets—signs of the end that is coming. Already, and after so much wet, the ground is getting hard in places, and there come complaints of lack of scent, where but the other day it was burning. We are glad to hear again from the Tynedale that the sport continues good with them. Last month the demands on 'Our Van' room were such, that we were reluctantly obliged to omit some of their doings, which we now give. On the 15th of February the dog pack were at St. Oswald's—a district famous for a good show of foxes. However, after one or two 'certain finds' had been drawn blank, and the fog, which came rolling up from the east, looked as if hunting that morning would be almost impossible, it was determined to try the heather on Faucit Hill. The hounds soon took up the scent of a fox that had stolen away and gone straight for the west end of Stanley Wood, pressing him very quickly through that covert and over the moor down to Beaufront Quarry Plantation, where he was viewed crossing the plough and holding on for the castle, with the hounds only half

a field behind him. He crossed the road at the North Lodge, and held on to Sir Rowland Errington's rifle-practice ground, where there is strong gorse covert; but being forced through that 'difficulty' without a check he then took his line for Fallowfield, and, closely pressed, was run into in the open; time, 55 minutes. The hounds had it all to themselves, for the fog was so thick that they were only seen occasionally, though heard throughout. Under these circumstances the field cut a poor figure, and the hounds eat their fox before the huntsman could get at them. The next day, the 16th, the 'ladies'—a very handsome lot—were out at Swinburne Castle, in the midst of a wild grass country near the North Tyne, and not far from the moors. Some plantations were tried, and then the belt called 'the Willows,' from whence a fox soon broke, but so quietly that no one was aware of it until they got round to the road, and were told that 'fox and hounds are away.' They crossed the hill and ran nearly parallel to the Watling Street, down to the Erring Pastures, from there up to Well House Plantations, and then he ran about three miles north-west, and crossed the Watling Street again at the Bridge over the Swin Burn. He kept the banks of the brook down to the castle, turning again, and being viewed across the park, the hounds close on his track and running beautifully together. A large flock of sheep, however, crossed the line, causing a moment's hesitation, which produced a halloo—not much, but enough to get hounds' heads up. They were therefore carried forward, and immediately taking up the scent chased him over the pastures again to the 'Five Lane Ends,' where they were left alone to make out the line, which two or three old favourites soon hit off, and proclaimed that he had taken the Hallington Road. He was first one side of it and then the other, but the bitches running frantic for blood, gained on him every minute, and fairly ran him down in Well House Wood. He was a fine old dog fox from the hills, found exactly at half-past eleven, and killed at exactly half-past twelve—but one check, and that only for a minute or two, and distance about 10 miles. On the 21st they were at Heddon-on-the-Wall—a Newcastle day, when every description of man, woman, and child turns out on every variety of animal. Found first in Throckley Fell, and after he was rattled about in covert, making more than one attempt to get away, he broke to the north with the bitches close at his brush, and racing over two or three fields was unfortunately headed and killed. Found again at Horsley Wood, and ran half up it; but he soon turned down wind, and broke covert towards Close House, over the turnpike road and up to Rudchester, and crossing the Military Road, on to Haddon House; 15 minutes—so fast, that poor pug was fain to take refuge in a farmhouse. The whip going in and finding him to be a strong old dog, brought him out and turned him down, five minutes' law being given; but he was either too much blown, or had breakfasted too late, for he was run into in a few minutes. The bitch pack can certainly go 'a cracker,' and with a scent and a fair start it requires a good fox to get away from them. These hounds had another good day on the 13th of March, when 'the dogs' ran a travelling fox to ground on Shafto Craggs, after bringing him 10 or 12 miles over the cream of the country almost without a check. We are sorry to hear that, in consequence of the dearth of foxes in a large district in the very centre of this fine country, there is a probability of its being given up before next season. It is certainly disheartening to a master of hounds to draw the best coverts blank; and we trust some arrangements may be made to ensure a different state of things, and to induce a gentleman who has thrown so much time and energy into the work of his office, to continue at the head of affairs.

With the Belvoir the sport has been excellent ever since Christmas; very

fine runs, and killing their foxes at the end of them. Early in January they had a very good thing, when they met at Waltham, and found their first fox at Melton Spinney, running him at a great pace by Caldwell, Goodly Gorse, and the White Lodge to Eaton; time to this point, 30 minutes, without a check. Owing to the fox running through the village, he gained ground, or undoubtedly the hounds would have rolled him over before he reached Croxton Park, where they killed; time altogether, 1 hour and 20 minutes. In the afternoon of same day they had a better run still, finding at Waltham Pasture, and after running near Brentingly Spinney and on by Saxby, and then straight as the crow flies to Woodwell Head, where they had to stop the hounds, owing to the darkness; time, 50 minutes, as hard as they could race without a check. On the 16th they met at Culverthorpe Hall, found at the gorse, and had a very fine run, most part of it very fast, killing their fox close to Folkingham Gorse; time, 1 hour and 40 minutes. They were at Haversholme on the 26th, drew Eveden Wood first, and found a leash of foxes, the hounds going away after one immediately, running by Kirkby Laythorpe through Kirkby Mount, on to Swarby Gorse, round Swarby Village, and there rolled him over; time, 47 minutes. Their second fox they found at the Tally-Ho Gorse, and ran him through Aswarby Thorns, and then back, leaving the park on the left and away through Silk Willoughby, crossing the Sleaford and Grantham Road by the railway gate-house. After running a few fields parallel with the road, they recrossed it, and ran back through Willoughby, the hounds killing him close to the lodge at Aswarby; time, 1 hour and 20 minutes. On the 12th of February they met at Staunton, and drew Cotham Thorns, finding a fox which broke for Catham and Elston, and then took along the Trent Hills by Flintham to Bridgeford, where they rolled him over after a very good hunting run of 1 hour and 25 minutes.

The Oakley have been going on through February and March eating their foxes. On the 12th of last month they met at Carlton Village, and found three foxes at Great Oaks, running a ring of three miles very fast back to Great Oaks Wood. They got well away the second time close at a fox, and ran straight to an earth by Carlton Hall Wood. Here Mr. Arkwright said, 'I think we had better dig up the place, as all the foxes in this part of the country come to it;' and so he did. They had not been digging more than ten minutes, when a fox came straight to the hole, and no amount of riding or shouting being able to turn him, he ran into the hounds, and so committed suicide. After digging a little longer, out bolted a brace; one was sacrificed on the spot, and the other took them 25 minutes at best pace over a good country, and then they eat him too. They met on the 15th at Astwood, and found a brace in Hall Spinney, and had a grand 30 minutes, the hounds running up to their fox, and killing him a field ahead of the horses, which were awfully cooked, as there was no check. They found a second fox at Marston Thrift, and had a fast ring of 40 minutes back, and then gave it up. A fine day's sport. On the 17th they found a wild old fox at Thurleigh Park, ran to Ramsden Grange, and from there back to Thurleigh, leaving Keysoe on the right, and then to Galsey Wood, where they eat him; time, 1 hour and 20 minutes. A fine hunting run, and a beautiful sight to see the way in which the bitch pack hunted. All honour, praise, and glory, to the master of the Oakley, say we.

The Suffolk have been doing fairly well during the month or so, but the ground has been nearly unrideable, and mud fever and lame horses quite in the ascendant. February 1st.—Little Thurlow Hall. Drew Trundley Wood; found a leash of foxes; away to Wordsells, towards Hart Wood, but turned to right,

away for Branches Park; laid up in gardens, and beat them; time, 40 minutes. February 6th.—Redgrave Hall. Found in osier bed in park; run away as if for Wortham; bore round to right back again, and killed him. Found again, West Hall Wood; away at a clinking pace for Stanton, where he beat them, the fox evidently making Euston. A good day's sport. February 10th.—Wetherden May Pole. Found at once in 'Woolpit;' had a good 25 minutes, and killed him. February 13th.—Alpheton Lion. Had a racing 25 minutes from Preston Groves to Brettenham Park, the master and Mr. Robert Oakes having all over the best of it. The fox crossing mud at Brettenham Hall Lake, regularly beat the hounds out of scent. A very nice show of foxes in the country, which promises well for another season. Mr. Walter Greene gives every promise of making a first-rate huntsman.

The Vine have had a capital season, and, since Christmas, have had several clinking runs, which will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to see them. The run of Saturday, the 10th of February, was a red-letter day. The meet was the New Inn, Baughurst. They found at Tadley Gorse, ran through Pamber Forest and the cream of the Vale country, by Ewhurst, Wolverton, and Kingsclere, into the Craven country, and stopped the hounds with a fresh fox on Greenham Common, after running over more than twenty miles of country, and tiring two foxes to death, without killing one. A blank day is a thing scarcely ever heard of in the Vine country, but they had one on Tuesday, the 13th of February; the meet was Whitchurch Lodge. They first drew the osier beds and the remainder of Lord Portsmouth's covers blank, then on to Bradley Wood and some other covers. Stacy did all he could to save a blank day, and drew on until dusk, when the veteran huntsman unwillingly took his hounds back to the kennel for the first time since he has hunted them—five years—without finding a fox.

From Sussex we hear that Lord Leconfield gives up the Findon side of his country after this season, and will only hunt four days a-week; the reason being the long distance that his huntsman and whips have to ride. On the 15th of February, these hounds met at Broomer's Hill, but owing to Lord Mayo's lamented death, Lord Leconfield was not out. They found at 12.40, near Dane Hill, ran a wide ring to the edge of West Grinstead Park, and eventually back to Dane Hill, where the first check occurred at 2.10, the country awfully deep—in fact, unrideable. After the check they changed, one fox going to the west, the other east, Shepherd taking the latter, sometimes making his line out. Most of the field had now had enough of it, but the hounds took to running hard by Ashington House, and crossed the road into Brown Hill Covert, when the fox was viewed close to the hounds, and then after a long dragging run on to Wiston, by which time Shepherd and the three or four who remained with him had ridden their horses to a standstill. On the 16th, the meet was at Parham Park, from which they had a sharp 25 minutes, with a kill; and then Shepherd went away a couple of miles to a halloo. The pack, however, divided, and he had only six and a half couple with him, the fox breaking from near Highden, and going by Chanctonbury Hill, down to the river at Bramber, which he swam, it being low water. He then swam back and ran the bank up stream, crossing to Bramber again over the railway arch, and taking refuge in the old castle by clambering up the wall into some ivy, where, as poor pug's head could be seen, some rustics poked him out by climbing up and using a pole, so the hounds got him. On the same day the South Down met at Hassock Gate, found very soon, and came away at a splitting pace through Danney, along some small coverts to Newtimber, and on

to Poynings, going over the Dyke Hill, where they ran to ground not far from Poynings Church, after 35 minutes without a check, while of a large field very few were up at the end.

Bailey, the present Atherstone huntsman, is going to the Cambridgeshire, and Machen, from the Tickham, will succeed Roake with the Pytchley. The latter, we are glad to hear, goes to the South Berks. He is a capital servant, and will be in his place in a country where the field, as a body, think more of hunting than pounding each other.

From the Pytchley we hear that Mr. Craven got back to the saddle on the 1st of the month, and brought luck with him, as on that day and the following they had two very fine runs. On the 1st, they found at Ashby St. Ledgers, ran by Barby, Kilsby, Hill Morton, to Bilton Village, pace first-rate, over the big grass fields; here they crossed the road into the North Warwickshire country, on to Fulham Wood; turning to the left by Wolston, Causton, Lawford, they ran into him near Rugby. Time, 1 hour 30 minutes; the first 45 minutes was a clinker.

Saturday, 2nd.—Met at Harrington. Had a blazing 35 minutes from Blue Covert, as hard as they could go, to ground near Braybrook. Found second fox at Waterloo, ran over the very best of the grass to Cottesbrook in 50 minutes; here, unfortunately, with their fox beaten close before, a fresh fox jumped up, which carried us on nearly to Lamport before they could be stopped. Roake then came back, cleverly recovered his fox, and killed him.

March 16th.—Very hot, dry, and dusty, but still hounds could run, and soon accounted for a brace of short-running foxes from Naseby Thorns. This was followed by a sharp gallop from Tallyho, by Naseby to Clipston; but the *bonne bouche* was to come. Found in the Church Wood at Kelmarsh at 5.20; went away over the road, leaving Scotland Wood on the right, by Draughton, crossing the railroad at Maidwell, on to Foxhall, straight to Mawsley Wood, through that by Old Gorse to ground at Gibb Wood, 40 minutes and a seven mile point. Roake goes to the South Berks; he is to be presented with a testimonial before he goes, by the gentlemen and farmers, which promises to be a bumper. He is deservedly popular with all classes, except with a select few.

Sir George Wombwell resigns the Mastership of the York and Ainsty Fox Hounds; and all Yorkshire regrets it. He undertook this Pack, when the fearful accident, so sad to think of, and so deeply impressed upon the memories of all the members of the Hunt—I may say of all the Sporting families in England—took from amongst us, our much-loved master, the late Sir Charles Slingsby, and his trusty servant, Orphis. Sir George, though not naturally a Dog man, went to work with a will, got together a good stud of horses—if a fault was to be found, the horses were rather too valuable for kennel work—must have cost him a very large sum of money—put on a kennel frock, filled his pockets with biscuit, and passed hours in the kennel, soon gaining sufficient knowledge to enable him to wag his tongue amongst all the summer flagsters. In the field, he had been long known as a first-rate horseman and quick man over the country. His first two seasons were unlucky; his huntsman, Peter Collinson, though an excellent servant, and quite understanding his profession in the kennel, and a good judge of hunting, and fine horseman, riding with judgment, was an impatient and quick caster of hounds, and both seasons the scent on the plough being bad, he lost the line of his foxes quicker than he ought. He left his place in consequence of some quarrel with a fellow servant. And Sir George engaged young Squires: he has had the luck to have a good scenting season, and good sport. On Monday, April 1st (by Jove this very day), unless

little George is a joker, a large field of horsewomen and horsemen will assemble to see the last day of a master, who has surmounted all difficulties, hunted the country in a most sportsmanlike manner, spared neither trouble or expense, put his servants on fresh well-bred horses fit to carry princes, made himself popular with all classes, and when having bowed and bid farewell to his friends, he slides behind the curtain: it will be found he is not easy to follow.

The Hon. Egremont Lascelles (brother of the Earl of Harewood), a name that denotes a love of all sport, has undertaken the management of the York and Ainsty foxhounds to the great gratification of the country. He resides only a few miles from the kennels. Is just a nice age to commence business. Was a quick, straight, and good rider to hounds, and the bloom is not yet off. No man is more popular. He knows the country well, and delights in the idea of making friends with the pack—and a very useful pack too—good noses and plenty of tongues. By-the-by, a funny old man told me the other day that feeding had much to do with tongues—I like plenty of ‘cry,’—I do not mean such ‘cry’ as poor ‘Bellyful’ uttered, when young Barracks landed on him. But cheerful music, such as I hear when out in a fly on the York Road, and they find in Colton Flag and run to Ashham Bog. Music that excites old men and makes them jump into the pack, and rejoices the ears of the ‘down winders.’ I wonder whether the ‘funny old man’ meant that if fed to go the pace, they made a great noise? Never mind. Uncle Egremont is a capital fellow, knows what he is about, and is well supported. Will he be scientific? The ‘thrusting scoundrels’ think Squires perseveres too much. But I think Lord Wenlock has so much energy and activity in the field that the York and Ainsty must always make haste. What has become of the old Bramham Moor van man? has he driven against the post and upset his ink-bottle, or has he been down with the mud fever. I met a ‘Leeds lad’ who told me they had had very good sport with the Bramham Moor hounds, that the old master (Lane Fox) gave them fearful hard days, they had killed over fifty brace of foxes above ground; and the hounds ran on day after day till horses were quite tired of hunting. An old sportsman says, he has not for years, if ever, seen such a run as they had on March 1st, from Colthorpe Wood on the banks of the Nidd, to the river Wharfe below Wighill church. Here the fox met an overflow, turned to the right, running the Ings, nearly to Thorp Arch, crossed the river and forward again, passed Newton Kyme Station, across the Paddocks, used years ago by ‘Perry Wentworth,’ who lived at Tolston Lodge, and trained his race-horses on Bramham Moor, over Headley Manor, and killed him at White Quarry Farm, a mile south-east of Haylewood, the seat of the Vavasour, who came over with William the Conqueror and settled there. This gallant fox went into no covers. The hounds were only once spoken to. The distance on the map is nine miles as the crow flies; time, 1 hour 18 min. The river Wharfe was a bumper strong and fierce, the railway bridge enabled horsemen to get over, seeing the best pack of bitches in England swim the current in a body and drive faster and faster, as if distances, deep ground, and river only made them more determined. These hounds have hardly had a bad Monday or Friday this season. March 11th.—Hounds going along from Woolah Head, over the Punch Bowl, Swindon Wood, Wescow Hill, N. Rigton, Weeton Bottoms, Ridgeman Car, to ground at Swindon Wood. 1 hour 5 min. was too much for the veteran Lamplugh Wickham; in endeavouring to live in front, his horse fell on him and alarmed his friends, but no bones broken, and he will be in his saddle shortly, and at it again; ever maintaining there is nothing like Bramham Moor, and five and twenty couple.



Death has taken from us the Earl of Lonsdale, a nobleman of considerable abilities and of a liberal and amiable disposition, but somewhat singular in his sporting tastes. Strangers would never have guessed the quiet, unobtrusive individual, in an old drab coat and jack boots, with a red kerchief round his neck, and with his hat thrust forward over his nose, to be an Earl with a princely fortune, the Lord-Lieutenant of two counties, and a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council, who had held some of the most important offices of State. Lovers of their ease could not conceive how the owner of Lowther Castle, and of Whitehaven, of a splendid mansion in Carlton Terrace, and of a snug villa at Barnes, could, by choice, pass week after week in a second-rate inn at Tring station.

Sportsmen could not understand how any one who had hunted in his youth with his father's hounds, in the Cottesmore country, could care to hunt bagged foxes covered with aniseed. But, however much these matters might excite surprise with some people, the old Earl cared nothing : he liked to get away from the turmoil of politics and the trammels of business, and to take up his quarters in the quiet hostelry of Mr. Brown, where he enjoyed himself like a boy home for the holidays. Here for eighteen years he kept a scratch pack of hounds, with which he hunted anything and everything. Foxes were caught upon his estates in Westmoreland, and were regularly forwarded to Tring, and, it must be admitted, showed some wonderful runs, oftentimes beating their pursuers. His brother, the Colonel, who came up from Leicestershire upon a visit to him, was astonished beyond measure, and, at his suggestion, his Lordship took the old Berkeley country, which had been vacant for several years. He engaged old Jem Morgan as huntsman, with Goddard Morgan and Will Ball as whippers-in. One of the trophies in Carlton Terrace, which Lord Lonsdale used to show with great pride, was the stuffed skin of the Box Warren vixen, that had beaten hounds more than twenty times. She had originally been turned out before the West Wickham Harriers, and escaped to The Box, where she was always to be found. As the Old Berkeley country was not hunted at that time, Mr. Phillips was invited to bring the South Oxfordshire Hounds, but she beat them also. Next, Squire Lowndes, from Whaddon, had several turns at her, but in vain. As she invariably took the same line, the old Earl sent on Goddard Morgan several miles to an earth she always tried, with orders never to let her out of sight ; and so well did he carry out his instructions, that they at last brought her to hand. At the stables at Tring, there were seldom less than forty first-class hunters belonging to his Lordship, and these were none too many, as he was most liberal in mounting his friends. However, in 1861, increasing age and infirmities compelled Lord Lonsdale to retire from the field, to the great regret of the farmers of the country, with whom his even temper and unassuming manners had made him an universal favourite. Lord Lonsdale was for many years on the Turf, and his horses were trained by Rogers. In 1831, he won The Derby with Spaniel, a son of Whalebone ; and one of his best horses was Jericho, who began his career by winning the Criterion at Newmarket, in 1844, and made his last appearance after an interval at the stud, when Flying Dutchman won the Emperor's Plate in 1850. Sam Rogers was his jockey ; and Sam's father, Joseph, his trainer, and the 'white and yellow seams' had a long and somewhat chequered career on the Turf.

And the young tree is cut down, as well as the gnarled old trunk that had stood for so many years. We have to record the death of Sir Frederick Des Vœux, at the early age of twenty-four. No one more popular—either in the

Guards, from which he had retired about a year or so, or in hunting circles at Melton—than the late baronet. A well-known face at most of our chief race Meetings. 'Freddy' was the *enfant gâté* of the old and young, and welcome everywhere. He had a good stud at Melton, and could hold his own with the hard men, with Mr. Taily and the Quorn. He caught cold at the Dalby Ball, and being alarmed at some of his symptoms, hurried up to London and had the best medical advice; but his disease proved to be blood-poisoning, and despite the care and attention of Gull and Hewett, he sunk under the attack.

In some of the newspapers it has been stated that 'The Gun Club had decided not to expel "the Claimant" until it was proved to their satisfaction that he was some other person than Sir Roger.' Now, perhaps, we need scarcely say, that *The Gun Club* never had the honour of counting the person in question among its members. The *Junior Gun Club* is the body who have come to the very singular resolve above-mentioned—quite a different class of men from the members of the other Club—as their line of action, we think, sufficiently proves. We mention the subject, because we know the paragraph caused annoyance to some members of the original Club.

The Yorkshire Agricultural Society hold their Thirty-fifth Annual Meeting this year at Malton, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of August; and the energetic Secretary, Mr. Parrington, has already issued the Prize List. Short-horned cattle; Leicester, Lincoln, Shropshire, and Mountain sheep; thorough-bred sires, brood mares, horses for agricultural purposes, hunters, coach-horses, and roadsters, all figure therein. The Hunt Cup, presented by Lord Middleton and the members of his hunt, goes to the best five-year old and upwards, horses up to 15 stone, with hounds; and the same noble lord and gentlemen give a Hunt Cup for horses up to 12 stone: both Cups being valued at 50*l*. There are three prizes for shoeing-smiths 'who shall exhibit the greatest skill in shoeing horses for the road'—an excellent idea—and the entry in every class closes on July 6th.

The Great Boat Race has come and gone in weather which will be long remembered, as a morning and afternoon of such jovial misery, as even we, who take our pleasures sadly, probably never before experienced. We have assisted at many bitter Ascots, and every one remembers Hermit's Derby; but the experiences of the towing-path between Barnes and Mortlake, in a blinding snowstorm, were novel. They were not such as to make us wish personally for a recurrence of them; but perhaps we are fastidious, for we are bound to say everybody else seemed to think it rather fun 'to be very wet, very bedraggled, and just to be able to catch the faintest glimpse of some light-blue jersey'. Those who had carriages lunched prodigiously, and in the funniest out-of-the-way places, where the boats, as far as seeing was concerned, might as well have been at Henley; and the people in comfortable villas and mansions by the river banks looked out on the storm with the most complacent air. It was a wonderful exhibition of our love of sport (or an outing, which was it?), and the display of light-blue ribbons was happily borne out by the result.

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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H. W. BRISCOE, ESQ.

THE subject of our present sketch is as well known, perhaps, in Ireland, as the Master of the Curraghmore, as he is of the Kilkenny Hounds, he having hunted the former pack for eleven seasons after the melancholy death of the third Marquis of Waterford, while he has only held the reins of office in Kilkenny for the last two years. But still, Mr. Briscoe has from his earliest days been connected with the Kilkenny Hunt, and, born in 1810, after graduating at Trinity, Dublin, in 1828, he regularly hunted his father's hounds until the death of that gentleman in 1834. Mr. Briscoe, soon after his marriage, established a pack of foxhounds of his own, called, from his residence near Carrick-on-Suir, the Tinvane Hounds, and with this pack he for eight years hunted a rather limited country, until Lord Waterford bought the pack and added Mr. Briscoe's country to the Curraghmore. It was on Lord Waterford's death that Mr. Briscoe was unanimously chosen Master, and no man, we believe, who ever held the horn, has been more popular. A perfect sportsman, an excellent huntsman, a splendid horseman, courteous and obliging in the field, Mr. Briscoe was held in high estimation by all classes, and with the farmers he was a special favourite. He took great pride in his hounds, lost no opportunity of improving the breed by infusion of the most fashionable blood, and raised the reputation of the Curraghmore to the highest pitch.

In 1869 Mr. Briscoe was compelled, by serious illness, to resign the Mastership, the members of the Hunt giving him a handsome testimonial, accompanied with a letter of thanks for the sport he had afforded during his term of office. In 1871 Mr. Briscoe was again called to take his old place as Master of the Kilkenny, and he has for the last two seasons conducted the Hunt most admirably, to the satisfaction of every one. The first season he had a great deal of difficulty to contend with, and had to form a new pack of hounds, which this year has done very well indeed, and shown very good sport.

In his younger days, Mr. Briscoe was often seen in the saddle in the Corinthians, and had one or two good horses, particularly a mare by Economist, and a bay horse, Wedge, by Windfall, on which latter it was that he made his last appearance in silk over the course at Whitefields, with Lord Waterford on Regalia, John Power, of Gurteen, on Polka, and Lord Desart on Rufus, and after a good race, on taking the last wall, Wedge wrenched off his plate and nearly came down, but still, was only beaten by Regalia by a length. Of the quartet who then rode, Mr. Briscoe is the sole survivor. Not alone a foxhunter, he has sought to improve the breed of horses, by importing into Ireland some good sires, among them Great Heart, Red Hart, Glenmasson, Motley, Legatee, &c., who have made their mark in that country. Mr. Briscoe retires from the Mastership of the Kilkenny with this season; and it will be to the great regret of the Hunt and the county generally.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

### THE DURHAM COUNTRY.

‘HAVING told you of the Raby and Hurworth,’ said our friend, ‘I must give you the history of the country now hunted by the Durham County Hounds. This I can best do in the words of an old sportsman, who has known the country from boyhood, and gave me the following account of it:—

“The first pack of hounds broken and kept to hunt fox exclusively, of which any tradition exists in the county of Durham, was the Raby Pack of the second Earl of Darlington, father of ‘Darlington’s Peer,’ so long and so well known in the succeeding generation, both in the field and on the turf, and who became afterwards Duke of Cleveland.

“The old Earl, before the middle of the last century, hunted all the southern portion of the county, and moved his hounds periodically during each season, from their home kennel at Raby to the little town of Sedgfield, thereby enabling them to hunt the south-eastern side of the county, extending from the river Tees to Castle Eden Dene, which was as fine a district then, and for many years afterwards, as any M.F.H. could wish to possess. This custom his son continued for some years afterwards. Before his death the son, who from boyhood had, as it may be said, devoted himself to fox-hunting, had taken the command of the pack in anticipation of his accession to the title and large estates. The Raby Hunt, with the Sedgfield country forming part of it, was soon to become amongst sportsmen the great attraction of the north, and few hunting men of any note in that day failed to visit ‘the Peer’ in his fine old baronial castle, and to have a run with him over and into the stells (as brooks are there called) of the Sedgfield country. Up to this period

“no pack had been established as ‘foxhounds’ in the northern part of Durham. On the western side of that division of the county, Sir Henry Liddell had hounds at Ravensworth, and that fine old sportsman Robert Surtees, of Milkwell Burn, on the river Derwent (grandfather of the late lamented Robert Smith Surtees, of Hamsterley Hall, the productions of whose pen are so well known), kept a good ‘cry of dogs,’ and when his friend, Lancelot Allgood, a worthy scion of the Nunwick family of that name, for generations so skilled in the chase of fox or hare, and still well represented in the field, especially as singularly fine horsemen, whether in coats of one colour or another, came with ‘the Weardale Dogs’ to visit ‘Bob-o’-the-Burn,’ so-called to distinguish him from the numerous other members of the Surtees family in Durham, the united packs (long after talked of as having kept the game alive on the moors of Blanchland and Staindrop after fox, hare, or stag), afforded rare sport to the thinly scattered inhabitants of that wild district.”

“On the eastern side of this division of the county, about this period or somewhat earlier, John Gregson, of Burdon, great-grandfather of the present gentleman of that name, kept a similar pack for many years, hunting from the then little seaport town of Sunderland over Warden-law, and the continuous line of unenclosed moor and pasture land, southwards by Murton-in-the-Whins and Easington, up to the ravine of Castle Eden.

“Sixty years ago “Sandy Winter,” then a very old man, father of “John Winter,” so well-known for many years as Mr. Ralph Lambton’s first whip, and subsequently as his huntsman, and who had lived as a boy in the service of a member of the Lambton family in Sunderland, delighted in talking of the meets at dawn of day with the Burdon hounds at Tunstall Hill, and how a drag was generally taken up at Hollikerside earths, and hunted often for many miles before the fox was “unkennelled.” Foxes were then not so numerous as they now are in well-established hunting countries, and unless a drag was struck at an earth or some favourite resort, early in the morning, poor was the chance of finding amongst the miles of gorse, and other strong covert, with which the uncultivated parts abounded. So poor, indeed, that in the absence of a drag in the morning, “currant jelly” was usually the only alternative for that day’s sport, unless, indeed, as sometimes happened, a bagman had been provided.

“One of old Sandy’s stories in reference to this is singular enough : “A very large dog-fox, of the greyhound sort, had been taken in the distant Cheviot Hills, and safely conveyed to Burdon. He was ‘shaken’ within a mile of Sunderland Town, and went as straight as if he had known the country to ground in an old and well-known breeding earth in Castle Eden Dene, thirteen miles distant from point to point. The same fox was seen occasionally for two or three years afterwards, and became sadly notorious amongst the ewes and lambs in the spring along the same line of country he

“traversed in the run, but could never be hit upon again by the hounds; notwithstanding the efforts of old Mr. Gregson to renew the acquaintanceship. The only way, perhaps, of accounting for this fox’s running such a distance, direct to a main earth in a country he never could have visited before, may be that, in the course of a long run, he had fallen into the track of a native, and been thus guided to the earth.”

“A handsome entire horse, long known as “Gregson’s white horse,” had been an object of Sandy’s great admiration. This horse—a son of either Old Snap or Shafto’s Snip—said to have been a draft from the stud of “Fenwick of Bywell,” the breeder of Matchem and many other famous horses of the day, was hunted for many seasons by Mr. Gregson, and also used as a stud horse. Some very old mares, his descendants in the second or third generation, were in existence early in the present century, and bore marks of the high breeding of their grandsire.

“Soon after John Gregson’s time, George Baker, of Elemore, succeeded to his old family mansion and estates; and he, in conjunction with Sir Henry Liddell, of Ravensworth (then resident at Newton Hall, near Durham), established the first regular pack of foxhounds in the northern part of the county. But Sir Henry Liddell did not long survive their establishment; and Mr. Baker, who rode hard and well for a few years, and possessed famous horses, was not a Hugo Meynell or a Ralph Lambton. His heart was more with the horse than the hound, and he became on the Turf one of the best gentleman riders of his day. He rode his first race at Durham, in 1788, and continued in the saddle up to 1822, and, when sixty-eight, beat Sir Tatton Sykes, Mr. Booth, Mr. Hawkes, Mr. Thomas Shafto, and Mr. James Ferguson, at Middleham. In years long after he gave up the hounds he would come out on his favourite old brown mare (which he rode until she was twenty-nine) to see Mr. Raph Lambton and his hounds find a fox in the gorse on his racecourse, stretching away to Hetton-on-the-hill; and he did not hesitate to compare the then modern foxhound—especially his condition and the “Meynellian system” altogether, which Mr. Lambton had so well learnt under the great Master of the Quorn—not only with his own, but with all former hunting establishments.

““We used often enough,” he would say, “to have to whip our hounds off the benches to go out hunting; but we had plenty of tongue, and not much overrunning the scent, then.” His hounds, nevertheless, had one of the most extraordinary runs recorded in the annals of hunting.

“They found a fox with only half a brush in Cassop Scrogs, five miles east of the city of Durham. He went straight away, further east, for about three miles, tried an earth at that point, and turned to the south-west, and ran in that direction twenty miles (as a crow would fly), close into the town of Staindrop, where, within a stone’s throw of the fine old church, Mr. Baker

‘himself, the only man up, assisted the few tired hounds which were still going in rescuing the fox, who was so beat he could not extricate himself from the bar of a water-gate across the Staindrop brook, which he had been trying to pass through, and so weak as to be totally unable to defend himself.

‘The bob-tail with which he had been viewed away in the morning identified him as the same fox, or the inference would certainly have been that the hounds had changed in the course of this extraordinary run, in which at the least thirty miles must have been gone over. The run was much talked of in those days.

‘A grand epoch, however, now awaited the county of Durham in the matter of foxhunting. General Lambton (grandfather of the first Earl of Durham) had long kept a pack of pure and very clever harriers; and his younger son, Ralph, in the interest he took in the pack, early exhibited the taste which so strongly dwelt with him throughout a long life.

‘Before his Eton school days were concluded he was a first-rate horseman, and knew more of hounds and hunting than any man who is not to the manner born ever knows in his life. Soon after he left Cambridge, he joined his elder brother, Mr. William Henry Lambton (who had previously, on the death of the General, succeeded to the family estates), at Melton, then not more known than any other Leicestershire village. Mr. Lambton, with his brother Ralph, were, indeed, the first of the long and distinguished list of visitors who have since that period rendered Melton the metropolis of foxhunting.

‘Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, with whom the Lambtons were intimate, had then the management (for the young Duke of Rutland) of the Belvoir hounds, and Mr. Lambton wishing to hunt both with that pack and the Quorn, which then, under the great master of his day, were far in advance, in breeding, condition, and general kennel management, of any pack previously known, selected Melton as the most convenient position for their purpose.

‘It need not be said how soon this selection of a hunting quarter was adopted by others; but it is probably little known now in Melton how the foundation of its repute was, in the first instance, laid by the circumstance of Mr. Lambton, from the county of Durham, and his brother Ralph, with a large stud of hunters (and their harriers, which were to fill up any spare time), having located themselves there. Ralph Lambton soon became intimate with, and a constant guest of, the great Master of the Quorn, and a very apt pupil he proved in learning how to breed, feed, and manage (both in kennel and field) a pack of foxhounds, so as to bring them to such a state of perfection as Mr. Meynell’s had arrived at.

‘After such experience, and with his natural talent and aptitude for a mastership of hounds, it was to be expected that when his brother purchased the highly-bred pack of Mr. George Talbot, of the Rudge branch of that noble family, about 1793, and established

' the Lambton Hunt, with his talented brother Ralph as manager, ' there was every prospect of success.

' For three or four seasons the northern division of the county of ' Durham, which then became known as the Lambton country (but ' which, after the acquisition of the Sedgfield country, was more ' frequently called the "Home country"), was the only ground ' hunted by the new pack, with the exception that, for a very short ' period in each season, before the Northumberland hounds were ' established, under the mastership of the late Sir Mathew White ' Ridley, a visit was paid to Morpeth, and the country in that ' immediate neighbourhood was occasionally hunted. This was ' given up about the year 1816.

' The Earl of Darlington, however, of whom, to distinguish him ' from his father, we have before spoken, by his designation in ' Martin Hawke's famous song as "Darlington's Peer," for some ' reason gave up the Sedgfield country, most opportunely for the ' interests of the Lambton Hunt.

' The addition of this fine stretch of country was just what this ' hunt required, to render a four-days'-a-week establishment, with ' such a master as Mr. Ralph Lambton had now become, perfect.

' The "Sedgfield Meetings of the Lambton Hunt," six weeks ' from the first Monday in November, and four weeks from the ' first Monday in February, for many years, and up to the termination ' of Mr. Ralph Lambton's mastership, attracted many of the best ' hunting men, at different periods, from all parts of the North ' of England, and occasionally some rare good men, with hounds, ' came from Scotland. The society of Mr. Ralph Lambton ' (without reference to the merits of his hounds, the civility and ' excellence of his servants, and the admirable manner in which ' everything over which he presided was conducted) was in itself a ' great attraction. He was so highly-bred a gentleman in manner, ' so courteous, and, at the same time, so full of life, and up to the ' last enjoyed the company not only of the few contemporaries who ' survived to hunt with him, but of the younger and more lively ' members of the "Sedgfield Club," that few men, perhaps, have ' ever been, for so many years, and under all circumstances and at ' all times, so universally popular. No good sportsman who ever ' hunted with him missed a chance of seeing him with his hounds ' again. There was, too, a style and character in the management of ' his field, and in the way in which the work of the day was al- ' together done, which made one famous old Quornite say he had ' never seen the like since the days of "Hugo Meynell."

' No man rode harder than he did across Leicestershire when ' he was there, and for many years afterwards in his own country ; ' and he was not only a fine horseman, but had a famous eye to ' hounds. He was wonderfully cheery with them, and his "Yooi- ' " hääro!"—a peculiar cheer when his hounds were going their best ' pace—and "Now, gentlemen, *catch* them if you can," could only be ' appreciated in the field.



‘He liked a full pack of hounds, and seldom had less than twenty-five couples in the field, not one of which the most critical judge could have picked out in a morning as looking in any way wanting in condition or unfit to go.

‘The condition of his hounds was indeed the one thing of all others about which Ralph Lambton was the most particular. Like his neighbour, Lord Darlington, he fed them himself; and in his unremitting attention to this he was most ably and faithfully assisted by perhaps the very best kennel huntsman ever known—Fenwick Hunnum (father of Bob, so well known for many years as second, and then first, whip in this establishment, and afterwards for some seasons as huntsman to the present Sir Mathew White Ridley’s hounds), was perfect in his vocation, and contributed, under his master’s direction, no little towards bringing into the field during all the years of his long service, hounds so fit to go, as good judges used to say, for so long a period and so continuously, had never been equalled.

‘The best of oatmeal (from Dundee), early feeding on the day before hunting, and on that day no flesh whatever, but pudding only, very well mixed, with enough of broth only to render it lapable, was the system. The strict rule as to no flesh the day before hunting was occasionally relaxed in the case of a delicate feeder, or for some especial reason; but it was seldom found to be necessary to deviate from it. One of the consequences of this great attention to feeding and condition, combined with light heads and necks, fine shoulders, and, altogether, what would now be considered rather a light class of hound (but full of wire and muscle), was that no day was ever known to be too long for the hounds of Ralph Lambton.

‘Horses, aye, and many of the best of them! and, moreover, after “Nimrod” had taught us how to condition them, were every now and then beaten into fits; but the hounds, whether dogs or bitches (they were soon run separately after Squire Osbaldeston had set the example of this), were never seen returning otherwise than with sterns up, and fit to go on if they had been required to do so.

‘It is the general idea now that fifty years ago hounds went no pace. If the gentlemen who think and say so had been in the 50 minutes from Bradbury (Wright’s Gorse) to Newton Grange, in December, 1821; or the 40 minutes, a year or two after, from Elstob Whin to Thinford Mill; or the first 25 minutes of the fine run in December, 1827, from Foxy Hill over Newbiggin Bottoms; or the 50 minutes in the following season from Cold Sides Whin to Killerby; or, indeed, whenever scent enabled either the one pack or the other to go with “heads up, sterns down,” the “no pace” notions would not have existed in the memories of any such gentlemen.

‘The runs above referred to all ended as such runs should do. “The brush,” “a pad,” or “a bit of him,” was in great request at the end of each of these well-remembered performances.

'The Foxy Hill run of December, 1827, after the first burst of 25 minutes, became a memorable run (the subject of one of George Sutton's best songs); and the "fox as big as a wolf"—"the biggest fox I ever seed, sir"—Bob Hunnum had said when he viewed him away, was killed at the end of an hour and forty-five minutes under the bridge across the ornamental water in Wynyard Park. Horses had stopped all over the country, and some finally. Some few survivors—alas! how few—may still remember these days.

'Visitors to Sedgefield, from the cavalry barracks at Newcastle, were often in the field, and in the front rank for the first twenty minutes in the run from Elstob Whin no one was more distinguished than that prince of heavy weights, upon his famous little mouse-coloured horse, the recently deceased Keeper of the Regalia in the Tower of London, then Major Wyndham of the Scots Greys, known afterwards as the big Colonel Wyndham, who was nearer seven than six feet high.

'If this had met his eye he would have remembered how his hat was restored to him at the end of the run. He had left it hung up in a high bullfinch, the first fence away from the covert, and through which he had preceded that excellent horseman William Hawkes, son of Major Hawkes of Quorn celebrity, who cleverly secured the hat as he brushed through, popped it over his own—the large size easily admitting of this—and so rode in the van, as usual, to the end.

'In the famous Foxy Hill run Captain Shawe, of the 9th Lancers, who had a large stud of hunters at Sedgefield at the time, formed one of the most numerous field of "red coats" ever known to have assembled at the favourite meet of Long Newton Village. The long distances Captain Shawe used to ride in the course of the week from Newcastle barracks into the Sedgefield country and back again, after hunting, would astonish the patrons of the rail of the present day. These glorious days of the Lambton Hunt and Sedgefield country continued without interruption till the severe winter of 1837 and 1838. The long frost commenced on the last day of the Sedgefield meeting, the 15th of December, '37, and not another day's hunting could be attempted before the 9th of March. Then all returned to Sedgefield, anxious to have as much hunting in that country as the late period of the season would admit; but alas! on the second day hounds were out, going away from famous Foxy Hill again, Mr. Ralph Lambton's mare (Kitten by name) made a blunder amongst some molehills, threw the veteran partially out of his seat, and an open ditch occurring at the moment in front, the mare bounded over this before her rider had recovered his position in the saddle, and a heavy fall was the result.

'He was conveyed to the nearest farmhouse, and thence, as soon as a conveyance could be obtained, to Hardwick House, near Sedgefield, where a few years previously an arrangement had been made for the accommodation of "the Club," in combination with the oc-

'cupation of the house and stables by Mr. Lambton, and five or six other members of the Club whose residences were at some distance from Sedgfield.

'For the first few days hopes were entertained that the injury he had received might not be so serious as it ultimately proved. On two previous occasions he had been similarly and most seriously hurt, and it was hoped that as he had recovered (though after long lapses of time) on these occasions, his excellent constitution and indomitable nature would again enable him to be restored to health and activity. But he was now in his 70th year; and soon after being moved to his own home at Morton House, it became evident that the paralysis with which he was affected was not on the last occasion to be combated. He was never again able to rise or stand without assistance, and the remainder of his life (no less a period than six years and four months) was passed in a recumbent position. His general health and spirits during this long period continued to be marvellously good, and he used to take the greatest interest in hearing from the friends who visited him, every detail relating to the performances of his own old pack, and especially also of that which, under the mastership of his friend Mr. W. H. Williamson, was established in his old country. At last, however, in July, 1844, this grand old sportsman, and thorough specimen of the highest class of English country gentlemen, passed to his rest; and when his remains were laid in the old family vault of Chester-le-Street church, notwithstanding the long period of comparative seclusion in which he had necessarily lived since his last accident, the feeling in the whole county that Ralph Lambton was gone, caused such a blank as those only who have experienced what such a man is in country life can appreciate.

'The first of the falls above alluded to gave Mr. Lambton a crooked neck, so that his head was on one side for the remainder of his life.

'At the termination of their last season his hounds were purchased by Lord Suffield, who had just undertaken the Quorn country, for the then unprecedented price of 3000 guineas. Other competitors for the purchase were in the field, and had the sale been by auction probably a higher figure might have been gone up to. There can be no doubt but that the high estimation in which his hounds were held, as evidenced by the sale, was very gratifying to their old master. Nevertheless, they were not liked in Leicestershire, not bearing the over-riding which hounds must submit to there, and were sold to Mr. David Robertson, who took them into Northumberland, kept them for a few years, and then sold them in lots by auction, so that the old Lambton pack was at last completely broken up.

'The early death of his elder brother, to whom the country was so much indebted for his purchase of the hounds, and the long minority of his son, John George Lambton, who became first Earl of Durham, would probably have rendered the continuation

of the Lambton Hunt impracticable, had it not been for the energy of Mr. Ralph Lambton, and the independent position in point of fortune in which the General had placed him. For some few years he received a subscription to which Sir Thomas Liddell (afterwards Lord Ravensworth) and others liberally contributed, and his nephew, Mr. Lambton, on attaining his majority, joined in this. But this subscription, as will be the case when foxhunting has to give place to politics and electioneering, gradually fell off, and for very many of the later years of his mastership, Ralph Lambton maintained the whole establishment at his own expense; the Sedgefield Club in that country, and a similar Club called The Tallyho in the Home country, undertaking only the payment of covert rents, earth stopping, and damages.

Amongst the earliest members of the Hunt, Sir Thomas Liddell, George Baker, Beckwith of Herrington, Wetenhall of the Cheshire family of that name, Neasham of Houghton-le-Spring, and John Allan of Blackwell may be named, and from greater distances, George Askew of Pallinsburn (uncle of the present Master of the recently established Northumberland and Berwickshire Hunt) was for many years a constant attendant of the Sedgefield meetings, with others from Northumberland; at a later period the present Lord Ravensworth, and the late Sir Hedworth Williamson of Whitburn Hall, father of the present baronet, were often in the field. Few, however, of the original members of the Hunt were left at the period of its dissolution. Amongst the older members were Anthony Surtees of Hamsterley Hall (father of the Author), a good sportsman who continued to the last to know every hound in the kennel, John Allan of Blackwell, who had been a slier on his famous horse the Bird; Duncombe Shafto of Whitworth, and his brother Tom, so long the "fidus Achates" of "Sir Tatton," and celebrated for being enabled even at any period of the evening to name the sire of any horse of repute in the Racing Calendar. Robert Fenwick, of the Green, Bishopswearmouth, many years Secretary of the Tallyho Club (father of the present Mr. George Fenwick of Bywell, Master of the Tynedale), was a great friend of Mr. Lambton's in later years, a most popular man with old and young, and on his well-bred horses, especially Smoker, very quick across the country. Tom Cookson of the Hermitage, who was always on a good-looking horse; Dick Wright of Sands, in his early days at Oxford, and for a few years afterwards a hard rider, in later years rather a severe critic of the performances of others in that way as seen from elevated positions, where he would take his stand upon his fine old thoroughbred horse by Harmodius and continue throughout the day to exclaim, "See how the ruffian ride!" His brother Benjamin Ord (Richard had taken the name of Wright on succeeding to the Sands estate) of Sedgefield, to whom the Club was indebted for his invaluable services as "Secretary," from the time of its formation, a most quaint, amusing, and popular man.

‘ Though living so much with foxhunters, he was more devoted  
‘ to his gun than the chase, and used frequently to have to call his  
‘ brace of pointers in to heel when he heard the hounds coming full  
‘ swing over his shooting-grounds, and upon such occasions he  
‘ always would have his fun after dinner at the cost of the party who  
‘ were especially well satisfied with their own performances in the  
‘ run; “All I can say, gentlemen, is, that *no one* was overriding  
‘ “Mr. Lambton’s hounds when I saw them this morning.” “But,  
‘ “Ben, you don’t mean to say that I was not well with them?”  
‘ some injured individual would exclaim: “Oh, sir, all I can say is,  
‘ “that no one was overriding them,” with an additional twinkle of  
‘ his most facetious old eyes, was the only result of such an appeal.  
‘ But “Benvolio” was most deservedly an immense favourite with  
‘ every one, and when he pulled out one of his “Woodcocks,” as he  
‘ called any long bill he might have against a careless member,  
‘ who had allowed his subscription, and perhaps “covert rent”  
‘ (many of the gorses were rented by individual members of the Club)  
‘ to fall into arrear, it was done usually at breakfast in the club-room,  
‘ in such a way as not only to cause amusement, but also to insure  
‘ a speedy payment.

‘ No one, however, was perhaps so closely identified with the  
‘ Lambton hounds and Sedgefield meetings for many years, as the  
‘ well-known Mr. W. H. Williamson. During the long periods  
‘ when the master after his former accidents had been unable to  
‘ hunt, his friend Billy was almost his constant guest, and had charge  
‘ of the hounds in the field, thereby gaining great knowledge and  
‘ experience both there and in the kennel. His friend Mr.  
‘ John Gregson (already referred to), who said the only place to  
‘ enjoy life is in the saddle or in bed, used to go very hard on  
‘ many good horses (his own and his friend’s, no one in those days  
‘ being so frequently mounted). He had one famous horse, The  
‘ King, by Woldsman, and a MacOrville mare he called Bean  
‘ Flower, her dam having been Will Bean’s celebrated Cock-  
‘ tail. This mare afterwards being in the possession of Sir  
‘ Maxwell Wallace, and called by him The Queen, was so highly  
‘ estimated by the fine old general, that in his quaint way he used to  
‘ say—“If I had to ride *for my* life, ‘sir, and could choose my  
‘ “horse, The Queen should go on that occasion.” Being a light  
‘ weight, “with quickness in his eye and decision in his heart,” as  
‘ was said of him by Alexander Speirs, on the occasion of his landing  
‘ well over a very wide water jump; a close seat and good hands,  
‘ John Gregson would be with them. He and Mr. W. H.  
‘ Williamson had been entered when very young boys, and the  
‘ growing taste of each of them for fox-hunting had doubtless  
‘ been strongly confirmed by the circumstance of their having  
‘ been well forward during the run, and in at the death on the  
‘ occasion of one of the most famous days of the pack on  
‘ record. In January, 1817, the run from Shincliffe Wood to Dalton-  
‘ le-Dale, where close to the old church the fox was killed after an

hour and twenty minutes in the open, and over what was then perhaps the finest line of country in the north, twelve miles from point to point, was talked of far and wide, and the master who had (on his retirement from Parliament about five years previously) undertaken the duties of huntsman on this day, on his grand old mare Mother Goose, confirmed the opinion which had previously been gaining ground, that, in the double capacity of master and huntsman, no such man had been before known.

From Newcastle and Sunderland barracks many officers, just returned to this country after Waterloo, were, as might be expected, full of "ride" during the early part of this fine run, and very numerous disasters (fatal to some of the horses) occurred in the course of it. Several of the Waterloo men, however, went well and were up at the finish. Of these General Beckwith (lately deceased), then a captain in the 14th Dragoons, was especially distinguished, not only from his being one of the finest and handsomest men in England, but also from the circumstance of his being mounted on a horse which he had made his own on the field of Waterloo, during one of the numerous charges of the French cavalry. Early in the day Beckwith's horse dropped dead under him at the moment a French officer leading the charge fell, mortally wounded. Beckwith instantly laid hold of the Frenchman's horse, and remounted himself without moving a yard from the spot. He was with his regiment at the Bristol riots, in the year of the first Reform Bill, and by his determination and excellent conduct as commanding officer, was justly entitled to the credit he received of having saved the town from the same fire and pillage which the Bishop's Palace had met with before the arrival of the 14th Dragoons. General Elphinstone, who was then in command of the 33rd Regiment, and who afterwards met so sad a fate in Cabul, and John Methold (then of the 4th Light Dragoons, and who afterwards took the name of Eden), were also in this famous run. Both the youngsters above referred to, Williamson and Gregson, in after years were the master's most frequent companions in his daily visits to the kennel, and the lightest of the two was often seen in the field upon one of the best of the Morton House stud, which was always well kept up in numbers; one of Mr. Ralph Lambton's opinions being (which he also carried out in practice) that in a hunting establishment it is, in the end, the most economical policy always to have plenty of horses—otherwise servants' horses, after a hard day, or some trifling injury, are obliged to be brought out again too soon, and are thereby seriously damaged.

The late Earl of Durham, as John George Lambton, for some few years, rode hard and straight, and had some first-rate horses but having jumped upon one of them (Cheviot) over a large fence with a deep drop into a bog, he so injured the muscles of his bridle arm, that he was obliged to give up hunting for an indefinite period and then, having become a member for the county, politics and diplomacy became his distinguished sphere of action, to the ex

clusion of fox-hunting and the turf, on which at one time he had experienced great success.

His younger brother, Mr. William Lambton, was also a fine horseman, and went well in early life; but after his marriage he lived some years abroad, and on his return to this country did not resume hunting. His son, however, the present Mr. Henry Lambton, sustains the family name and character as a horseman and excellent sportsman in the Bicester country, to which, since his Oxford days, he has, with some other friends who appreciate a fine and comparatively quiet country, free from the crowds of the neighbouring "shires," closely adhered.

The present Earl of Zetland was also a member of the Club, and used to ride long distances to meet the hounds in the Sedgefield country, and his brother the late Mr. John Dundas, whose splendid vocal powers in "Watchman, what of the Night?" and similar songs of the day, are still remembered.

Mr. John Fawcett was also for many years a well-mounted member of the Hunt, and, though very short-sighted, seldom failed to be a good second in the van; and Mr. Marshall Fowler, of Preston Hall, rode hard for many years. His neighbour from Long Newton, (not in scarlet), was a first-rate horseman and excellent sportsman. Mr. Anderson, of Northumberland, had, in later years, a large stud of hunters, and went well.

As visitors, too, from the Raby Hunt, there came occasionally that fine horseman, George Healey (the Major), with whom, on Hookey Walker, few could compete; Mr. Mark Milbank, of Thorp Perrow, afterwards, for many years, Master of the Bedale hounds; Tom Maude, of Selaby; and last, though by no means least, "Jack Trotter," who rode in wonderful form on a well-known grey, and, when upwards of seventy years of age, and riding 16 stone, went like a boy for 45 minutes, mounted on Speirs's rat-tailed mare, and, with his friend George Healey, saw the death of a celebrated fox, nearly white in colour excepting along the top of his back, which the hounds had on several former occasions run for hours in and about Foxy Hill Gorse so unsuccessfully that it was thought this strange-coloured fox must be of some unearthly nature; Mr. Serjeantson also, of Camp Hill—all these were excellent men with hounds. Jack Healey, too, a younger brother of the Major (though he had left one of his arms in the Peninsula) was nevertheless well able to get to the front. Colonel Hildyard, from Stokesley Manor House, was also, for some years, occasionally in the field.

But we are omitting too long to name one especially, who, perhaps more than most, added for some seasons to the gaiety of the Club—Alexander Speirs, of Elderslie in Renfrewshire, before referred to, who generally had ten horses at Sedgefield, and occasionally went hard. He was in himself a host in contributing to the entertainment of his friends; and his frequent companion "Bangalore," as he and others called the late Sir David Cunningham, was another of the merry ones of those days.

Whitworth Park, the seat of Mr. Duncombe Shafto (already mentioned as one of the then oldest members of the Club), a few miles from Sedgefield, was then the most hospitable house in the county; and the eldest son, now the representative of the family, and for many years one of the members for the northern division of the county, having returned with Mr. Speirs from the Continent (where they had travelled together), and just attained his majority, the old mansion at Whitworth for some years annually at the conclusion of the Sedgefield meeting about Christmas time, was the gathering-place of a famous fox-hunting party, including Mr. Ralph Lambton and several of those whose names have been mentioned. Mr. Duncombe Shafto, himself one of the most highly-bred men in appearance and manner in the kingdom, his five sons, his son-in-law, Charles Harland, of Sutton Hall, near York, who was a neat rider, well mounted, and always in his place, and Mr. Shafto's brother Tom, before mentioned, formed in themselves a tolerable party. When the covert-hacks were brought out for such a party with the Master of the hounds and other visitors, making up often a score of red-coats, all starting from the same house in a morning, it was such a sight as is, alas! not now seen in the county of Durham.

One of the five sons above referred to, the second one of the family, John, deserves more than a passing notice. He was then at Oxford, where, with his friend and countryman, John Gregson, the taste already acquired for fox-hunting was not amongst their more serious studies altogether neglected. "Griff Lloyd," who then had the management of Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds, recognised the "Hunt button" of his old friend Ralph Lambton on the coats of these "young uns" from Durham County. Philip Payne, and after him Will Long, with the Duke's very perfect pack at Ledwell and Farmington Grove; old Tom Rose, with the Duke of Grafton's at Whistley Wood; Hay, of Dunse, then Master of the Warwickshire at Woolford Wood; that fine old sportsman Sir John Cope, on the Berkshire side, and Mr. Horlock also on the same side (he had just purchased John Warde's hounds, and then had Charles Treadwell as his second whip); the Old Berkley, with the two brothers Oldacre in their long orange-plush hunting coats; and Lord Kintore, in the Vale of White Horse—all these had to be occasionally visited and duly reported on during the Christmas and Easter vacations at Morton House.

Mr. Ralph Lambton was acquainted with most of these masters, and took the greatest interest in hearing of them and their hounds in this way. Charles Apperley was then beginning to write his amusing "Tours;" but up to that time the *cacoethes scribendi* of hunting subjects had not been much developed. However, Nimrod was at this period, for the greater part of one season, established with his horses at Middleton Stoney, hunting with Sir Thomas Mostyn and the Duke of Beaufort's hounds; and having soon made the acquaintance of the young Northerners, and heard much from them of Ralph Lambton and his hounds, the next season



' found him at Sedgefield with four clever horses ; and in his " Re-miniscences " many of the events and " crack riders " of the day are recorded. Of John Shafto he says, " He had the hand and " seat of John White, and the head and judgment of a man who " had been twenty years with hounds." The promise of the early youth of the subject of these well-deserved encomiums was fully borne out in after years.

' In Huntingdonshire, where he afterwards became a resident, the name of John Shafto, not only as an accomplished horseman and such a man in the field as Sebright liked to see, but, moreover, as a most exemplary and excellent man in every relation of life, is still, and will be long remembered.

' Before we have quite done with Sedgefield, we must not omit to mention, as occasional visitors there, the late Lord Kintore, Mr. Sitwell, of Barmoor Castle, and Sir David Baird. It would be impossible to say which of the three was the most determined and resolute with hounds ; but to Sir David must be given the palm for the combined qualities which enable a man to ride in the most masterly manner through a run of some duration as a leader when the pace is really the best.

' Mr. Howard, of Greystock Castle, was also, in the latter years, at Sedgefield, and in that country, as in Gloucestershire, where from his other fine old ancestral seat of Thornbury, he hunted many years, was distinguished as an excellent man in the field.

' Mr. Christopher Mason, of Chilton, a celebrated agriculturist, was often in the field, Mr. John Wharton, of Skelton Castle, and Mr. Robert Surtees, of Redworth, Mr. Henry Maire Witham, of Lartington, Mr. C. M. St. Paul, of Ewart, Northumberland, Mr. Mathew Bell, of Wolsington, in Northumberland—for which county he was M.P.—a cousin of Major Robert Bell, late Master of the Tynedale. Mr. Mathew Culley, of Denton and Fowberry, Northumberland, a nephew of the celebrated sheep-breeder, Mr. George Hodson, of Newcastle, Mr. R. Murchison (the late Sir Roderick), all occasionally visited Sedgefield. General Sir Andrew Barnard when commanding officer of the Northern forces, hunted from Sedgefield. Mr. John Prince, of Shincliffe Hall, Mr. Edward Johnson, now Colonel Johnson, of the Deanery, Chester-le-Street, afterwards a manager to the Durham County hounds, were also often in the field. Mr. G. W. Sutton of Elton Hall, was a staunch fox preserver, planted gorse coverts both for Mr. Lambton's hounds and the Hurworth, and hunted frequently with both packs. He was the author of several good hunting songs, among them the famous " Ballanamona Ora ; or, the Hounds of Ralph Lambton for me," which was composed, in one hour and a half, after his return from hunting, and sung the same evening, to the great astonishment of his friends. His son Jack Sutton, though he does not now hunt, shows more foxes than any man in the county, and as a staunch preserver thoroughly deserves a bit of plate ; Lord Falkland of Skutterskelfe, who resided one year

' at Hardwick Hall, was fond of hunting; Mr. Thomas Waldy of Egglescliffe hunted constantly with the Lambton, and other hounds: he has talked for the last twenty years of giving up, but cannot do so, as he "likes hunting so much." Mr. Thomas Hustler of Acklam Hall, used occasionally to appear at a Long Newton Meet, Mr. George H. Wilkinson of Harperley Park, Mr. John Gregson (before mentioned) of Burdon, near Sunderland, but now, and for many years past, resident in the Bramham Moor country, where, with his friend and neighbour, Mr. Lane Fox and the York and Ainsty, he continues to hunt on every (as they say in Scotland) lawful day, and his brother George of Wardenlaw, who was also for some years a good horseman and rider both across country and on the flat, but afterwards became more known as the owner of Neville and Roaring Meg, with whom he gained the highest honours at Altcar, Mr. Wm. Mills of Durham, Mr. J. D. Lambton of Swinburn Castle, Northumberland, not related to Lord Durham's family, but whose father took the name, in addition to that of Dawson, at the request of one of the Lambton family, and Mr. John Bell of Thirsk, were all visitors to Sedgefield.

' The name of Captain Tathwell of the Blues, as a good man to hounds, should not be omitted. There were also in the field, about 1835, Mr. George Scurfield of Stockton, now of Hurworth, Mr. Henderson of Durham, Mr. Mathew Clayton of Newcastle, Mr. Thompson of Richmond, Mr. Wm. Cuthbert, now of Beaufront, Northumberland, Mr. Riddell of Cheesburn Grange, also in Northumberland, Mr. Hurt, a Derbyshire man, Mr. John Davison of Ridley Hall, Northumberland, were occasionally visitors; and Mr. Tom Grey of Norton, a neighbouring squire, highly esteemed in the hunt, Lord Dorchester, Capt. Biggs, Mr. Langham, and other officers of the 7th Hussars, would be a little before this time, as would Mr. Salkeld of Cumberland, and Mr. Charlton of Hesleyside.

' The Sedgefield Club was early established in Mr. Lambton's time, and nearly all the men of note who came to hunt with him belonged to it. The members were elected by ballot, and the annual subscription went to the earth-stopping. Their meetings, until the last ten years of Mr. Lambton's time, were held at the Hardwick Arms, where the members lived and dined every day, when the toast was, "Hard runners and short turners;" but at last Hardwick Hall was taken as the club-house. There was also the Tallyho Club, the members of which dined once a year in Newcastle in union with the members of the late Sir M. W. Ridley's Hunt. For this club local members in the Home country were balloted for, and their subscription also went to the earth-stopping. The men under Mr. Lambton, besides the Hunnans before mentioned, the younger of whom was one of the best whips ever seen, were James Shelley and Jack Winter, who was afterwards a good steady huntsman, and John Harrison, called Tom, to distinguish him from Winter.

‘ We must now, however, cast back to the time when the break up of the Lambton Hunt left the country in despair. Such a man as Ralph Lambton, and such an establishment as he had for many years maintained, it was hopeless again to expect to see; but, by the exertions of a few members of the Sedgfield Club, aided by their excellent Secretary, the maintenance of the rented coverts was in the first instance guaranteed. Then the late Marquis of Londonderry came forward and offered very handsome subscriptions on behalf of himself and his son (now Earl Vane, one of their chief supporters) towards the maintenance of a pack of hounds; and the present Earl of Durham, Lord Boyne, and others having also in the most handsome manner (inasmuch especially as there was no prospect of themselves joining in the sport) came forward in support of the cause, a general subscription list was opened, and the result was that Mr. Wm. Williamson undertook to find a pack of hounds to hunt three days a week; and in the course of a few months, by the aid of his friends (Mr. Foljambe, Sir Tatton Sykes, and Sir Mathew White Ridley, from whose kennels he principally obtained his hounds), he had, in a kennel fitted up for him by the late Mr. Russell in Hardwick Park, such a pack as enabled him at the commencement of cub-hunting, in 1838, to take the field in a creditable manner.

‘ He had secured the services of John Glover, a well-instructed pupil of John Walker, in Fifeshire, as his head man, and acting himself as huntsman, with an experienced man as second whip, the “Wynyard and Durham hounds,” as the pack was then designated, met at Wynyard Park on the first Monday in November, under better auspices than in the spring of that year could have been anticipated. Mr. Williamson mounted himself and his men well, and soon exhibited both as huntsman in the field, and in his kennel, the knowledge and skill in the handling and management of foxhounds, which his experience had led all his friends to expect.

‘ The gallant Marquis, who had not hunted for many years before, came out in the new uniform which he was specially desirous of seeing adopted by the members of the Hunt, the evening dress being also, “according to regulation,” very gay and ornamental, amongst the large assemblage of guests he so hospitably entertained at Wynyard, and, although no longer young, rode like a boy, especially upon a very handsome grey entire horse called The Hawk, sent to him from Ireland; and, as the season advanced, the great interest which was felt in the success of the new master of the hounds, and his increasing popularity in the field, raised the hope that, being also a county man, Mr. Williamson’s term of office might be of long and uninterrupted duration.

‘ In the following spring he obtained Mr. Foljambe’s most valuable young draft, and he commenced his second season with a large entry. They had, however, been carefully drilled through the summer months, and before Christmas the telling effects of the young blood in the pack became very constantly and signally

‘ apparent. Mr. Williamson’s pack were, indeed, in the short space of two years, beginning to assume the appearance of the greatest promise, when some weeks before the conclusion of that season, to the dismay of all interested in the Hunt, Mr. Williamson expressed his intention of retiring into private life. None of his friends and supporters regretted this determination more deeply than did the Marquis. It was felt to be a heavy blow to the new establishment. No other such man as Mr. Williamson, with his family and local connection, and his intimacy with so many masters of hounds in the kingdom, could, as it was well known, be found, and a collapse appeared imminent. The Marquis, however, had become much interested in the “Wynyard and Durham” Hunt, and, though he and the family were on the point of leaving England for a long period, he expressed a wish that Mr. John Gregson should take the management of the hounds, and said that he would, in that event, purchase the pack of Mr. Williamson, establish them at Wynyard, and dispense with any subscription, the Sedgfield Club, as before, continuing to undertake the payment of covert rents, stoppage, and damage.

‘ This arrangement was carried out, John Glover becoming huntsman, and “The Wynyard Hounds,” as they were then called, commenced the season of 1840 amidst the regrets of all that Mr. Williamson was no longer at their head, in the absence of the Wynyard family, and altogether in the subdued spirit of “we must wait for better times.” The season, however, had not far advanced before Mr. Williamson’s skill in the selection of the kennels from which he had formed the pack, and the care and attention which had been bestowed upon his hounds, together with the continued, faithful, and valuable services of John Glover, were remarkably exhibited. A succession of excellent sport before Christmas, followed by such a run in February as has rarely been recorded, rendered the season memorable. For an account of this extraordinary run we must refer our readers to the pages of “The “Druid” (in “Scott and Sebright”); suffice it here to say that, as a performance exhibiting the wonderful stoutness of well-bred and well-conditioned foxhounds, the feat of the eighteen couple which ran up to and killed their fox on this occasion, has never been surpassed. When Mr. Ralph Lambton, laid upon his couch, heard the details of this run, he said that, in his long experience, he had never known it equalled; and no run of the kind has since approached it, unless, indeed, it may be the Waterloo run of the Pytchley, or that of the Duke of Beaufort’s hounds from Greatwood, with the Marquis of Worcester as huntsman, the season before last.

‘ The *éclat* of the first good season of his hounds encouraged the Marquis of Londonderry to continue them; and although he and his family on their return from the Continent, found their house at Wynyard almost totally destroyed by fire, the foxhounds were not to be abandoned, and the Marquis again came out and went to the front as before. John Glover, however, entered the service of

‘ Capt. Percy Williams, with the Rufford, after his great success with the Wynyard, and was replaced by Will Price as huntsman.

‘ Price had been many years with the first Duke of Cleveland, and during the two seasons he hunted the Wynyard hounds he maintained his previously good reputation.

‘ The Marquis, however, rode too hard and too incautiously for a man so very shortsighted as he had become, and the result was that, towards the conclusion of the third season of the Wynyard hounds, he experienced a severe fall, and broke his arm.

‘ Then Mr. Russell of Brancepeth Castle and Hardwick House, both so admirably situated for hunting the two divisions of the country, came forward, purchased the hounds of Lord Londonderry, and, with his old huntsman, Robert Swinburn (Mr. Russell previously had kept an “irregular” pack of hounds at Brancepeth), undertook to hunt the whole country, except the north-eastern portion of it, which he abandoned to the coal mines and railways with which, by that time, that district especially had become much deteriorated as a hunting country. He was a fine horseman, liberal, kind, and popular, and his position in the country, as one of the largest landowners, should have rendered him especially suited for the mastership; but at the end of the first season his establishment was broken up.

‘ He generously presented the hounds to the country, and a committee being formed, consisting of Earl Vane, Colonel Tower (who, having married the only child and heiress of Mr. George Baker of Elmore, was residing there), and Mr. William Wooller of Durham (as representing Mr. Russell), a subscription was again raised. Tom Harrison (the well known “little Tom”), who since the dispersion of the Lambton Hunt had been in the service as first whip of Sir Mathew White Ridley, was engaged as huntsman. He began life as Mr. Lambton’s second whip. He was a first-rate man, a light-weight, game to the backbone, and could slip across country wonderfully. He was a general favourite, but in 1860 poor Tom hung himself in the kennel, and nobody ever knew why. He had been thirty-five seasons in this country and Northumberland together.

‘ The country was then hunted three days a week, and then as at present divided into two parts, and they used to hunt every alternate fortnight in the two countries—the North or Home country, with a kennel at Farewell Hall, near Durham; and the South country, from the kennels in Hardwick Park; the North country had by this time become very much cut up by coal-pits, but the South was still very good.

‘ The Durham is a stiff, flat, plough country, with rough, old, hairy fences, many of them on banks, with ditches that have not been cleared out for years. A horse above your weight that can go well through dirt, is requisite, and he should be able and willing to creep, and jump standing, as many cramped and awkward places

'are encountered ; the styles are also peculiar, generally being shaped like the letter V.

'Some of the best coverts are Foxy Hill and Lea Close, and 'Elstob Whin mentioned by Nimrod, and in the song, is now 'stubb'd up. There are some whinny fields there still, but no 'actual covert. The majority of the coverts in the Sedgefield 'country are gorse, and Sutton's Whin is a sure find ; also Barmpton, 'the Parson's Whin, quite a new covert, well looked after by a 'gentleman in black, one of the right sort, and it is destined, it may 'be hoped, to be as well known in history as Curate's Gorse in 'Leicestershire.

'In 1852 Colonel Tower resigned, and the Committee nominally 'continued, but, in point of fact, Mr. Williamson was master in nearly 'everything ; but in 1856 he resigned to Colonel Johnson of Chester 'Deanery, who became master in the field, assisted by Mr. J. 'Henderson, M.P. of Durham, and Mr. Wooler of Durham, who 'looked after the kennel, stables, and the general expenditure.

'In 1860 Colonel Johnson resigned, and a Committee was formed 'consisting of Earl Vane, Messrs. Henderson, Sutton, Wooler, and 'John Harvey, who was appointed master in the field ; the others, 'as Lord Vane observed, only looking on to see fair play ; and so 'it has continued up to the present time.

'Mr. Harvey is very popular, still goes well, and is always forward ; 'he is a real genuine sportsman and good master of hounds, and few 'men have ridden more miles than he has, and it may be doubted if 'any man of his age does more hard work, as I hear he gets up at 'four or five o'clock, and goes to Sedgefield to meet the hounds, 'hunts all day, and back again at night. He is a great hand at 'telling a story, and when things go wrong resorts to his snuff-box 'for consolation.

'In 1864 these hounds had an extension of country, as they got 'half of the Duke of Cleveland's, and hunted four days a week ; 'but in 1865 they returned to three days, having given up a great 'part of the old Raby country in consequence of the withdrawal of 'the 500*l.* annual subscription on the death of the Duke of Cleveland.

'Thomas Harrison, whose untimely death we have recorded, was 'succeeded by his first whip, Will Snaith, and Will Luther took his 'place ; but Snaith left in 1863 and went to the Hon. Mark Rolle, 'and then came Martin Carr from the Morpeth, and he stopped a 'short time and went to the Hurworth. Then in 1864 came James 'Wilson, from the 'Blackmore Vale, but he only staid one season 'and went to the Warwickshire, and was followed by Thomas 'Dowdeswell, who had before been with the Worcestershire and 'the Heythrop. He was four seasons with the Heythrop, three 'with Lord Middleton, and eight with Lord Macclesfield, and has 'been now six with the Durham. He has seen a good bit of service, 'and for twenty-one years has never missed a day's hunting. In 'style of hunting a fox he resembles old Jem Hills, and has apparently

taken a leaf out of his book : one peculiarity he has in his system of kennel management—which perhaps is quite his own—his hounds never have, or certainly had not, any water to drink under any circumstances, either as a necessary or a luxury.

Dowdeswell's present assistant is George Horby, from the Essex and Suffolk, who has also been with the Blackmore Vale. At the commencement of the present season a species of madness attacked these hounds, and Mr. Harvey, with the concurrence of the subscribers, very properly ordered them all to be destroyed, relying, as the event proved not without reason, on the generosity of his brother masters to send him each a few drafts wherewith to make out the season. Amongst the men going, or recently going with these hounds, are Earl Vane of Wynyard, who ever since the time of his father, Lord Londonderry, has been one of their chief supporters ; and young Lord Seaham, now at Oxford, who pays frequent visits to the kennels, and is quite looked upon as the coming man should ever a vacancy occur, is very keen, and promises to make a good sportsman, as does also a younger brother at Eton ; Mr. John Harvey of Newcastle, the master in the field, Mr. John Henderson, M.P. for Durham, the master in the kennel, the Earl of Durham of Lambton Castle, and his two sons John and Charles ; Mr. Robert Page Page, who, as Robert Seymour, was well known on a gigantic chesnut horse called the Infant, but he has now given up, Mr. W. Wooler of Durham, who has been at it all his life ; Mr. Alison of Sunderland, Mr. T. W. Waldy, who was going in Ralph Lambton's time, and his son Captain Edward Waldy ; Mr. Trotter of Bishop Auckland, killed by his horse rearing and falling on him at a meet of the Hurworth at Auckland station ; Mr. Jonathan Richardson of Shotley Bridge, commonly called the Flying Quaker, Mr. Lindsay Wood of Hetton Hall, Colonel Scurfield of Hurworth, and his son Mr. J. T. Ramsey, an old sportsman, Dr. Trotter and Mr. Faber of Stockton, and Miss Graham of the same place, Mr. Smith of Flass Hall, Mr. Richardson of Woodlands, a very good preserver, whose coverts always hold a fox, Mr. Mathew Kearney of the Ford, a very good man to hounds, never pounded but once, when Dowdeswell on old Blueskin jumped a six-foot wall with two wires on the top of it. Mr. Cookson of Neasham Hall, a breeder of racehorses, and Master of the Hurworth hounds, Mr. Anthony L. Maynard now of Newton Hall, a judge at the agricultural shows, Mr. John Waldy of Burdon Hall, a very big and heavy man, who from an accident met in the field was compelled to give up hunting towards the end of last season. He was also a regular man with the Hurworth and other neighbouring packs, and his brother the late Edward Waldy of Barmpton. Mr. Stephenson of Carr House, Mr. Augustus Hunt of Birtley, Mr. Marshall Fowler, jun., of Preston Hall, Mr. Fife, Newcastle, Captain Hunt of Birtley, Mr. C. W. Anderson of Cleadon Park, Captain David-

'son of Hardwick Hall, Mr. R. J. Johnson of Sherburn Hall  
'Mr. J. S. Sutton of Elton, Mr. Mathew Dodds, son of the  
'Member for Stockton, who also shows occasionally when he can  
'find time, Mr. W. H. Allison of Undercliff, Mr. C. L. Wood  
'of Howlish Hall, Mr. E. S. Smith of Flass Hall, Mr. Henry  
'Fawcus of Seaton Carew, Mr. Fred Davison of Durham, Mr.  
'J. M. Farell of Eighton, Mr. J. C. Straker of Willington House,  
'Mr. E. Taylor Smith of Colepike Hall, Mr. Richard Foster of  
'White House, Mr. G. W. Elliot of Pensher, Mr. R. Bowser of  
'Bishop Auckland, who for many years has kept a pack of harriers  
'as his father did before him, Mr. W. H. Scott of Newcastle, Mr.  
'J. H. Robson of Durham, Mr. F. Lamb of Newcastle, Mr. R. S.  
'Walker, Major Mann of Seaham, and Mr. Alan Greenwell of  
'Durham, Mr. Ralph Walker of Oughton, Mr. Richard Walker  
'of Seaton, Mr. W. Stephenson of Hart, Mr. W. Chilton of Billingham. Amongst farmers and tradesmen who hunt are T. Flavell  
'of Sedgfield, Parkins Fletcher of Renfre, Mathew Brunton and  
'son, Clark Nesom of Witton, Higgins, White, Greatham, and  
'Armstrong, a sporting butcher, also came out; but regular hunting  
'farmers are not very numerous in Durham, for as a body they  
'are poor, but most have sound sporting hearts. When I tell  
'you that the country is bounded by the Tynedale on the north, the  
'Hurworth on the south, the sea on the east, and the Raby on the  
'west by south, I have said all I can except its quarters and accom-  
'modation. As to accommodation for the North or Home country,  
'the County Hotel, Durham, is best; but few strangers would elect  
'to hunt amongst the coalpits and railways which now abound in  
'that district, and there are rumours that the Durham County hounds  
'will shortly abandon it and hunt altogether from Sedgfield, where  
'the Hardwick Arms, as in old times, affords good quarters.  
'From Stockton, the Sedgfield meets are all within easy reach, as  
'also those of the Hurworth and Cleveland hounds. The Black  
'Lion is the best hotel, and has good stabling.'

## WELSHERS.

'Welsher, a person who makes a bet without the remotest chance of being  
'able to pay, and, losing it, absconds, or makes himself scarce. In the betting  
'ring a welsher is very often severely handled upon his "swindling" practice  
'being discovered. . . . The word is modern, but the practice is ancient.'—  
*Slang Dictionary.*

WHILE accepting the above description as correct in the main, as far  
as it goes, we wish that some light could have been cast upon the  
derivation of a word in such common use among turfites. Various  
interpretations have been attempted, but as yet no satisfactory 'root'  
seems to have been evolved. Some persons have been so uncharitable  
to suppose that the byword was originally applied to certain inhabitants  
of the Principality, by reason of their propensities in the 'besting



line; and such interpreters have adduced for their authority the well-known nursery rhyme—

‘Taffy was a Welshman,  
Taffy was a thief;’

in support of their theory. We think it peculiarly hard that such an idea should be allowed to prevail for one moment, inasmuch as the kingdom of leeks may be described as entirely out of racing jurisdiction, having only the single opportunity of disporting itself on the Rhoddey during Chester week, boasting of but one training establishment, and that a comparatively insignificant one, the home of the ancient and dilapidated racer, under W. Scott’s direction, at Holywell. The rugged Cambrian mountains are better fitted for the pasturage of pony droves than for the nurture and development of that tender plant the thoroughbred, and their inhabitants, save in the southernmost districts, see no signs of the great national pastime springing up among them, and trouble her Majesty’s Exchequer for no questionable grant in the shape of Royal Plates. ‘Sir Watkin’ and Sir Richard Bulkeley are their representative sportsmen; and while the heart of the former is rather with his ‘spotted darlings’ on the Wynnstay flags, the brown and white of the Anglesea Baronet has known no prosperous times since the days of Old Calabar, though Fortune has, from time to time, shown him glimpses of good things to come, and may hasten ere long to crown the edifice of his hope.

The welsher, pure and simple, is derived from no particular section of humanity, and needs no special education to fit him for a calling which he can pursue or relinquish at pleasure. The qualifications for his business are few, and easily attained. Some sort of aspect of respectability, a good pair of lungs, unlimited impudence, a borrowed name of known solvency, and a choice vocabulary of abuse, comprise his stock-in-trade. He rather runs to ‘sealskin vests’ and curly-brimmed tiles, and much affects the flash jewellery line. His swagger and bounce are prodigious, and his prices proportionately liberal, while he was never yet known to be full against any animal. As before intimated, his origin is uncertain, and his knowledge of horse-flesh and of his parentage equally limited. He hunts his prey singly and in gangs. The welsher who goes on his own hook has to rely mainly on fleetness of foot and cleverness in eluding his pursuers, and sedulously shrinks from any interview with his clients after a losing race. The more organised cliques rely mainly on violence and abuse for carrying their ends, and either put on the injured innocence deportment when appealed to for payment, or attempt by intimidation to stop their victims’ mouths. One of the lowest tribe of bruisers is generally attached to this company of free-lances, who varies his winter entertainment of garotting by a summer circuit at race-meetings. Wherever the carcasses of victims abound, there a flight of such harpies is certain to congregate; but their favourite fields of rapine are at metropolitan gatherings, where, as a writer in the ‘Times’ lately most justly remarked, ‘People do very much as

'they like. . . . Stewards are difficult to find, and "perform-  
' "ances" are more leniently criticized than they are under the eye  
' of the Admiral and his coadjutors.' Many of these welshers have  
seen better days in the ring, and are liable to be expelled at any  
moment as defaulters; but they have long ceased to attract any  
notice from the respectable members, who have their own business to  
attend to, and do not suffer from their proximity. The customers  
of these harpies are selected with infinite adroitness, and, by means  
of hair and dress, they assume as many disguises as names. Perhaps,  
after all, a list at some confederate's booth is their favourite sphere of  
action, where they are ready to lay the odds to eighteen pence, and,  
by a clever combination at the right moment, to hustle any awkward  
customer whose ignorance may have led him to defy the 'grand com-  
pany' of welshers.

Summary vengeance is the order of the day against these gentry;  
and at most of our principal gatherings a 'welsher hunt' forms part  
of the day's proceedings, affording infinite amusement to all save the  
scapegoat of the hour. When the numbers go up on the telegraph-  
board at the conclusion of a race, some one who has persistently  
stuck to and watched his man, pounces on him before he has time to  
sneak out of the enclosure, and an exciting run follows the find.  
A welsher is fair game, and the indignant crowd waxes larger and  
more importunate for revenge. The victim never knew he had so  
many friends before; and his hand placed on the rascal's collar is the  
sign for the anxious pack to commence 'breaking-up' the pale,  
entreating wretch in their midst. His hat has long since been trodden  
under foot; and he only avoids strangulation by parting with his  
neckcloth and flash pin. He parts company with his 'upper Ben-  
jamin' by trying to give his persecutors the slip through his sleeves;  
and his under-coat is soon hanging in shreds about him, and his bag  
and pockets rifled of their contents. Aided by a few accomplices in  
the crowd, he makes a grand fight for the enclosure railings, to which  
he clings like grim death, fearing to be cast over to a still more  
hungry pack on the course. With a savage yell he is lifted off his  
feet, and pitched over the palisades, and ere he falls among another  
crowd, still intent upon harrying him to the end, his shirt is pulled  
backwards over his head, and waved in triumph like an enemy's flag.  
The 'blue brigade' look grimly on, declining to interfere either way,  
though cries for mercy are pitifully raised, and the half-naked wretch,  
partially freed from his tormentors, slinks like a beaten fox towards  
his city of refuge among the canvas booths. But his pursuers have  
made a fresh rally, and even accomplices deny him a sanctuary  
behind their counters or in their stables. Forward he rushes, caring  
nothing for the flight of sticks, of which he must run the gauntlet on  
his way past the 'knockemdowns,' ignoring danger from the troop of  
horses tethered behind the caravans, until at last he reaches the open  
heath beyond, and, dashing through the furze and brambles, makes for  
some gipsy encampment in the distance, where we will leave him to  
the tender mercies of the dark-eyed Egyptian, to emerge from his

retirement ere long, and carry on, perchance, with better fortune his profitable little game.

We can account for the venture being a lucrative one only by the supposition that no man short of a lunatic would run such risks of limb, or even life, for a mere uncertainty. There are always plenty of innocents ready to come up smiling to the slaughter; but still we doubt whether the supply is equal to the demand, considering the number of 'safe men' who must absorb a large share of public patronage. Occasionally we hear of some very old and wary bird having his tail salted by the 'besting' fraternity, and we much doubt whether the 'cutest cove could put his hand to his heart and deny the soft impeachment of having been welshed, even when well past the dangerous stage of inexperience. It is only one out of many who carries out his determination of exposure and castigation; hence we may guess at the number of those who never breathe a whisper of their misfortunes, but are content to suffer in silence. And the tribulation is one more difficult to be borne, because it is an invariable rule with the brotherhood to decline to negotiate unless the money is posted, so that a presumed winner over a race may become an actual loser. To the quietest and most philosophic spirit such 'losses' must be gall and wormwood indeed.

The greatest inducement for the ignorant and greedy to patronize these impostors is held out by their readiness to do business at the most liberal and remunerative odds, and by the very wide range which their speculation professes to take. They will write you down the odds to a monkey with the same bland indifference as to a dollar, and will cheerfully lay against animals for places in the smallest fields. They work successfully upon the cupidity of the public, who distinctly decline to be warned by any example, and hasten, like moths, to singe their wings in the flame. We suppose it will always be so to the end of time; for, if we cannot prevent country parsons and widows of small means embarking in presumably legitimate speculations promising to yield a large percentage, how can we expect to warn a still more ignorant class against resorting to those who hold out the most tempting baits in the illegitimate, and therefore more seductive, business of betting. Names, too, go a long way; and it is not suspected that they have been assumed before the murder is out. Lastly, the multitude, like a flock of sheep, follow one another, led on by some crafty old bell-wether of a flock which numbers only black sheep, and lives by crook rather than by hook.

Welshing is generally supposed to be confined to racecourses; but of late years, when the interest taken in sport has so marvellously increased the circulation of sporting prints, and since advertising has been brought within the reach of all, needy adventurers have discovered a profitable vein of ore, hitherto unworked, in the shape of sham commission-agencies and systematic swindles. Innumerable methods of raising the wind have become known to these Jeremy Diddlers; and their game is safer than that of their brother-welshers, who have at least to risk their persons for the sake of plunder. The

advertising scoundrel has no occasion to show himself, and can conduct a most lucrative business by the cheap expedient of hiring a door-bell, or having his correspondence addressed to some low pot-house, with the proprietor of which he may be in league. He can change his address weekly, and his name as often as occasion requires, and, Proteus-like, assume a hundred different forms to attract grist to his mill. His list of prices is long and liberal; and his patrons are informed that, for a ludicrously small investment, a patent system will be disclosed, and a new El Dorado opened to the faithful few. Moreover, these advertisers enjoy the exceptional advantage of having their lying programmes inserted in close proximity to those of safe and honourable men, so that strangers, fondly imagining that the respectability of the paper is a guarantee for the *bona fide* character of its advertisements, do not care to look further into the matter, but naturally select that market where prices rule most liberally, and where other advantages are announced to be included. This is welshing in its worst form, inasmuch as the sufferers have literally no redress whatever, not even the poor satisfaction of stripping and ducking the impostor. Happily, such rascals are not permitted their former liberty, and the pages of the more respectable organs are closed to their magnificent announcements; but still, at times, there are signs of their reappearance, which the public would do well to be on the watch for and guard against. We hardly know whether to include the 'thirteen-stamp' fraternity among the welshing interest; but if their system of sending different horses to every subscriber (as far as the list will go), and then boasting of their success, and soliciting a share in the gains—if this be not actually welshing, a remarkably close relation must be admitted to exist between the two practices. But perhaps a minute grain of fair and open dealing may incline their scale downwards, and they may be said to exist on the debateable ground between honesty and its opposite.

The victims of welshers neither receive nor deserve any great amount of pity; neither is it likely that the reformers of society, who affect to ignore betting transactions, will ever interest themselves on behalf of a section of the community which they believe to be served justly for presuming to bet at all. Indeed, the 'unco guid' find it convenient to have such persons to point at as exemplifying the dishonesty and immorality of racing, and from their misfortunes to point a moral against the institution of the Turf.

As to any system for the suppression of welshing, the most sanguine Turf optimists have long since given up all idea of it, even as the medical profession has confessed its inability to extinguish quackery. They can only raise a warning voice, and what will that avail to those who have determined to be drowned and that nobody shall help? Like all other schemes devised by philanthropists for the good of mankind, any attempt to abate the welshing nuisance must be undertaken by the sufferers themselves, and, as Lord Derby said of sanitary measures, the classes proposed to be benefited thereby must bestir themselves, and meet their intending benefactors half way. Welshers

may be reckoned as a very insignificant body among those engaged in racing pursuits, and those whose sense and experience induces them to deal only with safe men may affect to ignore their evil influence among the humbler followers of sport; but the efforts of every true lover of our national pastime should be directed towards its purification, for the sins it has at present to answer for are too grievous a burden for it to bear. Every defaulting apprentice or roguish counter-jumper is ready to attribute the breakage of tills or abstraction of goods to betting propensities; and, what is more, legal authorities, from the highest to the lowest, are but too prone to accept such versions of their temptations made by offenders. Moreover, every 'Tommy Goodchild' of society, or drivelling Mawworm in want of a text, considers himself at liberty to indulge in mud-throwing at the Turf as at some wretch in a pillory. Of the quantity thrown it is well known some will stick, until at last its detractors really begin to believe in the inventions they have taken such pains to circulate. We do not anticipate any reaction of feeling in favour of the Turf; but we demur to its being dragged down to any lower depths by individuals who argue its state from the worst features surrounding it, and who look upon welshers as typical of the general condition of persons busying themselves with racing matters.

AMPHION.

## WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

### NO. IX.

THE great cover of Laz, where M. de St. Prix's hounds were appointed to meet at eight o'clock that morning, being at some distance from Gourin, the chasseurs at the Cheval Blanc, some of them, I fear, with very heavy heads, were up and astir long before daylight, and, as the wassail of the previous evening had been maintained to a late hour, the snatches of sleep enjoyed by the last of the revellers must have been short indeed and disturbed to the uttermost extent. The little square in front of the hotel had been traversed the live-long night by peasants assembling for the hunt; of whom it would be difficult to say whether their tongues or iron-shod sabots made the greater noise; added to which the horses in the stable hard by, wherein nothing in the shape of a stall existed, the most unruly being separated by a bar only from each other, kept up a ceaseless turmoil and contention during the whole night. Then followed the inevitable horns; the performers thereon standing like maniacs at open windows in their shirt sleeves, too-tooing for their lives 'Le point du Jour,' and disturbing not only every soul in Gourin, but the affrighted wolves in the neighbouring forest of Conveau.

The misery of that Monday morning, however hopeful the prospect, I shall never forget; and even at this moment the thought of it strikes a chill upon my bones. The wind was at north-

cast, bitterly cold and stormy, and, blowing in fitful gusts, brought down heavy showers of rain and snow alternately; still, was not Laz the meet; and were there not twelve couple of strong, roaring hounds, eager to rouse the grisly boar from his lair and pursue him to the death, even now trotting across the little *Place* in front of my window? The very sight of them, as the grey light of morn enabled me to catch just a glimpse of their mottled sides, acted on my spirits like an electric spark. I shouted to 'Marie,' the stereotyped name of the Breton women, to bring me my stockings, which, with my other *uvida vestimenta*, had been suspended the night before within the chimney nook. Alas! my Highland hose had fallen into the live wood embers, and the mere tops of them, brought in by a young chasseur, with a broad grin on his face, alone remained to attest the fact; the rest had been turned into tinder. This was vexatious enough; but the unsuppressed laugh of the youth chafed me to the quick; and, had he not been a bidden guest of St. Prix's, I should have certainly hurled him out of the room without farther ceremony. However, I smothered my wrath as I best could; and, requesting him to throw the rags on the floor, proceeded to pull on the pair of thin cotton stockings lent me by Keryfan the night before, my own baggage not being expected by the diligence before mid-day. But this was only the prelude to far greater annoyance and discomfort: my hunting-boots, at least the feet of them, were still sopped with wet; and although I emptied a lot of burning wood-cinders and tossed them rapidly to and fro inside the boots (just as a man shakes shot in a bottle he is attempting to clean), and then wiped them out with a pocket handkerchief, my feet in five minutes were wet and cold as a lump of snow.

Few men, however hardy their nature or inured to discomfort, care to put on dirty boots, to say nothing of wet ones, on a hunting morning; but on such a morning as this, ye gods, defend me from a similar fate for the rest of my life! Nothing but young blood, and the prospect of a day's sport, enabled me to 'grin and bear it' on this occasion. Nevertheless, bad as the start was, my own personal discomfort distressed me far less than the scene I witnessed inside the stable. Within sight and within a few yards of the horses a young wolf, three-parts grown, was chained to the opposite manger: a strong iron muzzle secured his jaws together, and his wild, wicked eyes told but too plainly the necessity for such a measure. Every horse in the stable was sweating with terror; not one, as I afterwards found, had dared to lie down: my own brave little cob was trembling like a brook-reed; not a grain of his corn had he touched, nor a mouthful of hay. There the wild brute, I was told, had been chained for a month, and was getting every day more accustomed to horses and less violent in his struggles for liberty. The latter I could well believe, as, judging from his lanky, famished look, he was all but starved to death; and as to his becoming familiar with horses, it is quite certain they would never become reconciled to his company.

The 'sacristies' of my friends whose horses had been quartered

in that stable were of little avail : the mischief had been done ; and we mounted, each of us, our trembling steeds unfed and half-jaded before the work of the day had begun. The light-heartedness of my companions, however, on our way to cover soon made us forget this annoyance ; although, from the rocky and roadless mountain ridge over which we passed between Gourin and Laz, freshness and the full possession of his muscular power were very needful to a horse in his transit over this broken ground ; and great care was required by the rider to avoid the grips and rock-holes that presented themselves on every side. Still, we were all landed in safety, about eight o'clock, at the cover-side ; so far well, but to have attempted more with our already beaten horses would have been an act of sheer brutality. A short consultation ensued ; and a suggestion of Keryfan's that we should put up our horses and run with the hounds, as the peasants did, for the rest of the day, was at once agreed to as the only solution for this difficulty : and to it, chilled as I was by my damp clothes and slow riding, I probably owed my escape on that occasion from rheumatic fever or a like ailment.

It so happened that the cover-owner was present, the Comte de Kerjeguz (I hope he will pardon the phonetic liberty I take with his Celtic name), who, overhearing our conversation, was kind enough to offer his stables for our use, and, moreover, to send our horses so far, not a mile off, under the care of his own servants. Accordingly, this being done, our anxieties vanished for the day ; every man—and there were six of us in the same predicament—at once joined the hounds on foot : an arrangement, as it afterwards proved, by no means disadvantageous to us, as we were thus enabled better to view the sport and take up our position in rocky and precipitous parts of the cover which, on horseback, would have been utterly inaccessible.

The pack was a short one, only eight couple out of the twelve having been selected for the dangerous duty anticipated in these covers, the other four—Cæsar being conspicuous amongst them from his great size and badly-scarred face—were chiefly wolfers ; and, partly on that account, and partly because St. Prix feared the additional risk that a larger body of hounds would run, these were despatched with the horses to M. de Kerjeguz's stables. The result, however, did not confirm the Louvetier's apprehension.

At half-past eight o'clock exactly two couple of hounds were thrown into cover, on the edge of a ravine, into which several well-worn paths, hollowed out by use, and bearing the fresh track of pig on their surface, led directly down to the rocky fastnesses in the glen below. Not a word of encouragement did the hounds need ; but, dashing at once into the brushwood, in one second they were out of sight, and, in another, throwing their tongues so vigorously that an inexperienced hand would have concluded the game was afoot and they swinging after it like tenor bells. But St. Prix, at least, knew better ; so did the hounds coupled at his heels : with ears puckered forward and deep furrows indenting their faces, indicative of intent

thought and earnestness, they stood mute and still as statues, evidently, however, noting every change in the cry, and apparently aware that their time for action had not yet arrived.

Some forty years ago, the well-known Devonshire Squire, George Templer, had a hound called Guardsman that, so long as hounds were drawing or even running the drag with much music—not in those days considered so great a barbarism—never quitted his horse's heels: but, the moment the fox was really up, then went Guardsman to the front, and held his own there against all comers. I have heard Mr. Templer say that the hound was most valuable to him for that very quality; inasmuch, as frequently in the deep covers he hunted, when hounds were all but out of hearing and their notes undistinguishable by him, Guardsman would let him know the very instant the fox was found: like an arrow from the bow he sped forth, and never stayed his course till he had run him to ground or brought the fox's head home in his own jaws. I speak of sport antecedent to the period of the 'Let-'em-alones,' when a pack of foxes were literally kept in kennel by Mr. Templer, and turned out as bagmen before those hounds, and when horsemen, like the Rev. Henry Taylor and John Templer, more like centaurs than men, rode over that rough country as if they were carried by winged dragons, and not by mere horse-flesh such as we see in the present day; men, who so long as honour, manliness, and genial sociality are valued, will long be remembered in the county of Devon with unqualified respect and affection.

But, hark back! I am over the line, and getting somewhat riotous; the two couple of hounds are doubling their tongues with great animation, and quickly getting further and further away from us into the depths of the cover. Luckily, however, they are working up-wind, and the faithful echoes, borne back on the favouring breeze, report progress with the speed and fidelity of an electric wire. St. Prix, seated on Barbe-Bleu, is silent and motionless as the statue of Marcus Aurelius; every peasant has left him and followed the chase, and the hounds too, still in couples at his heels, but for the whip of a piqueur, would have also joined the cry long since. St. Prix beckons to me and almost whispers (for his ear is still fixed on the drag) that the boar, in order to be sure that the coast is clear, invariably retires up-wind to his lair, and almost as invariably traverses back over the foiled ground when he is pressed in the chase; so, pointing to a rocky knoll about forty yards below us in the cover, he recommends me to station myself at that point and await the result.

A sudden change in the cry is now noticeable; the hounds' tongues, hitherto growing every moment more and more indistinct, are now turned towards us, and every note is heard short, sharp, and earnest, as if the strife had begun and the hounds were actually on the haunches of the game. Louis Trefarreg, the chief piqueur, stood by, keeping his eye fixed on St. Prix, and expecting his order to uncouple some more hounds; but the Louvetier, hearing the cry draw nearer and nearer, and suspecting there were more pigs than one afoot, gave no sign as yet; the horn only was held in readiness,



and one blast from it would send 'the relay' headlong from their leashes.

One, two, three ringing reports from the peasants' guns in the ravine below made my pulse throb audibly; a state of excitement that was not a little increased by my catching an occasional view of at least four or five large pigs close in front of the hounds; the biggest of them, which proved to be an old sow, bringing up the rear, and covering, as best she could, the retreating herd. Their heads, too, as they galloped over the rocky ground on the opposite side of the gully, were pointing directly for the spot on which I stood; and, unless untowardly headed, another minute or two would bring them within easy range of my smooth-bore; and as both barrels were charged with the *balle-mariée*, I confidently anticipated turning two of them into bacon without the shadow of a miss or difficulty.

St. Prix, who never carried with his hounds any weapon but his *couteau-de-chasse*, had on this expedition, for the sake of the suffering peasant-farmers, requested his friends to bring their guns, and to shoot down every pig, young or old, that gave them the chance of doing so. To myself, as being a novice at the sport, he was kind enough to give a few cautionary hints, one of which, I have no hesitation in saying, was the means of saving me from a most dangerous encounter: 'Be sure,' said he, 'when you are choosing your position for a shot at a pig, not to choose it too near a run or foot-path, but some yards wide of it; and secondly, in case you should wound and not kill your game, it is always well to station yourself under the horizontal bough of a large tree, so low that, in emergency, you may spring up, seize it with both hands, and so lift yourself a few feet above the ground. This move will securely place you beyond reach of the boar's tusks, and the animal, thus foiled, will pass instantly on.'

The first part of this good advice I had grossly neglected, not having observed that the portion of rocky ground on which I stood was completely denuded of moss, and was, in fact, the well-worn run and highway of the pigs; so, instead of getting a broadside shot as they passed, I had to take them 'stem on,' or 'fore and aft,' as I best could—a manifest disadvantage that exposed me to imminent danger, and, but for the impending bough, would probably have brought me to grief. As four of them advanced rapidly in single file, the old sow being about twenty yards astern, and two couple of hounds close on her haunches, I brought my gun to bear on the leading pig, touched the trigger, and over he went, dead and motionless as a bag of sand; the other three dashed on one side, and keeping a huge boulder between me and them, evaded my sight; so my second barrel was reserved for the old brute now close at hand. Seeing the dead pig in her path, and doubtless concluding that I was the cause of the calamity, she charged at once, and with such an impetus that no time was left me to choose my aim, or even to guard against the chance of killing one of the hounds: so I fired in her face, and down she came head-foremost at my feet. But the

brute was not dead : my *balle-mariée* had glanced from her forehead, and, merely stunning her for the moment, she struggled on her legs and again came at me with a savage rush. I had just time, however, to back a yard or two, spring up and catch the friendly bough overhead ; then, drawing up my legs, she shot under me and passed instantly forward, with the hounds still at her heels.

At that moment St. Prix, viewing the single pig, had thrown in a fresh 'relay ; and these, some two couple or more, forcing the pace, soon brought her to bay under a shelving rock within fifty yards of the cover-edge. Before I could re-load and reach the spot, St. Prix, on foot, was tearing to the scene, his whip in his left hand and his *couteau* gleaming in the right ; and, without pausing an instant or looking out for 'vantage-ground, he went straight into the fray, and with one quick, powerful stroke of his weapon, the fierce pig rolled dead at his feet.

'Not a hound scratched !' was his first joyous exclamation, as I hurried forward to lend him, as I hoped, a hand ; 'but,' he continued, 'my teeth chattered when I saw you take that last shot : and how old 'Balafré escaped destruction will be a mystery to me so long as I live.'

'Well, it was a close shave and a snap shot, I admit ; but the old brute charged so unexpectedly and so furiously that there was little time for reflection : I could not, however, see the hound when I touched my trigger.'

Old Balafré at that moment was giving the most demonstrative proof of his being not only uninjured, but in the highest condition of warlike vigour : with the grip of a vice, only relaxed to catch a fresh hold, his jaws were fastened on the throat of the quivering pig ; and even when the peasants, who were employed to carry off the carcase, attempted to remove it, the hound still clung to his hold with the savagery of a bulldog.

Both pigs were now borne in triumph to an open space in the cover below ; whence they could easily be removed on the back of a Brittany pony to those peasants' farms which had suffered most from their depredations. Then sounded the death-note from St. Prix's horn, loud and long, which not only awakened a wild response from the thousand echoes of the glen, but roused at least a dozen other horns into action from different parts of the cover. Nor was the sound an uncertain one to the peasants, who, to the number of one hundred or more, now gathered together round the dead prey, and loudly applauded the success of the chase. Considering the value of the meat to such a population, living chiefly on farinaceous and vegetable diet—and of that possessing but a scanty store—it might have been expected that much jealousy would have been shown in its distribution, and that those who had suffered most from the porcine plunderers, would expect the lion's share of the booty ; but, if felt, there was certainly no such feeling expressed by a single peasant : no shuffling for the bag ; but, on the contrary, the sport alone seemed to satisfy all.

The usual council of war—the most tedious of all meetings as practised by our Gallic neighbours at a cover-side—now ensued ; and after a long discussion, in which every one present had something to say, it was determined to clap the hounds on the line of the three pigs already viewed, before a fresh draw was made, especially as they were all full-grown animals, and immediate sport would be the probable result. One or two adventurous spirits had long tales to tell about the size and fierceness of a monster boar that frequented Laz : they knew, they said, his very homestead among the granite rocks, overhanging the waterfall in the vale below ; he was black as ink, his bristles were nearly a foot long, and his tusks a fabulous size—every oak-stump on that quarter, on which he used to wet them, gave token of their mighty strength and gashing power. St. Prix's mouth watered as they spoke, and gladly would he have gone at once to search for this monster pig ; but discretion prevailed, and the thought of saving his hounds from the never-failing consequences of attacking a '*solitaire*' turned the scale ; so away he trotted, cap-in-hand, in pursuit of the younger and less dangerous game.

In less than ten minutes from that time, the four couple of hounds that had already distinguished themselves were again swinging away merrily on the line of the three pigs ; the peasants, too, had disappeared, posting themselves at different points of the cover ; while such of them as possessed not the *permis-de-chasse* were hurrying stealthily back to resume the muskets they had hidden during the short suspension of the chase. That this was a necessary precaution on their part was clearly demonstrated, not only by the presence of three or four gendarmes in cocked-hats and full accoutrements, but by their seizure of one peasant's gun, the owner thereof not being able to produce the legal qualification. This episode in the chase would have unquestionably led to serious results, as the blood of the peasants was fairly roused, and they were ripe for a row or any violence needed to rescue the gun and defy the law. But St. Prix, either informed of the *fracas*, or coming accidentally to the spot, most opportunely interposed, and by whispering a few words to the peasants, like oil on the troubled waters, those words seemed at once to calm their passion and still the storm : the crowd separated again ; the peasants returning to the chase, and the gendarmes marching off in triumph with their one captured gun.

In the meantime the hounds were still running hard, though several shots had been fired in the same direction, but apparently without bringing them to a check. At length, after a continuous burst of wild music for more than two hours, the hounds sticking like glue to their game ; three rapidly successive shots brought the din of war to a sudden lull ; then almost instantly followed a ringing blast from Keryfan's horn ; and every chasseur, noble, and peasant, from the cover-head on the Black Mountain down to the rocky stream roaring at its base, knew the import of that joyous note ; they knew the strife was over, and the chase brought to a successful end. The three pigs had, one by one, fallen to the peasants' guns ;

and thus far, at least, was St. Prix made supremely happy, by again being able to say, 'Not a hound scratched in the fray.'

The peasants, too, rejoiced over the slain; but, as before, conducted themselves with the utmost propriety, not a murmur being heard as to the distribution of the meat. The pigs on an average weighed at least two hundredweight a-piece; and each being divided into four quarters, half a hundredweight of the best bacon-pork fell to the lot of no less than twenty peasants, making, for the time being, ample compensation to them for the loss of their chesnuts and the damage done to their crops in the last harvest. Nor were the boars' heads promised to Marcellier forgotten; two of the deputation that had visited Carhaix remarking that the hospitable reception they had met with at la Tour d'Auvergne, and the success that followed it, rendered them his debtors for the rest of their lives.

The *chasse*, and the arrangements consequent therefrom, fully occupied St. Prix and the peasants till the hour of three in the afternoon; and then, as the ardour of man and hounds had been somewhat chilled by a heavy snow-storm that blackened the sky and whitened the ground, the Louvetier announced his intention of returning to Gourin without further disturbing the cover; a move that, considering the day's sport and the busy work expected on the morrow with the Count de Kergoorlas's hounds, seemed to give general satisfaction.

## KANGAROO IN THE CAB-RANK.

### A SONNET.

Twelve thousand in the shafts !—'tis come at last—  
 Was it for this the Spider's sober black  
 You changed, to flutter, as the Hastings crack,  
 A Fly's short life too quickly overpast ?  
 I mark him shrinking from the wintry blast  
 That sweeps some bare inhospitable street ;  
 In place of scarlet coronetted sheet  
 A tattered rug across his quarters cast !  
 Where is thy conscience, Paddy, thus to spurn  
 Ignobly one so highly prized erewhile ?  
 Does not thy heart with indignation burn  
 For him who such a fortune could beguile,  
 Who served so well thy profitable turn ?  
 Sublime impostor of the Rowley mile !

A.

## THE BILLESDON COPLOW.

'Wit is the flavour of the mind—it teaches age, and care, and pain to smile.'  
 SYDNEY SMITH.

THE writer of this notice has a faith in the maxim that 'Wit is the flavour of the mind,' and this is his only plea for offering a few details on the subject of an old and well known, but witty poem. It is hoped that the plea will be admitted. The poem on the celebrated run from the Coplow of Billesdon was written so far back as 1800; and the incidents recorded in it, and 'the names, weights, and colours of the riders,' are all of men of a past age. These are all now gone to their long account; but as they were, many of them, among the remarkable men of their day in the hunting field, their names and their exploits still live and are fresh in the annals of the 'mighty hunters' of their time. It might have been thought, nevertheless, that in this over-busy age, when the fact of to-day obliterates the circumstance of yesterday, any interest in the 'time long ago' of the famous Coplow day and its incidents would have quite died out. But wit does not die out. It is the flavour ever fresh; for only last year, there having been made some accidental mention in print of the Billesdon Coplow poem, there arose a general demand in the sporting world for its republication. It was accordingly given in full, with the notes, in 'Bell's Life.' The meaning of this demand was, that the new generation wanted to know for itself what was this famous poem of the olden time of which they saw extracts and to which they heard allusions made from time to time. A short notice, then, on this classic of sporting literature, and its story may not be without its interest.

The author of the poem was a Hampshire gentleman, a member of the H. H. hunt. Being on a visit to a friend who resided in the neighbourhood of Melton, he was offered by his host a mount on a young thoroughbred horse which had never seen hounds. The author rode the young horse to a meet of the Quorn hounds, then hunted by the famous Mr. Méynell. He had no idea of riding the horse through a run, for which he was, of course, quite unfit, but only went to *look on*, and have a gallop. But where is the man who can answer for himself if he finds himself in a good place, and hounds run, and there is a scent, and the horse has going stuff in him?

The Quorn on that eventful morning did not do much with their first fox. It was a cold morning with a cutting wind. But at two o'clock they found their second fox in the Coplow. The Coplow is the name of a gentleman's seat, forming the extreme end and pitch of a long, steep-sided, hog-backed winding hill. This projects from the hilly country towards Melton out into the Vale or open lower waving country westward towards Leicester. On the highest point of the winding hill which forms a sort of amphitheatre, at about three miles distance, is the village of Tilton, and a good road runs all along

the summit from the Coplow to this village, with a slope upwards. The village of Billesdon lies in the bottom in the midst of deep pastures, between the Coplow and Tilton, the high hog-backed amphitheatre curving round it on nearly three sides. The fox was found in a hanging covert behind the house, and breaking down the hill towards Billesdon, and leaving that on his right, put his head straight for Tilton. The ground was all in pasture, with bullfinch fences. The select few rode with the hounds—

‘ Villiers, Cholmondeley, and Forester made such sharp play,  
Not omitting Germain, never seen till to-day ;  
Had you judged of these four by the trim of their pace,  
At Bib’ry you’d they’d thought been riding a race,’

but the mass of the field rode cunning ; they did not descend the hill from the Coplow, but kept the road on the winding summit, having the hounds below them in the valley on their right. This does not appear in the poem as published, but in the original MS. of the author is the following account of this first part :—

• ‘ The burst up to Tilton so brilliantly run.’

It may here be said that the writer of this notice has been allowed to use the original MS., and he is permitted to give now to the public some considerable portions of the poem which the author at the time omitted, thinking they made it too long. The writer ventures to think that they are worthy of their original places, and have the same smack about them as the others. Thus :

‘ But these hounds with a scent how they dash and they fling,  
To o’erride them is quite the impossible thing.  
At starting descending that desperate vale,  
‘Stead of *skirting*\* the hill, to tell † could not fail.  
E’en regaining with *Loadstone* and *Raven*,‡ that hill  
Was enough many country good horses to kill.  
Arrived at the top, and just gulping for breath  
To avoid the mad staggers, or, perhaps, sudden death,  
To fall in with the hill nags when we could scarce creep  
As they poured from around the amphitheatre’s sweep,  
Slap dash, seeming cloud-dropped, at three-quarters speed  
None of us could then compass e’en those thoroughbred ;  
Or from stage scenes behind, being all in the secret  
By the trap-door from Coplow to Tilton to migrate ;  
A encounter so sudden it put me in mind  
Of a flight of young pigeons when right ‘fore the wind,  
Or the whiz of an arrow shot out of a bow ;  
Now by them and their pace to be taken in tow

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\* *A skirter*, one who avoids the hounds on all occasions of a run, and makes his point by road to the probable point of the fox, so as to be there first, and receive him on his arrival—to the satisfaction of the whole field.

† *To tell*. When a horse has been ridden nearly to a standstill, and rolls into a ditch, and lies there on his back, the pace is said to tell on him ; and as his feet are uppermost, where his tail should be, the position is said to tell a tale.

‡ *Raven* was the name of the huntsman, and *Loadstone* that of his horse.

Was enough to have shook stouter nerves than were mine,  
 And disordered for ever the whole *Palatine*.\*  
 While we slaved and were ploughing much deeper than hoof,  
 On the hill every Pegasus kept them aloof;  
 Had they all been with us in the valley beneath—  
 They avoided so wise as the valley of death—  
 With the hounds their ascension, I shrewdly suspect,  
 Would have proved most remarkably choice and select;  
 If many, indeed, perhaps famed on the flat,  
 Had not ended their sport there, or haply, though late,  
 They had managed to reach the steep height, their dim eye  
 Might have viewed, not the hounds, but their fate only nigh.'

No doubt it was galling to the select few who had ridden with the hounds, to find, on their reaching Tilton, rather blown, the field arrived already, undistressed, at a smart canter by the road. But here the short-lived triumph of the skirter came to an end; for the fox, instead of going on over Tilton Hill to some coverts, his original point, was headed, and turned away to the right, and faced the open for Skeffington. Those with the hounds and the skirter were now all together, and the struggle began for the latter to live with the hounds. The whole country was in grass; and the author records, in another part of the yet unpublished MS., that,

'But one field we rode that was not laid in grass.'

Oh, ye Hampshire men of high, cold fallows and flinty bottoms, only imagine—if you can—this happy hunting-ground of twenty-eight miles of grass on a dry day!

The fox, on leaving Skeffington, took a line bearing still more to his right, for Galby. In fact, at starting he had run up wind, nearly due east, and this, being 'uninvitingly keen,' was perhaps one reason of his giving up his original point and turning south. Then he turned west, and ran down wind from Skeffington the whole distance to Enderby. It was in the part of the run to Galby that the author describes, in the original MS., his own mishap—his 'one rattling fall':—

'As the pace now old *Marplot*† or Magic maintain,  
 So now Villiers, now Forester, Cholmondeley, Germain,  
 Take the lead in their turn 'mong the Nimrods, as each  
 By speed, by quick eye, and by nerve the pack reach.  
 On these *guides* ‡ any stranger may safely depend  
 If he's duly prepared to meet his last end.  
 Not on things on the earth is concentrated their love,  
 Their affections are set upon things far above;  
 Even Herschell himself with much wonder would stare  
 To see these bright meteors skim through the air.'

\* *Palatine*, the name of the horse of the author.

† *Marplot*, Lord Cholmondeley's horse.

‡ *Guides*. Following a hard rider is a safe plan, as it insures sport, and also, to a certainty, a broken neck. The advantage is, if you die, you die in the best of odour, besides conferring on him the honour of killing you. These considerations show the general goodfellowship of the hunting field.

So Villiers, who, during the speediest course,  
 Ever picks with decision choice ground for his horse,  
 A stranger, who marked how direct was his line,  
 To him straight determined his faith to confine ;  
 But scarce had resolved on this laudable plan  
 E'er the musical pack with such eagerness ran  
 Down a seeming small gully, which spreading, was seen  
 To become a wide brook, two steep hills between.  
 About midway this chine as the fleet pack divide,  
 We hoped that the scent would have lain on our side ;  
 When, as ill luck would have it, could fortune do worse,  
 The event soon turned out to be just the reverse ?  
 My guide thus thrown out down the precipice swept,  
 Charged the rail and the brook, through the sedge as it crept ;  
 Close behind poor *Pilgarlic*,\* in charging the same,  
 Cleared the rail and the gulf ; but, alas ! headlong came  
 Horse and all ; for the novice, unpractised† to land,  
 From want of exertion, was sadly trepanned.  
 Though, to make us amends for this trifling *faux pas*  
 (A completer capsize no man living e'er saw)  
 On the brow of the hill, where the grass lay but thin,  
 A most opportune half minute's check let us in :  
 Let that poet be therefore no longer believed  
 Who averred that "one false step can ne'er be retrieved."

The distance from the Coplow to Tilton is about three miles, and from this village by Skeffington, and Galby, and Norton, Stretton Magna, and Parva, to Stretton White-hall cannot be less than nine more. The line of the fox was, of course, longer, probably nearer twelve. There is no wonder, therefore, that on arriving at Stretton Hall there was such a general distress :

' Where two minutes' check served to show at one ken  
 The extent of the havoc 'mong horses and men ;  
 Such sighing, such sobbing, such trotting, such walking,  
 Such reeling, such halting, of fences such baulking.'

Altogether it is a graphic picture. They had come some fifteen miles, almost without a check, over grass, and of course the riders were all on their second horses, their first having been sent home after the first fox of the morning. Napoleon, at Wagram, exclaimed of the Austrians, at the crisis of the battle, 'They are beaten—they have no more reserves !' The Quorn men at Stretton were beaten—they had no reserves. The consequence of all this was that many never went beyond this point ; and it was in after days a crucial question as to the place of a man and his horse in this run—'Did you get beyond Stretton Hall ?' On this question there was always a good deal of *fencing*, and *shying*, and *shirking* ; and, in short, the number and kind of *accidents* that befel men and horses on that day about Stretton Hall were *incredible*. The author talks of himself in the poem : that he and his horse got as far as this point—but

\* *Pilgarlic*, a name of pity for himself.

† *To land*, means that, in jumping a brook, your horse pitches so cleverly that he rolls backwards into the water with his rider under him, which rather damps the rider's ardour, besides making him feel a little at sea as to his whereabouts in the run.



'There they anchored in plight not a little distressing ;  
The horse being *raw*, he, of course, got a *dressing*.'

Then, in the original MS. he continues :—

'Yet had he been pressed, perhaps again he'd have come,  
Since he gallantly faced two-and-twenty miles home.  
Had he met with fair play, there's no reason to doubt  
But the whole of this trimmer he'd fairly seen out ;  
For to covert being *fanned*,\* as a hackney, apace,  
He directly supplied, too, a hunter's hard place.'

This raw young 'Palatine' must have been a horse quite out of the common. However, he had in his favour, though raw and unfit, good blood, a good rider, and a light weight, the author being a small man. Out of the two hundred 'of these very fine fellows' who started from the Coplow, it is clear from the poem that, though a large number got, by hook or by crook, to the Hall, it was a small field that went beyond. The two minutes' check there must have been a godsend to them all, and no doubt many who were hopelessly *check-mated* and could go no farther would have given something handsome if the check had been converted into 'lost our fox.' As it was, unluckily for them, the hounds went on, and the field became by degrees 'smaller and beautifully less' at Wigston and at Aylestone. Then the river Soar, deep and *unjumpably* wide, made the field a mere skeleton of what it was even at the Hall. At Wigston the hounds crossed the high road to Leicester, and here some even of the select few stopped. The country here becomes very level, and the pastures are large and the fences still of the bullfinch character. It must have been severe work for the horses getting over these rich deep level pastures, after more than twenty miles of galloping. No wonder that some of them found going on 'a serious bore,' and that 'Waggoner feeling familiar the road,' and 'Shuttlecock' no longer being 'able to fly as before,' preferred the light, hard road, under the circumstances, to the deep soil of the fields. Of course, however, at this part of the run the pace of the hounds slackened, which saved the horses. They had hunted their first fox in the morning, and had now done twenty and more miles with their second. Even with 'the hounds of old Meynell,' and a scent, there must have come a time of reduced powers and diminished pace. It may here be remarked that in a morning run the fox has all the chances against him, and the hounds all in their favour. The fox is only recovering from his night's excursion, and has only half digested his late breakfast, while the hounds are empty and eager for blood. But at two o'clock things are reversed. The chances are in favour of the fox. He has slept off his fatigue and is empty, and ready for hard running, while the hounds are off their first 'dash and 'fling,' and slightly off their pace, too. Mem. When a man

\* *Fanned* means that you ride to the meet at the pace the ladies like best, about ten miles an hour, which of course airs and revives your horse, besides the advantage of giving you a gallop in case of a blank day, or of too stiff a country and your losing a shoe.

has two horses out, let him keep his best horse for the afternoon; as, if the hounds find a good fox, there is every chance of his being in for a *stinger*. This will account for so many occasions of hounds being whipped off at dark. The afternoon fox beats them. This accounts for the fox, on the Coplow day, running twenty-eight miles, and beating hounds and horses. If they had found him in the morning, they would have killed him at Stretton Hall, or before. One-horse men should never ride hard with a morning fox, but should 'keep some powder dry' for a possible afternoon *stinger*.

There is a picture of the Coplow Day by Mr. Lorraine Smith of Enderby, who was one of the few at the river. In this picture the hounds are seen running hard on a rising ground beyond the Soar, and there are six figures, Lord Maynard, Mr. Smith, Raven, the huntsman, and two other gentlemen. These last may be Mr. Musters on Melon, and Mr. Germain on Joe Miller. The other figure is a groom.

The author expresses his surprise that Lord Maynard and Lorraine Smith should both have been at the river, the former, though a hard rider in his time, being now inclined to *crane* at his fences:—

'That he beat some crack riders he fairly may crow,  
For he *lived* to the end, though he scarcely knows how.'

And he explains Mr. Smith's presence there in an amusing way:—

'Lorraine, than whom no man his game plays more safe,  
Who the last than the first prefers seeing by half;  
What with *nick*ing, and keeping a constant look out,  
Every turn of the scent surely turned to account.'

*Jack Raven*,\* the huntsman, on *Loadstone*, got as far as the river with his hounds; but here—

'Running, sulky old *Loadstone* the stream would not swim,  
No longer sport proving a *Magnet* to him.'

At the back of Enderby Park is some wild ground, Enderby Gorse, and here all the field, with the few exceptions mentioned, being beaten off, and it getting late, half-past four, and nearly dark—

'Jack Raven, at length coming up on a hack,  
Which a farmer had lent him, whipped off the game pack.'

At the close of the poem in the original MS. are some additional lines. They appear in the following connection:—

'Thus ended a chase, which for distance and speed  
Its fellow we never have heard of or read.  
How many looked grave, few were able to laugh  
As they fought through this run of two hours and a half.

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\* A friend has kindly supplied the following:—Jack Raven was with Mr. Meynell at Quorn. He was rather tall, and Meynell put him on first-rate horses, rather small, with short-cut tails. He had a shrill voice with good language, and made hounds hunt. He was Meynell's huntsman until he gave up the Quorn to Lord Sefton. He was a fast and bruising rider.

But it might have been worse in so lengthened a chase,  
 For but one field we rode that was not laid in grass.  
 Had we met with some more ridge and furrow, and ploughed  
 As we rode, 'twould for certain our "wild oats" have sowed  
 In rows, or well scatter'd the flyers had been,  
 Throughout the enclosures such *planting*\* we'd seen;  
 Though to balance this choke-jade incurable ill,  
 Agriculturists then might have taken their fill  
 Of comparative merits of broad-cast and drill.  
 Had Tom Kingscote been there, divided he'd been  
 His passions for farming and hunting between.  
 That he is not for him is a pity; but then  
 Some lucky horse lives to go hunting again.  
 Every species of ground,' &c., &c.,

It may have an interest to some to know how the composition of the poem came about. It was in this wise. On the day following that of the run, the author, being still on a visit to his friend who had mounted him on 'Palatine,' the raw young one, there was a dinner party at the house. Every one talked, of course, of the extraordinary run of the previous day, when every man gave his own version of it, and each *related* the mishaps and misfortunes of his neighbours. The author, 'having seen all the fun up to Stretton's White-hall,' was able, of his own knowledge, to judge of many of the facts; and being a stranger in Leicestershire, though acquainted with many of the Quorn men, he had no local jealousies or prejudices to bias his judgment. In the course of the evening it was suggested that such a run deserved a record; and the author's ready use of his pen being known, as well as his propensity to witty rhyming, he was requested to give, in any way he liked, an account of the run. Retiring to his room, at night, with his head full of all the stories he had heard and of his own recollections of the day and its numerous and humorous incidents, he sat down to his work. Instead of going to bed he set about his poem, and warming to his work as he went on, he finished it before he got into his bed. On the following morning, at the breakfast-table of his host, he produced his night's work, to the surprise and delight of the party assembled.

The writer of this notice believes that his readers would not thank him for any extended criticisms of this little poem. They will, perhaps, agree in the common opinion of a past age that it is a work of wit and originality, and also in thinking with him, that, under the circumstances of its production, it is, not only a happy, but a rather remarkable composition.

\* *Planting*. This is a performance which takes place when a horse sees, not the end of a run, but the end of his going, and he stops in the middle of a field, and being lame as a tree on three legs out of four, he has a growing attachment to the spot.

## THE CHESHIRE HOUNDS.

## WHO IS HE?

THE meet was at Kelsall, the cover they drew  
 Ambrose Dixon's—a sure find, as every one knew.  
 The run was a clipper for hounds, but the men,  
 Being stopped by the Gowie, ne'er saw them again;  
 But they stuck to their fox, being staunch hounds and true  
 (How gallantly over the country they flew!),  
 And running a ring of some seven miles round,  
 Ran into him near to the gorse where they found.  
 Close by was a public, where, shirking the run,  
 A man, whose 'get up' was a figure of fun,  
 While calmly enjoying his twentieth gill,  
 Heard the hounds, then looked out, and so witnessed the kill.  
 He rushed to the stable, soon mounted his horse,  
 And valiantly galloping up to the gorse,  
 Seized the fox, which at once he triumphantly bore,  
 With frantic 'Who-oops!' to the public-house door.  
 His breeches (home made) were covered with blood;  
 Like a butcher just fresh from the shambles he stood.  
 With a huge carving knife he then broke up the fox,  
 In a style that was anything but orthodox.  
 When the master came up, what stories he told,  
 Quite outrivalling 'Baron Munchausen the Bold.'  
 He said that he rode to the hounds from the first  
 To the last of this rattling seven miles' burst;  
 That the overflowed river he cleared at a bound,  
 That the bogs he skimmed over as though they were sound.  
 The stiffest of fences were nothing, of course,  
 To the sixteen-stone man on his 20*l.* horse.  
 At the Beeston Hotel, while awaiting the train  
 (His wonderful feat telling over again),  
 He produced from the skirt of his rotten old pink  
 Some mangled remains—pooh! how he did stink!—  
 And said, 'These sweet things as a gift I intend,  
 'With a couple of "sovs." to the huntsman to send!'  
 Then he took his departure. Now 'Who is this man?'  
 All the hunt wish to know, so tell them who can,

## RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.

### A FOOT-RACE.

*Silence.* You were called 'lusty Shallow,' then, cousin.

*Shallow.* By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything, indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little Jack Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again. . . .

*Falstaff.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

*Shallow.* That we have, that we have, that we have in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was, Hem, boys! . . .

*Falstaff.* I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; . . . talks as familiarly of John o'Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him.

### KING HENRY IV., 2ND PART.

GENTLE Reader!—for it is only to a gentle reader that I would address my narrative—did you ever stand umpire at a foot-race? Once it was my lot to do so, with great satisfaction to myself and everybody else; but that was a mile-race, I pleasantly remember. A hundred-yards' race is quite another thing—that will try your judgment and your nerve, particularly under circumstances such as I shall have hereafter to relate. Once, indeed, it was my lot to judge between two gentlemen—amateurs they were—at that critical distance, and my decision, if such it could be called, exposed me for some minutes to the risk of assault at the hands of three Irish labourers who happened to be looking on, and had nothing whatever to do with it; but on that occasion I put on a look of supreme indifference, and my bearing, which is naturally aristocratic, awed them into acquiescence, and Pat, whose eye instinctively recognizes a chieftain, subsided. Pat, with all his faults, is a sportsman, and I as a sound politician, for which I much esteem myself, wish a paternal and conciliatory Government would give him Donnybrook and all his old enjoyments back again. And this reminds me of my grandfather, who was the wisest man I ever knew, and to whose words of wisdom I used to listen with admiration, whether he discoursed on the exportation of machinery, the *vexata quæstio* of his day, or the cooking of a pancake, a matter of all time. He died before I was ten years old, and I never could hold an argument with him. He was a popular man, I remember, for on the Monday of our annual wake, after he had invited everybody to dine with him on Charity-Sermon Sunday, the bull for baiting was staked opposite our drawing-room window, and my grandfather felt the compliment, I assure you, and moreover appreciated the influence of the recrea-

tion on the minds of men. 'Stop bull-baiting!' he used to say. 'Let me see you do it, sir; deprive the people of their innocent 'amusements, and, sir, the result will be'—(he was very impressive in his manner)—'the result will be, you'll make 'em all politicians, 'sir! they'll read, sir! read all the cheap rubbish that venal publishers 'put into their hands—and *then* let me see you govern 'em, sir!' He said the bull liked it; but he never was tied to a stake, and *similia similibus*, he never stood umpire at a hundred yards' foot-race, or experience might have altered his opinion. The occasion on which I felt the difficulty and delicacy of the latter position occurred to me one morning in the beginning of March, when driving to cover on the turnpike-road between Birmingham and Bromsgrove, I beheld before me at a certain celebrated level half-mile, some two or three hundred men, from whose boisterous demeanour and peculiar garb, although distinguished by much variety of detail, I inferred they were of active habits, and moving somewhat rapidly in the lower sphere of society. I had no desire to become intimate with them, and fully intended to pass them unheeded; but I was frustrated. Forming across the road they summoned me to stop, enforcing their peremptory mandate by seizing my horse's head. Feeling that the odds in the event of a personal encounter were against me, I made a virtue of necessity and pulled up. Surprised, but retaining my natural politeness, I inquired the meaning of so uncivilized a proceeding. A gentleman in a fur cap enlightened me at once, 'Whoy, 'sur, we have gotten a bit of a ra-ace 'twixt a Wolv'rampton mon 'and a Brumagem mon, and want a humpire: the Wolv'rampton 'men won't have a Brumagem mon, and the Brumagem men won't 'have a Wolv'rampton mon; so we've 'greed to stop the first gen'le- 'man as is a gen'leman as comes along the road; and you're the 'fust we've seed, and you'll have to do it.' 'It's all very fine,' I said; 'but it's out of my line altogether. I know nothing about 'such things, and fear I should not give satisfaction.' 'That be 'blowed,' said furry cap, 'any fool can tell who's fust.' 'Just so, 'my friend,' said I; 'any fool can tell who's first; but as I do not 'at present set myself down in that category, I may, notwithstanding 'the apparent simplicity of the transaction, disappoint you.' 'None 'o'yer patter, guv'nor,' said a thin, white-faced fellow, who I fancied was from town. 'Stow that!' said half a dozen others; 'you're 'right enough.' 'You ain't such a fool as you look.' 'You'll be 'right enough; you ain't got nothing on it, and there ain't toime to 'square yer now.' 'Out you come.' And amidst such flattering and encouraging remarks, I reluctantly descended from my trap, modestly assuring my motley friends that I would do my best. I took, or rather I was shoved into my post. 'It's a hundred yards' 'race,' said a gentleman who took upon himself the office of my instructor. 'A cove down yonder 'll fire a pistol; and you've got to 'see who touches this 'ere string fust.' 'I understand,' said I; 'I 'understand; thank you very much.' 'The Brumagem mon's got 'a red handkercher round his 'ed: the Wolv'rampton mon's got :

'blue 'un.' 'Aye, I see; very good.' The pistol was fired, and off they went at a rattling hundred yards' pace. 'Now blue!' 'Now red!' Now one's nose is half an inch first; now the other's; wriggle wriggle, bound, step out, wriggle wriggle again, and, amid uproarious shouts and cries of 'Blue!'—'Red! red! red!'—Blue! blue! the string was borne away and the goal was passed. One was first, I am sure of that, but red and blue passing and re-passing each other in quick succession dazzled me, and, for my life, I could not say which. Had I been a man of firmness, by nature, or used to such affairs by custom, I should have given my decision on the instant; but, alas! I was neither. Conscientious withal, I took time to consider. We know what place is paved with good intentions, and I was thinking of it, and really meaning to be very just, when I was rudely roused by a push, and, 'Now then!—'who's fust?' from fifty voices, proceeding from as many bony jaws. 'Let me consider,' said I. 'Oh, it wants no considering.' 'Say red, or I'll fill yer eye up!' 'Blue, you fool! say blue!' said a collier-looking man; 'blue,' or I'll crack yer nut!' and so on, till quite bewildered, I bethought myself to say, 'Dead heat!'—bethought myself, I say, and luckily I did no more. They read it in my eye. 'None o' yer dead heats,' said about a hundred, 'or we'll kill yer!' 'None o' that, mind.' I tried to smile benignly on my persecutors, but fancy I looked very like a ghost, and should have abandoned myself to despair had I known how to set about it, when suddenly a voice, friendly, but unmusical, whispered gruffly in my ear, 'Mister ——! I know you; you know me—I'm Ben Terry. Say red—that's 'Brum'agem; it's all right—there's 'nough on us 'ere to pull yer 'through it. Get in the middle on us, and say red.' I looked at my friend, and trusted him—I would have embraced him, but I had not time. So, following his advice, I got behind him, and shouted 'Red!' with might and main. 'Red!' shouted Ben, echoing my decision in a most confirmatory tone. 'Red, you ——! Any on 'yer want anythink?' As I was hoisted into my vehicle, the little crowd was surging considerably, and I thought I saw a fight or two, but having something else of more importance on my mind, namely, my own safety, I drove away. Since that time I have avoided level half-miles on my way to cover.

T. H. G.

#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting of 1872 is still in embryo, and as 'Baily,' like 'lex,' *de minimis non curat*, we have but a few mems. to chronicle. The New York Yacht Club have issued a pamphlet, *apropos* of Mr. Ashbury's claim, as the representative of twelve British Clubs, to sail twelve races for the America Cup; and certainly, on several points, they make out a strong case. The Cambria, Mr. Ashbury's best and most successful vessel, has been sold, and sundry alterations are being made in the Livonia, which is to have a new suit of sails. Mr. Turner has disposed of the Vanguard, which last season showed

such excellent form, to Mr. Pitt Miller, and we cannot wish better things to her new owner than a similar continuance of success. Aquatics on the Tyne have hitherto been almost exclusively confined to rowing, but henceforth the denizens of Newcastle will have a chance of distinguishing themselves as yachtsmen, as a club is being established, and off Tynemouth and Cullercoats they will have ample opportunities for testing the weatherly qualities of their craft.

Strange to say, there are two watermen's matches coming off on the Thames. Addy of Manchester rows Bagnall of Newcastle, and Biffen of Hammersmith rows Winship of Newcastle; each for 100*l.* a side. The Tyne will, we fancy, win one of these events, probably the first. As to the second, Biffen is such a surprisingly big little one, that we cannot say how good he may not prove himself; though Winship, if his sculling be anything like on a par with his oarsmanship, ought to be equal to the occasion.

Putney was *en fête* on the 25th ult., in expectation of the arrival of the Atalanta men, whose boats made their appearance on the tow-path about 5 o'clock, and were accompanied by a deputation of one railway porter, three Jacks-in-the-water, and a crowd of the working classes, who, as usual, have time to spare for anything. Later on, the adventurous visitors, who were met at Liverpool by Messrs. Gulston, Playford, and Weston, of the L.R.C., appeared at the Boat-house, where they seemed to be struck with the number of available craft, and general resources of the establishment, and finished their first day in London by dining with Mr. Weston. We understand they intend making Hammersmith their head-quarters, and will, of course, row from Biffen's yard, which is nicely situated for practising over the course.

There is still some uncertainty as to who will represent the Londoners, for though Ryan, Gulston, Long, and Stout are the crew at present intended, it is probable that one at least of the quartette will be unable to row, and in that case the Captain will make a choice between J. B. Close, S. Le B. Smith, or C. Routh. In any case, Cockneydom will be efficiently represented; and the force of example, *re* coxswains, is strikingly shown in the programme of the forthcoming Thames National Regatta, in which the Champion Fours are to be rowed without the time-honoured passenger in the rear. At Henley, too, a coxswainless four-oared race has been decided on, as has been another innovation, *viz.*, that holders are to row in the trial heats. We last month alluded to this subject, and are by no means disposed to eat our words. Apart from the policy or justice of the change, one result will, we fancy, be to deprive the second day of much of its interest. We hope that both the Universities will put in for the self-steering race, as their meeting with the Americans would be a feature of interest in the programme. Mr. E. Smith, of the Atalantas, has brought a sculling boat, and may perhaps enter for the Diamonds.

We regret to notice the death of Mr. Alfred Shoolbred, a member of the London and Oscillator Clubs. Of the latter he and his brother were the founders, and during its early days they achieved several brilliant successes. At the Kingston Regattas of 1867 and 1869, the new Club was in remarkable form, beating, on both occasions, their rivals the Kingston Club in the Senior Fours, besides taking several minor prizes. In 1869 they won the Wyfold, which had been held for six years by the Kingstonians. Mr. Shoolbred had a seat in all these victorious crews, and was a consistent and liberal supporter of rowing in all its branches. We also hear of the sudden death of Mr. D. H. Doran, of Trinity College, Dublin, who rowed at Henley in '70 and 1871. This promising young oarsman fell a victim to typhoid fever, while engaged in his professional duties as a medical man.



## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—April Achievements.

THE poets of old time were terrible fellows at yarning about the Spring, and their pages are full of gentle winds, painted meads, roses, lilies, and daffydown-dillies. But we would lay odds that Dryden was never on the Rowley Mile, or that Pope ever saw Punchestown; and if we could catch the ghost of that impostor, Thomson, anywhere revisiting the glimpses of the moon, we would turn it loose on Aintree for twenty-four hours, and if that did not take all the 'ethereal mildness' out of that disinterred spirit, it would be wonderful. But the poets of to-day know better than to talk such nonsense, and we know better than to listen to it, if they did, when 'April's ivory moonlight' shows the thermometer only five degrees above freezing point, and gardeners think of covering up the gooseberry bushes. And not only did frost come back to us, but we were threatened with a return of the plague of waters, as well, and Oxford men were sailing over Port Meadow on All Fools Day—and wherever a hunter set his foot in the Shires, there you might have planted a potatoe. As we journeyed down to Abergavenny on the 2nd of the month, we saw that the Worcester Committee would be unable to carry out their new meeting, as the Severn was putting in a bar to stay all proceedings, unless a little punt-racing could be got up on Pitchcroft; and Warwick Common, the same week, was an undesirable mixture of mud and water.

But in Monmouthshire we found things much more pleasant, and the weather—in order to do honour, we presume, to the Grand National Hunt—felt and looked like a page of an old almanac, and Thomson and Co. did not appear quite such liars as we had thought them. A charming county, and a charming spot in the same county, to which, on the invitation of Col. Morgan and Mr. Reginald Herbert, the G.N.H. had this year migrated. A little far off perhaps, and the getting to and fro made as difficult and lengthy a process as the G. W. R. could make it; and we all know what our iron masters can do in that way, when they give their minds to it. The G. W. evidently has but a poor opinion of Abergavenny and its wants, and we should have been amused, if we had not at the same time been exasperated, by the coolness of the official to whom we applied for information as to the best way of getting back to London, on the last day of the races, when he suggested that we took the 8-20 train to Newport, in order there to catch the Cardiff up-mail, and added, with pleasing candour, 'but we generally miss it;' which we found, on inquiry, was almost invariably the case. But it was worth while going through something to break such new ground as Abergavenny—to find such a lot of good fellows, all sportsmen to the backbone, such a grand country, such capital luncheons, and such a lot of pretty women. A course, too, which tried the mettle of your pasture without severity, and one which had seen good horses and good men over it in pre-Grand National days, when a gentleman of the name of Rowlands (known in Europe as 'Fog') and a mare called Medora were to the fore, and 'Mr. Thomas' was going (as he still is, more power to him!) much more to his own satisfaction than to that of other people. They went through farmyards, spinneys, and all sorts of bad places then; but we have got more particular now, and a better and fairer hunting ground than the picturesquely-situated spot, almost embosomed by hills that lay some claims to be called mountains, and watered by the Usk, one could scarcely find. Then the drags—the Monmouthshire C. C. (uniform green), some ten or twelve in number, with a lot of

top hamper in the way of petticoats, and generally well steered—they were a feature very pleasing to the eye. Pleasing, too, is it to find old friends and make some new ones—though the former come with terrible reminders, in the shape of pretty daughters—of the lapse of time, and the new—well, perhaps we shall never meet again! It is an old remark, but so true, that one never sees the people you want to see; it is only the bores who are perpetually turning up. This is, however, all by the way, and we must remember we are on Abergavenny racecourse, as it is called, and actually is, for there is a flat as well as a cross-country one, and we are waiting for the Open Hunters' with the exemplary patience every one shows when gentlemen riders are in the saddle. Major Dixon is unfurling a much cherished flag, Mr. Verrall, with his everlasting cigar, is taking a philosophical view of things, Mr. Thomas is alone up to time, and Lord Queensberry and Mr. Newton are sadly behindhand. There is an uncommonly good-looking chesnut, Hussar, from the Llanboidy stables, who is no roarer, whatever his sire Hesper was, and he disposed of the favourite *Ecce* in such a fashion that he must be a pretty good horse. Mr. Thomas began his usual Abergavenny score by winning the Hunt Cup on old Columbine, in which race we were pleased to see the son of an old acquaintance on a certain Spider, who made a bad beginning, it is true, but who showed a pluck and perseverance that, with time and practice, will, we hope, meet its reward. Count Metaxa deserves all *kudos* for the pursuit of fame under difficulties; so *i macte virtute puer*, which, freely translated, means 'go in and win.' The event of the day was 'The Red-Coat Races,' ridden by gentlemen in full hunting costume, chimney-pot included, though there were two unfortunates who appeared in caps, that rather marred the *tout ensemble*, and strenuous endeavours were made to borrow hats for them, but failed, owners refusing 'to part,' evidently under the impression that they might never see the articles again, or have them returned in a very 'concertina' condition. And, by-the-way, talking of hats, an anecdote (a true one) occurs to us, which, in case it slips our memory, we will give here. A very worthy Hebrew, and a very good fellow in his way, was out hunting the other day—no matter where, but somewhere in the Midlands—and came a most tremendous cropper over some posts and rails, which ought by right to have half killed him, but as it was, only knocked him into a heap, and as soon as he got on his legs he put his fist through his Lincoln and Bennett, and with much earnestness said, 'Do you think they can block my hat?' But to return to Abergavenny and the Red Coats—not the dear soldiers, though there were some of them in it too, but the dearer brothers, husbands, and lovers who were to ride for the honour of Monmouthshire, and the bright smiles of a large contingent of its female population congregated on the 'Tump,' a small hill with a capital view of the course from its summit—so called. And did not the contingent get excited? And how charming was the sound of the rippling laughter, and how sweet the murmur of many voices 'syllabing men's names!' We felt that we should have liked to be 'Charlie,' or 'Reggy,' or 'Frank,' or a certain 'Tip,' about the chances of each of whom as well as of the others the contingent had much to say, and said it with all due feminine vivacity. It was a pretty sight the nine pinks; and the only man who looked on it with an uneasy foreboding was the worthy Judge, haunted with visions of a close finish between four, and an inability to name the winner. A suggestion that *cartes de visite* should be given Mr. Verrall half an hour before the race, for him to study, was found impossible, as was the adoption of 'button-holes' of different colours; so, in his deep despair, he jotted down a few notes taken after a hasty inspection of

the nine as they weighed out. No. 1 was 'very fair and small features;' No. 2, we regret to say, was 'flushed;' No. 3, 'very fair and large;' No. 4 was 'stoutish;' No. 5, 'yellow bouquet;' and No. 6 was 'a little 'un.' We believe that Mr. Verrall, for the first time within the memory of man, flung away his cigar on entering the box, feeling the responsibility before him; but, happily, all these precautions were spared by the race after the first mile proving a match between Mr. Herbert and his brother. Both were on good hunters, Juniper being a wonderful fencer and supposed to have the speed of Bluebeard, but the latter never gave him a chance, taking a clear lead and keeping it, and winning very easily with the rest of the field squandered. On the night of the first day there was the usual ball, which people in the country appreciate so much more than *blat* Londoners, and to which came the

'Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves'

of this border land, only their names didn't happen to be 'sich;' and at this ball beeswax had not been forgotten, as we were told by some fair friends the next day, whose light heels and clean ankles alone got them over the course, the heavy weights and those short of condition being, from the nature of the ground, out of it from the start. But the going must have improved with the small hours; for our quiet slumbers were broken about five A.M. by the rumble of carriages, and an occasional burst of song. However, all were up to time the next day, said time being mercifully set for two o'clock, allowing ample marge for just another turn on downy pillows, a little more beauty sleep to bring them out fit for the grand day. And, sooth to say, the grand day was not grand at all as compared with former National Hunts, and we were sorry that Col. Morgan and Mr. Reginald Herbert had so moderate a return for their exertions. They were the only members of the G. N. H. C. present, and the long list of noblemen and gentlemen who figure in the pages of 'Weatherby' were either plating at Nottingham or Warwick, or attending to their farms and their merchandize, oblivious and unmindful of the claims on them here. This should not have been; and if the National Hunt is to collapse, this is a certain way to cause it to do so. The promoters of the scheme, launched with such a big flourish of trumpets a few years back, seem to be tiring of their plaything, and, though they mustered pretty strong at Burton last year, under Mr. Chaplin's auspices, they seem to have voted Abergavenny 'a far cry.' The class of horses, too, are changing from what we used to see at the post for a Grand National at Burton Lazarus and Wetherby, and Red Nob is not either an Emperor II. or III., and we should doubt his being a Tathwell or a Day-break. The nine runners at Abergavenny were a good-looking lot, there is no denying, only one would not have picked them out as hunters in a crowd. They looked more fit for a galloping course than for going over a big country; that is, if there is a big country left in any part of England, which we much doubt. Everything is changing in steeplechasing; fences are cut down to suit the speedy exiles from the flat; the horse who cannot pick up a *gol.* Plate on a racecourse in moderate company, but who, it is discerned, will make 'a splendid steeplechaser,' and so he sometimes does, there is no denying, taking to his new line with evident gusto, and, in his schooling with hounds, forgetting all his 'knavish tricks' over the Rowley Mile and the T. Y. C. We wish, pleasant as our visit to Abergavenny personally was, that the meeting had gone off with just a little more *éclat*, and that Colonel Morgan and Mr. Reginald Herbert had been better supported. A suggestion has been made in more than one quarter, that we imitate our friends in Ireland, and pitch the National Hunt in a fixed site, there to abide *à la* Punchestown, with subscriptions from

every hunt in Great Britain. Rugby has been mentioned as the *locale*, a very good central position, only we should like to see something more of a hunting come than the present one, good as it is, for a Grand National. No cutting down artificial fences, but a fair hunting ground that should try the mettle of our English pastures. If something of this sort be not done, it strikes us very forcibly that our G. N. H. will become a shadow and a shade.

But there is no trace of failing fortunes the other side of St. George's Channel, where the Irish Grand National, under the fostering care of the Marquis of Drogheda, is lengthening its cords, and strengthening its stakes in a wonderful manner, especially wonderful to those who remember the state of things some twenty years back, when a tent on the hill-side, half a dozen carriages, and a lot of frieze-coated farmers were the small beginnings from which has sprung such a goodly institution. We crossed on Sunday night, the 14th, with about the usual lot of soldiers on board, though one or two familiar faces were wanting; and there was a surprising lot of young ones, whose names would puzzle the most knowing and observant of sporting reporters. Dublin was not quite so full as it was last year, when the clergy had come up to the Synod in such numbers; but still hotels were crowded to the garrets, and the usual car-loads of men and baggage drove up to Morrison's and the Gresham under the impression that they had nothing to do but knock, and it should be opened to them, and were politely told that they couldn't lodge there. Punchestown pervades all classes of society, and takes such possession of the Irish mind, that how Mr. Edmund Yates got an audience to hear him lecture on the fortunes and troubles of authors on the second day is a mystery. It is true the papers stated the auditory was 'select,' but that there was one at all was wonderful. They say London—at least, its West End portion—shows marks of the Derby Day; but we remember one wet Derby stopping in town, and going to the Academy, where we could not move for the throng. So we are inclined to think that that is a myth; and though one of the carmen who hang about Fleury's and Morrison's (an old acquaintance) told us that we shouldn't see a clean pair of ankles in Grafton Street on Tuesday, we have an idea that he was lying, and that the ankles might have been viewed by the people authorised to view them. We get somewhat sceptical as to crowds the older we grow; and when we are told on each succeeding Derby that the attendance beats that of the previous year, we think of old Vauxhall and the 'ten thousand additional lamps;' and if we were like that 'little vulgar boy' immortalised in song, we should

'Put our fingers to our nose, and stretch our fingers out.'

But the trains were full, and the boats were full. Though the English mail was about one hour behind its time on Monday and Tuesday morning, and though every one had come up from the provinces to assist at the Irish Derby, there *was* a slight falling off in the attendance, and the receipts on the first day at the Stand were a little less than they were on the corresponding one of last year, when the weather exercised such a prejudicial effect on the meeting. This is curious, but, like many other curious things, unaccountable. There was everything to tempt one, too. Punchestown, under the energetic rule of Lord Drogheda and his lieutenant, Mr. Waters, was swept and garnished as it had never been done before. There was a big cast-iron Stand ('copied from the Cork one,' said envious Corkovians), capable of holding full three thousand people, but which the 'leading journal' with that contemptuous disregard of telegraphic errors, which is its charac-

teristic, mentioned as holding 'three hundred' instead. There was the Ladies' Stand glazed all round with wonderful windows, which Mr. Waters, in the pride of his heart, pushed up and down for our inspection (and certainly the ladies were well cared for, we must say). There were dressing-rooms both for the professional and the amateur jocks, which 'Cork' said were deficient in scented soap and eau-de-Cologne (both luxuries being supplied, at that latter wonderful meeting), yet still were immeasurably superior to those on this side of the Channel, and Mr. Thomas testified his approval in a very marked manner. Then there was a dining-saloon under the Stand, where hot dinners were supplied at a moderate charge; and, as we did not hear 'Cork' say anything about them, we must believe that the shine was taken out of it there. It was glorious weather, barring the dust, and glorious sport, barring nothing at all. A grand sight the first race on the first day!—the Foxhunter's Plate, with its 22 runners, and 16 of them all together at the third fence from home, among them a Pet Lamb, who managed to thrust his head in first before a great favourite, Sobersides, though, in our opinion, 'he didn't oughtn't,' and Sobersides should have won. It is rather singular that none of the connections of The Lamb can hold a candle to him in looks, and the winner of the Foxhunters' Plate was no exception. He looked a hunter, but nothing more; and Lord Combermere told us of another brother in his part of the world, who did not promise to be much credit to his distinguished relative. In fact, The Lamb, like other 'swells,' is troubled with a lot of poor relations, though the one we saw at Punchestown may turn out a useful animal too. We could not quite understand why Stella was such a great favourite for the Prince of Wales's Plate, as neither in her performances nor appearance was there anything very taking. However, people were content to accept 3 to 1 about her some days before the race; and at the post only Hythe and Quickstep were backed besides. Quickstep ran last year, but did not like the mud. This time, however, she skimmed over the ground like a bird; and Stella, unaccountably laying out of her ground, was never in the hunt, Quickstep and Hythe having the finish to themselves, and the weight telling on the latter. Grand Militaries somehow seem on the down line, and whether at Rugby, Punchestown, or cockney Windsor, do not bring out the fields we were accustomed to see in old times over the first-named ground. Neither men nor horses are the same; and though we have a Harford, a Smith, a Browne, and a Pritchard—a quartet hard to beat—there are but few young ones coming on, few who have the patience combined with nerve, which is so essential in the pigskin. But it was a treat to see the way in which Captain Amheist rode Girl of the Period, notwithstanding; and this 'veteran' made his mark farther on in the meeting too. A very determined rider, and one we should like to see oftener, and the rush with which he brought his mare at the last, when Lady Gwynne appeared to have the race in hand, was almost the best thing of the day—we mean to look at. And then there was a dead heat to finish up with, for the Kildare Hunt Cup, between Hock and Susanne, the latter ridden by Captain Smith, who made a waiting race of it to the stand, where he brought her up, and amidst frantic shouts the two ran home locked together, and Mr. Hunter could not separate them. We take dead heats pretty mildly over here; but the complaint at Punchestown is of a much severer character, and well did a local reporter style it 'tremendous.' In the deciding heat it looked as if it was going to be a close thing again; but the mare had the foot of her opponent, and won very cleverly at last. And in the Conyngham Cup Héraut d'Armes

made his first appearance across a country, and he, who was worthless, or nearly so, on the flat when M. Lupin had him, though he did win something up a Ayr after Mr. Forbes bought him, and ran well, too, at Edinburgh, we remember—came out in the new rôle of a finished steeplechaser. He, of course, had had a good schooling, had grown into a very good-looking horse, with plenty of muscle upon him, and he had Captain Smith to ride him. He was more than suspected of being a rogue on the flat; but across a country how many (quadrupeds) mend their ways and turn honest—and, certainly, this good-looking son of Tournament did so in the Conyngham, for he fenced grandly, pulled his rider's arms nearly off all the way, and won pretty much as he liked. Mr. Forbes has in him a reliable horse; and though he grumbled at the hand-capping before the race, we hope Héraut d'Armes may never get a worse. He is good enough to win a Liverpool. Ruric, who has often disappointed Mr. Bryan on the flat, did not do any better here; but then his rider seemed afraid of him, and never took him to the front, but kept at a most respectful distance from the leaders, why or wherefore we could not make out. Mr. Craufield, the well-known publisher, of Grafton Street, has given Mr. Sturges, of Leicester, a commission to paint four incidents of the Conyngham—the start, the double, the wall, and the finish; and we found Captain Smith undergoing the operation of a sitting on the following morning at the studio, in the Forbes blue cap and jacket, with Mr. Sturges very anxious to know the position of everybody and thing in the race, and putting leading questions to us as to where Star of the Sea was at the wall, where Curragh Ranger came to the front, and where Chisel fell, all of which, we trust, we truthfully answered; and no doubt four very taking pictures will Mr. Sturges produce. It was a capital Punchestown, about the best our knowledge of that meeting—now extending over six or seven years—ever gave us; but much as Punchestown has grown and thriven, there is a blot on the landscape which we are sorry to have to record. In one word, the course is not what it was. The old fashion of steeplechasing is, we know, passing away with us here. Raise the cry of 'a big country,' and immediately there are bad entries, and owners and riders are clamorous for cuttings-down, the authorities yield, and everything is made pleasant. We were not so particular fifteen or twenty years ago, when our cross-country courses were made for hunters to jump over, not for racehorses to gallop through, but now pace is everything, and a West Drayton performer, if only he can stay, may win a Liverpool. But we did think we had got one happy hunting-ground left us, if no more, and that Punchestown would be that one, that old-fashioned one where things were *not* made pleasant, and you did not take your horse at a fence at twenty miles an hour. But we live and learn; and even Punchestown has come into the fashion, and there is no doubt that it is not the course it was fifteen, ten, or even six or seven years ago. The celebrated double has been cut down, the fence previous to it has suffered also. They gallop through it as well as over it now, and the pace this year, particularly in the Conyngham Cup, was worthy of Liverpool. Twenty years ago, in the days of the rough tent, the rough-coated farmers, and the half-dozen carriages, they did not go the same pace, we will be bound—and they did not tumble about, either, as they do now. We all know that the bigger the country the less chance of a fall; but Punchestown was like Windsor and West Drayton this year in the matter of harmless falls; and four or five loose horses in a big field, before they had gone half a mile, was the rule. This tells a tale, not to the credit of what was once a great country. We hope and trust the mischief will go no farther.

We were not at Newmarket *pour cause*, but we talked a good deal about the result of the celebrated Biennial, between Dublin and Sallins, said many clever things, and expressed far-seeing opinions as to the running and its consequences on the future, which it is a pity should be lost to our readers, but as the Two Thousand will be decided by the time these pages meet their eyes and the way to the solution of the Derby problem rendered, let us hope, a little clearer than it is at present, we will spare them our vaticinations. As there is also a probability that they would not be borne out by the result, perhaps it is as well that our readers should be spared. There was nothing else very particular at head-quarters, except that Sterling, by all accounts, is grown into a magnificent specimen of a racehorse, and that M. Lefevre wanted to give 10,000*l.* for him. What fortunate men there are in the world. Some people are able to offer a fortune for a perishable piece of horseflesh, and some people are able to refuse it. Favonius, too, showed his form in 'romping in,' as it is termed, before the big Ravenshoe, to whom he was giving a lot of weight; and we smack our lips in anticipation of the treat in store when he and Sterling meet at Goodwood or Doncaster. We know which we shall stand, but nothing will induce us to give the tip. People appear to have spent a pleasant three or four days, varied with occasional hailstorms, on the dear old heath, and though the sport was mild, and the last day might have been knocked off altogether, yet it was Newmarket, and that covers a multitude of sins. Of course the poor two-year-olds were lugged in by some of the sporting newspapers, and on their absence was laid the cause of the small fields and the poor racing. This, we must say, shows an amount of 'cheek' on the part of persons who clamour for a return to the old order of things, equalling in audacity anything we remember. Seeing that Newmarket teems with horses, that every stable is full, and that there is a demand for more accommodation—this is *un peu trop fort*. What were the six or seven hundred or more of the terrible high-bred cattle doing, that they could not exhibit for our amusement? Was the form all run through and known? Was there nothing to gamble on? No handicapper to be hoodwinked, no reserved three-or-four-year-old to be pulled out for a modest 50*l.* Plate or 10 sov. Sweepstakes? At Northampton, too, they made a terrible outcry about the two-year-olds, and said the meeting was going to blazes, and it was 'all along of 'that adjective Jockey Club.' But here at Newmarket were the horses on the spot, and yet two's and three's made up the fields! The Club is to be petitioned, we see, to retrace their steps and eat their words, two things which Englishmen, have a most decided objection in a general way to doing, and we trust the Club will adhere to its resolution and not stultify itself because the early Spring Meetings are 'dull.' For that is the complaint. This is what Brown says to Jones—'How beastly dull, isn't it?' and Jones says, 'Beastly,' and the worthy C. C. shakes his head, and gives it, as his decided opinion, that the old-established meeting of Ropeington-in-the-hole will soon cease to exist, under the fear of which dire calamity, Brown and Jones go and sign the petition. And so because we are 'dull,' we are to return to the old order and run our young stock off their legs from February to November. This is the sole reason our modern 'sportsmen' can give for trying to bring about a repeal of the righteous law, which spares the poor two-year-old ever so little of hard work, hard riding, 'ding dong finishes,' and 'game struggles'—at least that is the only one we have heard. No doubt it will have its due weight with the tribunal to which it appeals. We hope, however, that the Jockey Club, instead of repealing the law for the protection of infants,

will make it really effective by ordering all races now entered for by yearlings to be entered for by foals, and to remove a strong temptation to try yearlings. To this important subject we shall have to return before long.

We are not particularly fond of Epsom at any time, and Epsom Spring we generally dislike; but the place was not so bad this time; and though we were cold enough, especially before the City and Suburban, when we were kept waiting that unreasonable time, while some wretched light weights, who ought to have been well birched, were giving Mr. McGeorge's generally Christian temper a very high trial, to say nothing of the spectators sharing in the breeze on the top of the stand. The Admiral stood it like the fine old sea lion he is, casting now and then stern glances towards the post, as if he would have liked to talk to some of these refractory young gentlemen; and we wish he had had his good Newmarket steed handy to gallop down and read the riot act as he did at Brighton once, when his appearance caused such a panic that they went away in a body, when the flag was dropped, like a charge of cavalry. The great Handicap will be memorable for the bursting of some bubble reputations, and for the wretched exhibition the three-year-olds cut, showing how bad all behind the first flight probably are. Needless here to dwell on the Pax disaster, and the discomfiture of Woodyates, who, by the way, we never remember seeing so sanguine, for all this has been told *ad nauseam*. The horse broke down, it is stated, and if he had broken down a month before the race it would have been better. In Ovid's 'Tristia' there are two lines so applicable to Pax and other reserved ones, that we cannot forbear quoting them:—

'Tempore qui longo steterit, male curret, et inter  
Carceribus missos ultimus ibit equos.'

a free translation of which may be thus rendered:—

'The horse long bottled up will badly run,  
And be the last that from the lists doth come.'

More interesting to refer to the running of Digby Grand, as the Derby form once again, and as a proof, that so-called 'rogues' will tell truth oftener than we suspect. Are they 'rogues,' by the way—that's the question? It is a fashion we get into—something like calling a very good-looking horse 'a peacock'—simply because he is very good looking, and because we cannot well pick a hole in him, and so we are apt to call a horse 'a rogue' when he doesn't win, or when, by some unaccountable means, he finishes in the last four, when he ought to have been in the first three. It is wonderful how we fall into the 'rogue' view of the question, and many a poor horse gets a bad name simply because he does not run up to what we consider his form. Digby Grand has laboured under the imputation of curriishness, and may be, has deserved it, but he ran at Epsom as he ran in the Derby, straight and game, and the only wonder is that he started at 100 to 6. But give a dog a bad name, &c., and so Digby lay under an evil reputation, until he came out and won the City and Suburban, like the good horse he is, following up his form the next day in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, making nothing of his 7 lbs. penalty, and galloping away from Recorder in most un-rogue-like fashion. So we hope to hear no more of 'not trying,' and 'turning it up,' &c., in connection with the handsome Saunterer, who, by the way, is 'a peacock,' or was, but since he has taken to winning will probably lose that together with other bad names. A good horse, too, won the Metropolitan—Dutch Skater—and in both races the turned loose ones were nowhere, which was a great comfort, and half reconciled us to Epsom Spring.



'Hunting,' writes a friend from the shires, 'alas, is over; the woods are covered with primroses, the gaps are all made up, and the weather has been hot enough for cricket.' But we heard of the Pytchley having a capital gallop from Cottesbrooke on the 11th, their last day in the open, and since then they have been in the forest, where they have managed to kill in spite of the primroses, and in spite of thunderstorms, hail, bitter cold, a *tout ensemble* of weather described to us by the term 'scandalous.' In some counties hunting was prematurely stopped by the very heavy rains which fell at the end of March, and caused in places deeper floods than had occurred at any time during the season. Those hunts, however, that are blessed with woodlands—the Pytchley, for instance—have continued much later. We are happy to hear, by the way, that the subscription for Roake, on leaving that pack, has been very well supported, for he has been a very active, civil servant during the thirteen seasons he has been with the hounds, and will carry with him the good wishes of many who have known him in that time.

In Hampshire, the Hursley had a farewell day at Cranbury Park on the 3rd, when Mr. Chamberlayne gave a great Gunter breakfast, and the enthusiastic Col. Nicoll made a speech, then a cap went round for the earth stopping and poultry fund, and then they tried to find a fox, but failed, owing to all the earths being opened. On the 5th, Tommy Nevill brought his hounds to the barracks at Winchester, where there was another great spread and plenty of champagne, and Tommy also made one of his striking orations on things in general and stag-hunting in particular. Then he enlarged a stag on Teg Down, which gave them a capital 40 minutes to Chandler's Ford over a bit of country that took a deal of doing. In consequence of the fatal accident to Captain Sullivan, there has been a change in the management of the Hambledon Hunt, Mr. Long, of Preshaw House, having taken the mastership. It is no new part to Mr. Long, as he held it some few years back, and during his time he gave most excellent sport, such as has not been seen since his retirement. He is most popular with all parties, and has begun in right good earnest, for he has been topping and tailing the pack, which they sadly wanted.

In some parts of the shires—and the Pytchley has been mentioned as the hunt where the custom has come into vogue—visitors from the provinces are much struck by the dingy hue of the field. Scarlet is the exception among some of the swells who hunt from Rugby and other places, black coats the rule. Now we have no hesitation in saying that this is, to use a mild term, affectation on the part of some big men whom little ones follow. A black coat may be the sign of modesty, though we don't think it is with the Pytchley. We should back it to be money more than modesty in some instances, but affectation would be first favourite. It is a bad habit, depend upon it, and one which we feel sure will receive no countenance from really good sportsmen.

We rejoice to see that excellent institution, The Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, is now fairly launched, and under auspices that will ensure its success. During the winter three of its staunchest supporters, Lord Portsmouth, Hon. F. Scott, and Mr. Anstruther Thomson, have drawn up an excellent code of rules, which have been approved of by Mr. Tidd Pratt; the servants are joining the society rapidly, and all that is now wanted is the support of hunting men. We scarcely need urge on the former class the benefits they will derive from becoming members. The laying up of store against a rainy day is a duty incumbent on us all, and such a society as the Hunt Servants' Fund can effect an immense amount of good by the inculcation of provident habits,

the relieving of sickness, and the prevention of poverty and much misery. These men who have not already joined it as benefit members should do so at once. They will never have such a chance again. And if every man who hunts, occasionally as well as regularly, would subscribe but a pound a year the institution would then be firmly established, and there would be no need for the hat to go round, as was the case when poor Owris was drowned, and Pouter, his first whip, killed, with other instances which we need not mention. Then the servants themselves—and some of them could ill afford it—came forward and gave liberally of their little, a step which the existence of this society would have averted. There are a number of gentlemen who come out hunting, wandering over on the horse, men who just pop down by rail to Bletchley, Bedford, or some other place on the home circuit, and perhaps never give a penny to the support of the hounds they ride over or the huntsman they call a fool. Is it too much to ask them to take the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society into their consideration, and give a pound a year to aid the men in the hour of danger and the day of distress, who now do so much for their gratification? Sure we are it will not be too much to ask 'M. H. S.,' who wrote in the 'Field' of April 29th, 1871, that, should the Hunt Servants' Fund be established, he was authorized by a friend to offer 'the sum of 100*l.* as a nucleus,' not to forget his promise, and to remind him that Mr. Anstruther Thomson is *interim* hon. sec., and that a letter addressed to him, at 'Tattersall's,' will meet every attention. May others, too, follow his good example! A meeting to discuss the rules will be held, about Derby time, at Tattersall's, when we hope all Masters of Hounds will make it their duty to attend and support the Committee.

Two hunting anecdotes, or one of them at least, pertaining unto the following of the noble science, and we close that parcel. A country Paterfamilias travelling by rail to town accompanied by his son, a youth of tender years, entered into conversation with a clergyman, their fellow-traveller, telling him that he was taking his boy up for the first sight of all the wonders and curiosities of the modern Babylon. After listening to a recital of the list, the reverend gentleman said, 'Ah, sir, you should take him to see my son—he is 'the greatest wonder of the day; for I allow him 150*l.* a year, and yet 'he has twelve hunters and two hacks at Mad-as-a-hatterborough, drives a coach 'in the Park, and entertains like the Lord Mayor himself!' Country gentleman was astonished, but found it was quite true.

Jokes should be avoided at the close of the season, but the facetious secretary of a hunt not a hundred miles from Charing Cross, made an expiring effort the other day. The master was not out, and the scent anything but good, but hitting it off by a judicious cast, a young hound, Crinoline, opened and carried the running over a garden fence. 'Gently, gently, Sam,' said our friend, 'that is a hound that *must not be lifted*!'

The pleasant face of him who is known to newspaper readers as 'Mr. Thomas' looks out from the title-page in this number, and recalls many an exciting struggle over a country and on the flat, from the time when, in 1857, he brought out Tom Moodie for a steeplechase at Shrewsbury, and, training and riding him himself, then and there made his mark as the rising gentleman jockey of the day. Mr. Pickernell, who was born in 1834 and received his education at Cheltenham College, may be said to have begun his racing career in Tasmania, whither he went, when quite a youngster, in '52; but it was at Shrewsbury that he won his spurs, at least in this country; and so highly was his performance on Tom Moodie—a terrific puller, and to ride whom Mr.

Pickernell had wasted very hard indeed—estimated, that Isaac Day was most anxious to secure his services as gentleman rider for his stable; and he was fortunate in so doing. Though he rode often on the flat in those days, and does still, yet steeplechasing has always been his passion and the branch of sport with which his name is most associated. His early friends and confederates were Sir E. Hutchinson and Mr. Capel, and while riding for them he won the Liverpool, in 1862, on that beautiful mare Anatis. In 1863 he married, and partially gave up the sport, but the old passion was too strong, and in '66 we find him carrying all before him at LiverpoolAutumn, winning all three steeplechases, and, after breaking his stirrup-iron at Beecher's Brook, on Sprite, beating George Stevens on Balder by a neck. Our space will not allow us to follow Mr. Pickernell through his long and honourable career. He has made his mark in many lands. He has come down the bank at Baden more times than we can remember; he knows the double and 'the herd's garden' at Punchestown by heart; and wherever on French soil there has been 'jumping,' there has 'Tom' been found. His recent second win of the Grand National on The Lamb, and how we always look for him since poor George Ede's death in the 'cerise and blue' of Lord Poulett, we need scarcely refer to here. He is no doubt the best gentleman rider of the day: his judgment unsurpassed, his nerve unfailing, his finishing powers of the highest order. He has, however, other and better qualifications than these: his thoroughly manly straightforward character, his genial *bombommie*, and kindness of disposition have made him a valued friend, a much sought for companion, an universal favourite; and he has trod the not always very clean paths of sporting life without a speck on his honour or a stain on his name.

The Coaching season will commence on the 11th, when the Dorking coach will start, with the same proprietary as last year, only in addition to Sir Henry De Bathe and Major Whithington, Mr. Godsell, a great supporter of coaching revivals, has handsomely offered to supply a team, which will work between Cheam and Epsom. There will be some alteration in the 'changes,' and the ground between London and Epsom will be divided into three instead of two stages. The Brighton coach will make a start about the middle of the month also, and Mr. A. G. Scott is still the hardworking hon. sec. to both enterprises.

We regret to have to record the death of Sir Algernon Peyton, at the early age of thirty-eight, which took place suddenly at Bicester, from disease of the heart, upon his return from a day's hunting. 'Algey Peyton,' as he was familiarly called by his many friends, was a favourite with men of every degree. He did not pretend to ride; he was essentially a hound man, and devoted himself to his kennel. He would not hesitate to give a long price for any hounds in the market that were worth the money, and he made a good hit when he purchased a useful lot from Lord Poltimore, amongst which was Whipster by his Lordship's Woldsman. It was only on the Saturday before his death that Sir Algernon went down to Brocklesby, and secured Lord Yarboro's draft. Indeed he spared neither time, trouble, nor expense in improving his pack. His jolly manner and hearty welcome at the cover-side will be sadly missed by all who hunted with the Bicester Hounds.

About the same time society suffered the loss of another popular member, by the sudden death of General Gambier, an officer who had distinguished himself at Inkerman, where he was wounded. The General only betted in small sums, but he was dearly fond of a bit of racing, and he was the intimate friend of some of the best of our leading turfites.

The early death, at twenty-four, of the Marquis of Graham was a shock to a large circle of friends; and about the same time one in a humbler walk of life, but well known to all the sporting men of his generation, Tom Wesley of Linslade, near Leighton Buzzard, also departed. In his rosy days he owned Counsellor and other good horses, and rode in many a steeplechase in very good company. He was for some time landlord of the Swan, at Newport Pagnell, but latterly he got into reduced circumstances, and has left a widow in great distress. The British public have recently sent sums, varying from the lordly note to the humble sixpence, to one who has admitted a weakness for horse-stealing, and has uttered the vilest slander possible for a man to utter against a woman. We feel that pleading for such a very unsensational person as a poor widow we are greatly at a disadvantage with this gentleman, but still if there be any who would wish to give a trifle to a woman in much need, it will be thankfully received at the above address.

We heard a battue anecdote the other day which is charming. To a certain castle, the residence of a noble peer who is a great hereditary office bearer in the state, came during the winter, among other noble sportsmen, a gentleman not, as it subsequently appeared, so *au fait* in shooting matters as his friends and companions could have wished. An order from him to Grant to send down to ———— Castle *five hundred ball-cartridges*, was received by that eminent manufacturer with a surprise bordering on alarm. Could there be a revolutionary movement in that part of England, and was the coming republic to be proclaimed from the stronghold of one of England's nobles? was his first thought. He telegraphed for further instructions, and then found, to his great relief, that the ball-cartridges were intended for the pheasants! The story soon got wind, and for the future we should imagine a very rigid overhauling of the sportsman in question's baggage will take place on the occasion of similar visits.

We intended to say something about theatricals, but find the Van full, and no room for anything but the smallest parcel. Mr. Toole now takes his benefit, or rather benefits, for one house could not possibly hold all the popular comedian's friends at the Gaiety on the 1st and 2nd. He appears in 'Shilly-Shally,' which but for him and Miss Farren—but we must not criticise. A treat it will be to see him in 'Off the Line,' in which he is so ably seconded by Mrs. Billington; an equally greater treat to laugh again at that celebrated exhibition of Domestic Economy which Wright first gave us, and which Toole depicts with a humour all his own. The 'Pretty Horsebreaker' and the 'Princess of Trebizonde' are also in the bills—two nights' hard work; but Mr. Toole is accustomed to and rather likes, we fancy, hard work. May it bring him a well-earned reward.

END OF VOL XXI.













